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Chris.r Jeaffreson Esq.

DULLINGHAM HOUSE.

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THE

Lounger's Common-Place Book

OR

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS,

IN

History, Criticism, Biography, Poetry, & Romance.

THE THIRD EDITION.

Newman, Jeremiah Whitaker 1

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

OLIM PECTORIS FERVOR, JUVENTAS, ET AMOR DAPIS ATQUE PUGNÆ MISERUNT FURENTEM, NUNC MUTARE QUÆRO TRISTIA, RECANTATIS OPPROBRIIS.

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1805.

THIS SECOND VOLUME

OF A WORK, WHICH IN AN HUMBLE WAY

ENDEAVOURS TO ENCOURAGE PATRIOTISM AND PUBLIC SPIRIT,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO THE ADMIRALS, OFFICERS, AND SEAMEN

OF THE

BRITISH BLOCKADING SQUADRONS,

IN THE

CHANNEL AND MEDITERRANEAN,

WHO, SURROUNDED BY CONTENDING ELEMENTS, SEPARATED FROM THE DEAREST OBJECTS OF LOVE AND AFFECTION, AND IN THE NOISE OF MANY WATERS, PERFORMED, WITH ALACRITY AND SUCCESS, A MOST USEFUL BUT TRYING SPECIES OF SERVICE.

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MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS.

ENGELBERGER, JOACHIM, a Bohemian Jew of the ſeventeenth century, and, what may appear ſingular, a defender of Chriſtianity; who, contrary to the practice of modern Iſraelites, neglected or deſpiſed the common reſources of induſtry and trade, and devoted himſelf, as far as poverty would admit, to the ſedentary occupation of literature.

But books, however they might ſoothe his ſolitary hours, do not appear to have improved his morals, or added to his fortune; he was detected in ſtealing plate from the ſynagogue at Prague, and committed to priſon.

In this place he was viſited by a holy father of the catholic church, who, in his eagerneſs for converting Jews, at that time a prevailing faſhion in Germany, promiſed him not only pardon, but a conſiderable reward, if he would renounce the faith of his forefathers.

The offender accepted this well-timed offer, and was ſoon after received into the boſom of the church, with conſiderable ceremony, and a pompous proceſſion.

A converſion, which originated from motives totally foreign to the influence of legitimate conviction, drew upon Joachim the reproaches of his former aſſociates; they alſo congratulated his *new friends* on the addition of ſo *worthy* a character to their ſociety, into which he would never have entered, had he not violated the laws of God and man.

What the convert had done, he was able and willing to defend; he publiſhed a juſtification of the ſtep he had taken, and ſtated in his book, ſatisfactory reaſons for having embraced the

Goſpel diſpenſation; this defence of his conduct, which was well written, procured for him the patronage of ſeveral learned men, and occaſioned his taking a journey to Vienna, where he became popular, and, for a ſhort time, was well received by Ferdinand the third, Emperor of Germany.

But neither the crown nor the cowl can communicate infallibility, nor penetrate into the deep receſſes of the human heart; prayers are not morality, kneeling is not religion; the precepts of the prieſt, and the rewards of the monarch, were not able to reſtrain vicious tendency; the character of Engelberger gradually unfolded itſelf; he was neglected and deſpiſed as an unprincipled hypocrite; and ſtimulated by want, or the impulſe of inveterate habit, robbed the royal treaſury; but, combining clumſineſs with villainy, was diſcovered and condemned to ſuffer death.

In priſon, he exhibited every appearance of contrition and repentance, and went through the ſolemn mockeries of confeſſion and abſolution; reſerving to himſelf a conſoling perſuaſion, that the emperor, after the favor he had experienced, would not leave him to the ignominy of a public execution. *But, in this inſtance, the hand of juſtice was not arreſted by the interference of favoritiſm.*

On the appointed day, preparations actually commenced; a ſcaffold was erected, and the priſoner led forth to puniſhment, in the preſence of a great multitude collected on the occaſion.

Beholding the terrible apparatus of death, he earneſtly demanded if any hope of pardon remained, and being anſwered none, he fixed his eyes for a few moments on the ground; then ſuddenly rouzed by the violence of outrageous diſappointment, or the anguiſh of long ſuppreſſed ſincerity, he daſhed to pieces a croſs which had been placed in his hand, and addreſſing himſelf to the people, publicly renounced, in coarſe and bitter language, the Chriſtian revelation, which he owned, with ſhame, he had profeſſed from unworthy motives, but had never believed.

He added, that ſuch abominable duplicity deſerved the puniſhment he was about to undergo, and that he ſubmitted to it without complaint, in a warm hope and reliance on the mercies of God, that his ſufferings in this world, might alleviate his pains in the next: Engelberger concluded, by calling on every perſon preſent to bear witneſs, that he died as he lived, in the faith of Moſes and the patriarchs.

To

To the terrified and trembling confeſſor, who aſked him if he had not juſt received the miraculous wafer? he ſternly replied; "I received it is true that deteſtable morſel into my mouth, but have not ſwallowed it; for I directly applied my handkerchief, with which I removed it from my lips."

The people, who, echoing the voice of their teachers, had a few months before almoſt deified a renegado for denying the gods of his country, could reſtrain their fury no longer; they ruſhed towards the ſcaffold, and, but for military interference, would have torn the culprit to pieces. He was directly taken back to priſon, and the exaſperated croud, diſappointed in their object, wreaked their vengeance on a number of Jews who were preſent, on their ſhops, and their goods; the day concluded in uproar and confuſion.

The execution, which had been interrupted by popular tumult, took place a few days after; the culprit being previouſly dragged on a hurdle through the principal ſtreets of Vienna.

To prove, if any proof were wanting, that the ſpirit of proſelytiſm, is as diſtant from humanity as it is from common ſenſe, a new ſentence, to gratify, as it were, and ſatisfy public hatred, a new ſentence had, in the interval, been paſſed upon him; the execution of which, but for ſalutary and impreſſive deduction, is too ſhocking to relate; his puniſhment was in the ſame proportion odiouſly cruel, as his rewards for the proſtitution of religious avowal had been abſurd and unmerited.

Repeating, as long as he could ſpeak, that he hoped his ſufferings would expiate his crimes, this miſerable wretch's right hand was firſt cut off and burnt before his eyes; his tongue was torn from his mouth, and his body was then ſuſpended by the feet from a gallows over a ſlow fire; ſavage and furious dogs, in the mean time, lacerating his fleſh.

Death concluded the odious butchery, and the aſhes of the maleſactor were thrown into the Danube; but the water of ten thouſand Danubes, cannot waſh away the foul remembrance of ſuch a tranſaction, or efface the memory of zeal ſo barbarous and bloody; a crime produced or aggravated by the folly and bigotry of thoſe who puniſhed it.

"I ſee no reaſon," ſaid a ſenſible biſhop, in a late debate, "why an Engliſhman may not have an opportunity of attending divine worſhip in India, but I have great doubts of the juſtice or

propriety of ſending miſſionaries for the purpoſe of converting the natives to Chriſtianity.

" The religion of a country is more or leſs connected with its government; beſides, it is a point which no man hath a right to interfere in without an expreſs commiſſion from Heaven; the apoſtles poſſeſſed ſuch commiſſion, and in evidence of it were inveſted with the power of working miracles, but ſuch power having long ſince ceaſed, the commiſſion of which it was the evidence ſhould ceaſe alſo."

The narrative, which forms the ſubject of our preſent article, is noticed by the learned Wagenſel, and confirmed by an inſcription in the town houſe at Vienna.

EPISCOPAL VIGOR. It is recorded of Saint Nicholas, an intrepid Trinitarian at the council of Nice, that, in the zeal of orthodoxy, or the heat of reſentment againſt Arius, he had recourſe to manual chaſtiſement, and actually beſtowed on the obſtinate Unitarian a ſevere box on the ear.

The preciſe degree of provocation, which would juſtify ſuch a proceeding, I will not decide; but in this way of arguing, Prieſtly would have fared but poorly, oppoſed to the muſcular arm, and polemic frame, of Dr. Horſely.

EPITAPH, Extract from one written by Lord Chancellor King, on an old domeſtic carpenter, who had been a great favorite of the noble lawyer's.

Poſts oft he made, yet ne'er a *place* cou'd get,
And liv'd by *railing*, 'tho' he was no wit;
Old ſaws he had, altho' no antiquarian,
And *ſtiles* corrected, yet was no grammarian.

ESSAY ON MAN, a correct and pleaſant poem of Mr. Pope's, which has been cenſured as a collection of palpable truths and ſelf-evident propoſitions; yet, if many of the reflections, and much of the reaſoning, have often been *thought*, I am clearly of opinion, that they have ſeldom, if ever, been *ſo well expreſſed*.

The author of this agreeable production has alſo been accuſed of introducing, in a popular poem, certain miſchievous tenets and unwarrantable principles; this circumſtance has been attributed to the poet's intimacy with Lord Bolingbroke, and by ſome, to an artful plan of that notorious ſceptic, who, obſerving that the poet did not immediately ſee how far

far his *data* would lead, delighted himſelf with the idea of infuſing a portion of his poiſon into a work which will be peruſed with pleaſure, when his heavy quartos are forgotten.

Many of the objections produced againſt the Eſſay on Man, appear to have originated from the difficulty, if not impoſſibility, of reconciling the technical accuracy and logical preciſion, requiſite in metaphyſic diſquiſitions, with poetical amplification, allegory, and rhyme.

Perhaps, from the circumſtance of not being a deep reaſoner, I ſee nothing that ought to alarm a believer in revealed religion, or that is likely to injure the riſing generation.

Pope, on this occaſion, was attacked by two ingenious foreigners, Crouſaz, and the younger Racine; the firſt was anſwered by Doctor Warburton, and this controverſy procured for him the friendſhip of the man he defended, a wealthy but unmanageable wife, and, ultimately, the Biſhopric of Glouceſter.

To his other opponent, the following letter was addreſſed.

Mr. Pope *to* Mr. Racine.

London, Sept. 1, 1742.

" Sir,

" I am favored with your Poem on Religion, and ſhould have peruſed it with greater pleaſure, if you had not imputed to me ſeveral opinions which I deteſt.

My uneaſineſs, it is true, met with ſome little alleviation, when I found you candidly confeſſing your want of a ſufficient knowledge of the Engliſh language; you alſo add another conſoling reflection, that it is the evil conſequences which certain reaſoners deduce from them, rather than the tenets and maxims themſelves that you wiſh to oppoſe; this is at once a proof of your candour, your diſcreſion, and your charity.

Be aſſured, ſir, that my writings have ſuffered as much in foreign countries from the imperfect conception of tranſlators, as from that ignorance of the Engliſh language which you ſo ingenuouſly confeſs.

The groſs miſtakes of my adverſaries you will find ably and fully confuted in an Engliſh work which accompanies this letter; it is written by the learned author of the Divine Legation of Moſes; and I flatter myſelf that the Chevalier Ramſay, from his acknowledged zeal for truth, will take the trouble to explain the contents of it, which I perſuade myſelf will efface your ſuſpicions.

In the mean time, I rely on your

your candour and juſtice, to give me credit, when I ſolemnly declare, that both in ſentiment and principle, I am diametrically oppoſite to Leibnitz and Spinoza; although ſuch pains have been taken to prove me their diſciple.

" I am, ſir, your obliged
" humble ſervant,
" A. POPE."

The anſwer of Racine was in the following words:

" SIR,

" The mildneſs and humility with which you juſtify yourſelf, is a convincing proof of the ſincerity of your declarations.

" My attack on your character as a writer, was raſh and cannot be defended, and the very generous manner in which you pardon me, without mingling reproach, demands my warmeſt thanks.

" Having often heard poſitions quoted as your's, which I thought dangerous, I was hurried by ill-judging, but not ill-deſigning zeal, to oppoſe them; I lamented at the ſame time, that ſo excellent a poet, and apparently ſo good a man, as Mr. Pope, ſhould furniſh arms to the enemies of revelation and human happineſs.

" I bluſh at the ſuſpicions I entertained, but think it neceſſary to declare, that I was miſtaken; your own declaration, ſir, is ſufficient, and renders a peruſal of the Commentary you recommend unneceſſary; let it therefore be remembered, for the edification of future generations, that one of the greateſt Engliſh poets, is one of the humbleſt ſons of the catholic church.

" I am, ſir, your humble ſervt.
" RACINE."

The Chevalier Ramſay, mentioned in Pope's letter, was a candid ſceptic, and for ſeveral years tutor to a deſcendant of King James the ſecond; ſeeing ſo much fallacy and nonſenſe in that ſuperſtition by which he was ſurrounded, and in which he had been educated, he, very unwiſely, made deductions unfavorable to the truth of divine revelation.

With equal propriety, he might have denied that any real advantages had ever been produced by medical ſcience, becauſe it was aſſumed by mountebanks, and miſapplied by mercenary empyrics.

But the chevalier was honeſt, and after much time and reflection ſpent in a diligent peruſal of the Holy Scriptures, and an intereſting converſation with the Archbiſhop of Cambray, the ſubſtance of which is extant, and, if poſſible, ſhall find a place in this collection, he publicly recanted

recanted his opinions; and after an acknowledgment of his errors, lived in the practice of Chriſtian virtues, and died under the influence of Chriſtian conſolation.

ESTE, CHARLES, a medical writer, who, not *getting on* as a ſurgeon, took orders, and became a literary aſſiſtant to ſeveral newſpapers.

In a ſmall collection of traits, publiſhed at an early period of his literary career, he inſiſts, that patients, in a certain faſhionable diſeaſe, *ought to ſmart*, a declaration in which his love of moral juſtice, makes him forget his duty as a profeſſional man; this doctrine, which might be tolerated in the pulpit, or a ſchool of caſuiſts, was not likely to procure him many patients.

As an author, in ſpite of inveterate defects in ſtyle and language, he occaſionally exhibits vigorous intellect and uſeful combination of circumſtance.

The HISTORY OF MY OWN LIFE, as he choſe to call a haſty ſketch of himſelf, publiſhed many years ago, is dry, affected, and minutely unintereſting: he tells us, that when he ſtudied, to prepare for ordination, he ordered *the hair-dreſſer* to be with him at four in the morning; with ſo much toil to furniſh his head, *inſide and out*, which he is rather too fond of relating, I believe the trifling appointment of reader at Whitehall, is his only preferment.

In anſwer to a critic who cenſured pedantic ſingularity, vicious arrangement of ſentences, and obſcure quaintneſs, in Mr. Eſte's compoſitions, it was humorouſly ſaid, that this was an ingenious attempt of the writer to prevent any legal advantage being taken of his perſonalities, and harſh ſtrictures on public meaſures, for that the gentleman *evades all detection by hiding his meaning*: yet, in ſpite of theſe and a thouſand faults, a portion of ſterling metal, inveloped, it is true, in tons of droſs, eaſily diſtinguiſhes the ſubject of our preſent article, from the party cant, idle chit-chat, modiſh phraſe, and pert flippancy of *ſome* of his aſſociates.

Mr. Eſte, after his return from a tour on the Continent, has favored the public with an account, not only of what he heard and ſaw, but what he and moſt people have read; his original ſin of obſcurity and affected phraſeology, appears to have accompanied him throughout his journey, and a book, containing much uſeful detail, with many important political reflections, is thus

thus rendered heavy, intricate, and perplexing; I have met with few who have had patience, like myſelf, to read it through.

The following is part of an advertiſement or proſpectus in which he announced a newſpaper: as a curious literary morceau, a compound of oddity and good ſenſe, I *tranſlated* it, and think it worth preſerving.

"When Dr. Johnſon printed his introduction to a newſpaper, his complaint was, that cotemporary works of the ſame ſort, were calculated rather to weary people than to ſatisfy them. Had he written now, he might have found the ſatisfaction not more, nor the wearineſs leſs; for though ſo many newſpapers are publiſhed, how few of them, with profit or with pleaſure, can be read?

"Every one can tell how they have been multiplied, and the tax on them increaſed; and yet, what has the revenue gained, but ſubdiviſion or loſs? Indeed, how can it be otherwiſe? With the guilt of Lucifer, there muſt be ever ſomething like his fall; for, to ſuffer dullneſs, to connive at infamy, is proportionably to be ſullied with their ſhame. Some allowance, indeed, may be made for complexional inſenſibility, for conſtitutional fear, phyſical incapacity, or accidental famine.

"But what reſentment can reach the provocation, when the ſure teſts of ſenſe and feeling, ſeem admitted only to be violated? When groſſneſs and barbarity toil to demoliſh all diſtinction; when ignorance, as if eager for general ſtupefaction, exemplifies the accompliſhments of life from their vileſt profeſſors? When vice has the effrontery, *convectare prædas*, for three meals a day; to vend, as a moral model, the varniſhed corruptions of ſome exceeding drab?

"While the public prints are thus made THE SORCERIES OF VICE, what diſcreet gentleman can truſt a daughter over them? It were not leſs frantic to riſk ſuch traſh upon a breakfaſt table, than to ruſh with it, if it could be, over Acheron; amidſt the ſtench and nuiſances, the malignant light and mephitic exhalations of perdition; where, to ſkim over, is to fall, and to fall, is to ſink for ever: what the ſupports of *our* publication may be, and what *our* ideas of public duty, will ſoon be ſeen.

"At once, and altogether, we reſcue the town from QUACK SCIENCE, VENAL ART, AND HETERODOX PERVERSION; we rid our country of all the looſe venom hitherto hawked about from the ſheds and ſhambles of debauchery.

"We

" We proſcribe for ever, not only each paragraph that is indecorous, but every advertiſement at all corruptive; from mountebanks and marauders; from the proſtitute, and from him, yet more abject, who by proſtitutes is fed.

" Of communications, which fret the delicate with ſhame, and rationally exaſperate thoſe nobly ſtruggling to bleſs their children with the unimpaired ſecurities of our common nature, none can be admitted; though of legal proceſs, morbid viſitation, trials, or of patents, which ſpread peſtilence under the pretence of prophylactics, or ſtimulate vice by the immodeſty of its correction.

" Such filth as this ſhould be, like the plague, known in Britain only by deſcription. This paper ſhall be taken by every body, with clear confidence of being innocent; they ſhall begin it unembarraſſed, and end it undepraved; this is an obvious deviation from the common practice, an unexpected novelty, a civility not ſeen in others; but when it ſhall ceaſe to be new, can its importance ceaſe?

" Next to obſcenity and in moral miſchief, ſcarcely leſs abominable, are the toil and trouble of party, ſo productive on all ſides, in every ſpecies of fulſome flattery and exaggerating defamation.

" A ſtranger to our national character, to our times and climate, might conclude himſelf condemned to ſome dark age and barbarous latitude; amidſt circumſtances, making fable flat, of monſters and reptiles, the bite and ſlaver of creation!

" Engliſhmen, thank God, are in a ſtate, where their principles, like their planets, are tempered excellently, looking at, and, perhaps, improving from their efforts at unattainable perfection; in a country too, where the ſcorpion and the bear are but fictitious ſigns, where there *may* be now and then a puny ruffian, with rare enormity, ſunk beneath a brute; but where, in general, men ſeem riſing more and more above the ſtandard of their predeceſſors.

" Great and good men abound on each ſide, if the object be to exemplify excellence, they who would boaſt a more ſplendid ſpecimen of tranſcendent talents, popular eloquence, manly delicacy, and moral urbanity in the uſe of them, are to be congratulated, more on their love of wonder than of truth.

" They may be compared to the man who dreamed in an unknown tongue, and fancy brighter viſions;

viſions; but never in their experience, never in their reading, can they have found them;—reference is here made to the leading men on either ſide, they are deemed illuſtrious, and who can ſay truly, they do not deſerve to be ſo?

"To keep aloft from every thing coarſely perſonal; to ſhew no partiality but for talent, no pertinacity but for truth; TO BE INDEPENDENT, TO BE FREE, ſhall be the political character of this paper. That for the natural and ſalutary diviſion in men's minds, there may be room enough, but none for the guilty paſſions: in ſhort, that every man may be kept harmleſs from calumny towards others, and from flattery towards himſelf.

"Parties may be ſo made up, as not inevitably to mean harm; but when did they ever do good? In all the flux and reflux of parties, which in this country have run down one another with ſo much coſt, where and when was there any chance of a reſiduum to pay the people for the projection.

"Party ſpirit is bad in itſelf, and it ſeems, by a dire fatality, ever haſtening to what is worſe; it ſpeeds purſuit; for ſport too laborious, and for labour too certainly vain: it maims buſineſs, it taints pleaſure; it introduces a falſe eſtimate in politics, a criterion not from meaſures, but from men.

"Party ſtruggles are notoriouſly a barren waſte of temper and of time; and yet, what printed paper, however impotent, might not be branded among their criminal abettors?

"Such mean compliances, the extremes of hopeleſs ignorance, and of venal art, are not to be apprehended in a publication like this; for, it is leſſened by experience, into diffidence, and thinks that party ought to have no other claim than vigilance and candour; vigilance, to guard againſt miſchief, and candour, not to overſtate it.

"This publication formally diſclaims all parties; it is ſolely devoted to the public; like the well-known exemple, otherwiſe, not exemplary, who, tired of ſuperſerviceable dedication to ſuppoſititious ſaints, inſcribed his temple to God.

"The conductor of a paper, properly qualified for his office, ſhould enter on his functions with the higheſt tone; his, need not, but by defective execution, rank under any effort, which is to miniſter to the progreſſive purpoſes of man; it is unconfined, except by the limits of art and

and nature; all created exiſtences are the means, the amelioration of all ſhould be his end; ſuch a paper ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by powers commenſurate with its privileges, by a character well fitted for its uſe.

"It ſhould aſpire to the profitable conſequence of hiſtory; it ſhould never ſwerve, nor bend a jot from the immutable dignity of truth; there ſhould be a wide-ſpread intelligence of facts, with unfailing aptitude of deduction; by acquaintance with the paſt, it ſhould diſtribute preparation for the future; it ſhould be large in its ſurveys, its wiſhes ſhould be larger; the zeal in it ſhould be much, the benevolence more; it ſhould teach life, but ſo teach it as to amend: ſuch a daily paper *ſhould* be; it remains to be ſeen what the paper we announce *will* be."

EST IL HEUREUX? Is he a fortunate man?

This queſtion was always aſked by Cardinal Mazarine, when an officer was recommended to him; I apprehend, on the fair preſumptive probability, that he who had hitherto been generally unſucceſsful, muſt have betrayed ſome inherent defect, ſome radical want of prudence, forethought, fortitude, or common ſenſe.

Every day's experience proves that there is *ſome* foundation for the theory of the Gallic ſtateſman; we are all of us, in a great meaſure, and in many inſtances, the artificers of our own elevation, or our own ruin.

But to aſſert, that in *every* caſe of miſhap, the ſufferer was inſtrumental in producing it, would be equally contradictory to truth, and the common feelings of mankind; thoſe who ſuffer by 'war, famine, peſt, volcano, ſtorm, and fire,' are too often the victims of a ſevere and inevitable deſtiny; yet, if the ſoldier had borne in mind, that *he who lives by the ſword, ſhall periſh by the ſword*, the whole of his misfortunes might have been avoided; the inhabiter of a cottage on the trembling declivities of Veſuvius, and the ſailor who quits a ſafe harbour at the moment a tempeſt is ariſing, may both be ſaid to tempt their fate.

I well remember a gentleman, by no means of an obdurate heart, who refuſed to contribute to a collection which was made in his neighbourhood for a farmer whoſe houſe and barn had been deſtroyed by lightning, although on ſuch occaſions, he was remarkably liberal; on diſcuſſing the ſubject a few evenings after *at the club*, the reaſon he gave for departing from his cuſtomary munificence, was,

was, that he found, on enquiry, no conductors had been made uſe of on the premiſes in queſtion, to guard againſt ſuch accidents, although the rector of the pariſh, well acquainted with electrical experiments, had frequently recommended them to his pariſhioners, and, in return, had been frequently laughed at.

He acted on the precautionary, perhaps, on the juſtifiable principle, which influences the conduct of judges and juries, in thoſe criminal proſecutions, where a murder of the helpleſs offspring of unlawful love is ſtrongly ſuſpected, but cannot be poſitively proved; if the miſerable mother had previouſly provided the cloathing and linen neceſſary, during the trying and arduous moments of child-birth, it is admitted, corroborated by other circumſtances, as an argument in favor of her having actually intended to nouriſh and preſerve her child.

In many trials for this ſpecies of offence, I have obſerved, that great and almoſt inſurmountable difficulties have preſented themſelves in endeavouring to decide whether the infant had or had not been born alive; the common experiment of trying whether the lungs would float in water, I underſtand was pronounced, by a late eminent profeſſor, as nugatory and undeciſive.

A point, which is to decide on the life or death of a human creature, is important, and juries generally pronounce, in ſuch caſes, with a praiſeworthy tendency to mercy; yet, it is of conſequence, that murder ſhall in no inſtance eſcape puniſhment; and I preſs the ſubject on the diligence and ingenuity of my medical readers, that their efforts may be directed, to find out, if poſſible, ſome unerring criterion to guide us.

EVIDENCE OF INSANITY.

The following converſation took place during a trial at Derby, in which the lunacy of an eccentric female was a point attempted to be eſtabliſhed.

"I ſaw her ſweep a large quantity of gallypots, phials, potions, pills, and powders, into the ſtreet:" ſaid a witneſs. "I doubt if throwing phyſic into the ſtreet be any proof of madneſs," obſerved the judge. "True, my lord," replied a barriſter, "but, people in their ſenſes, ſeldom throw away gallypots and phials."

EVIDENCE REQUISITE FOR CONVICTION.

A young

A young man, who, at a certain period of his life, profeſſed himſelf an unbeliever, once informed me, that the various and admirable mechaniſm diſplayed in the human wriſt, at a public lecture, excited admiration, and diſpelled all his doubts.

I remember a ſimilar effect being produced by the diſcourſe of a late divine, on the wonderful ſympathies of the human mind, which impel, as it were, in ſpite of themſelves, the moſt ſelfiſh, and often the moſt timid creatures, to defend and protect that offſpring, which, without ſuch ſuperintendence, muſt inevitably periſh: the power that could eſtabliſh an influence at once ſo abſolutely neceſſary, and ſo irreſiſtible, muſt be omnipotent, ſuperintending, and benevolent.

EXCLAMATION, what writer is it, and on what occaſion, who makes uſe of the following words? "I thank the Gods that I am a man, and not a woman; a Roman, and not a barbarian."

The paſſage has been conſidered as a cenſure on females, yet this may not have been the author's deſign.

When we reflect on the anxieties, pains and dangers to which women are ſubject, and from which men are for the moſt part exempt, I ſee nothing unfeeling or irrational in being grateful for a diminution of ſuffering.

A certain humouriſt, who from bad taſte, inordinate appetites, or unlucky ſelection, has embarraſſed his fortune and injured his conſtitution, and for this very amiable reaſon makes the ſex, the general ſubject of indiſcriminate and outrageous invective; this martyr of illicit paſſion, having with a freedom unaſked and ungranted, viſited my writing table in my abſence, and having read the former part of this ſhort article, directly wrote under it the following heroic ſtanza, which I know not whether to call his own or a quotation, and inſtantly departed, conſcious of the glaring impropriety of his conduct in looking over any written documents.

"There are three things that make me mad,
"A pipe, a pot, and a woman by gad."

At our next meeting, after properly cenſuring his indecorum, I told *the poet*, that on the verge of fifty it was time for a man to wake from his juvenile delirium; this led to a long diſcuſſion on the ſubject of amorous propenſities, vicious habits, and the difficulty, if not impoſſibility of breaking through them, after the

ori-

original ſtimulus, which led to theſe indulgences, had paſſed away; that they ſtuck to a man's head when they had long quitted, &c. &c.—he confeſſed this truth with a ſigh, and ſoon took his leave, chagrined, but I hope not unimproved.

EXPEDIENCY, the touchſtone of all human inventions, the unerring criterion, by which every religious inſtitution, and every political contrivance, muſt be tried; the paramount law, which ſtateſmen, divines, lawyers, and philoſophers, muſt cheerfully obey, or ultimately and reluctantly ſubmit to.

I am aware that *juſtitia fiat ruat cœlum*, is a favorite doctrine with *ſome* of my readers; who, ſeizing abſtract plauſible poſitions, and hurried on by the enthuſiaſm of honeſt but often impracticable intention, conſider, reaſon, and act upon the maxims they avow, wholly independent of every concomitant circumſtance, or any future effect they may produce.

I will not refuſe to theſe gentlemen, the praiſe of an heroic contempt of conſequences; yet theſe intrepid declaimers, ſtanding erect and undiſmayed on the ſtrong hold of firſt principles, while contending elements ſhake the ground on which they tread; theſe undaunted explorers of paths, which angels fear to enter; theſe rapid deciders of queſtions, on which eminent ſages and great legiſlators have trembled and pauſed, would do well to conſider, whether ſome of their favorite objects might not be obtained by gentler methods than thoſe they wiſh to employ; and, if they ſhould not be able, *in their own time, and exactly in their own way*, to eradicate imperfection, remove evil, and redreſs grievance, to the full extent their ſanguine hopes firſt taught them to expect; they will do well to conſider, whether making a few ſacrifices to general ſafety and public ſecurity, will not prove ſome compenſation for failure, ſome ſatisfaction to ſoothe the pangs of diſappointment.

To ride on whirlwinds and direct a ſtorm, has been deſcribed as the awful employment of beings guided by omnipotence and perfect wiſdom; free from the infirmities, miſtakes, and paſſions to which man is ſubject.

To demoliſh antient inſtitutions, to liberate mankind from the burthens of prejudice and ſuperſtition; to deprive numerous and powerful ſocieties, of their influence, authority, and revenue; by diffuſing truth and information to diſband at once two-thirds of the members of three

three learned, wealthy, and reſpectable profeſſions; cannot be performed without exciting the ſtruggles of oppoſition, and the efforts of ſelf-preſervation.

He who for half his life has been looked up to and revered as the inſtructor and benefactor of his fellow-citizens, the reliever of their calamities, the ſoother of their pains, or the protector of their property, will not be eaſily perſuaded to deſcend from eminence and affluence, and to depend wholly for reſpect and ſupport, on mere perſonal merit, which he may not a ſecond time attain, or again may loſe; this he finds *too painful an endeavor*; with his luxuries, his comforts, and his ARISTOCRACY, he loſes his reliſh for life, becomes, with a long train of relations and dependants, anti-revolutionary, and joins with them in the bloody conflict.

Such is the melancholy price, at which many bleſſings are purchaſed, ſo incompatible, in many inſtances, is reform with individual happineſs and practical utility; beſides the inſuperable difficulty of ſaying to a reformer, thus far ſhalt thou go and no farther.

Were I diſpoſed to ſet out, like a certain animated and highly endowed writer, whoſe principles would carry him further than *he ſays* he meant to go; were I to ſet out, like him, on a reforming expedition to Windſor, I ſhould approve of, and certainly join in, his prudent reſolution *to halt at Staines*.

But it is a point worthy conſideration, a point which travellers, on *ſuch* journies, ought never to forget, coolly to conſider, and previous to joining company; for, on theſe occaſions, after-thought and repentance are vain and unavailing, to determine whether, thoſe whom we had accompanied ſo far, would permit us to ſtop on the road.

Were ſuch a ſtep in contemplation, I would anticipate the purpoſe, and, if poſſible, prevent the viſit; preſenting myſelf, with all poſſible expedition and reſpect, to the auguſt inhabitants of thoſe fine Gothic remains, whoſe battlements would be ſhaken by democratic fury, I would preſs on the illuſtrious and intereſting family, *in all its branches*, the abſolute neceſſity of reſpecting public opinion, and diminiſhing ſuperfluous expence; I would inculcate thoſe wholeſome leſſons, which I believe the majority of them have not forgotten, that power and exaltation are a call to duty, not an exemption from care; that example

example is more prevalent than precept, that the beſt prerogative and firmeſt ſecurity of a King of England is, in that ſpecies of genuine unadulterated loyalty which is founded on rational conviction, and cemented by warm affection.

EXPENCES OF A WIFE, TO BE REGULATED BY THE INCOME OF HER HUSBAND.

This ſubject, ſo intimately connected with the intereſt of a thouſand families, and ſo important to domeſtic peace, has been ably diſcuſſed by Judge Hale, and the ſalutary doctrines of that venerable and worthy man are confirmed by the reſpectable opinion of Lord Kenyon, to whoſe memory, as an able lawyer, and a good chief juſtice, notwithſtanding his heat of temper and inveterate party propenſities, I would wiſh to pay a tribute of applauſe.

Indeed ſome declaratory recital of the law, on the ſubject of our preſent article, was become highly neceſſary to check the ſeducing and too often irreſiſtible attacks of the ſilk mercer on our pockets, through the medium of our affections.

Tradeſmen of this claſs conſidering huſbands *only as creatures who are to pay for every thing*; as paſſive animals, liable to every debt incurred by their wives without regard to fortune, propriety, or ſituation, think it fairly conſiſtent with the ſpirit of traffic to tempt their fair but thoughtleſs cuſtomers to purchaſe every thing they like, and *at any price*.

But it has been clearly proved, that ſuch conduct is not only morally culpable, but contrary to the law of England, and the dictates of common ſenſe; and it is ſoothing to a mind, repining, perhaps irrationally repining at the imperfection of human inſtitutions, that in the preſent inſtance, our courts of juſtice ſympathize with the general feelings of mankind.

The wife of a reſpectable Leiceſterſhire divine, whoſe name, for the ſake of her family I ſuppreſs, was enticed by vanity, or the impreſſion of bad example, to join the train and beat the rounds of diſſipation, in its moſt faſhionable abode.

A morning viſit was made to one of thoſe ſplendid exhibitions of female decoration, where the luxurious and the wealthy robe themſelves in the trappings of ſuperfluity, which are the proper ornaments of rank and affluence, but by which moderate fortunes are ſoon diſſipated.

Bewitched by the equipages, and

and dazzled by the coronets of ſome of her fair aſſociates, the wife of a country clergyman, of moderate income, in a few weeks incurred a debt, amounting to more than one-third of the annual amount of the living which was to ſupport her huſband and family in the country.

The tradeſman, whom I acquit of ill-deſign, applied for payment, which was refuſed, and the matter, after the cuſtomary legal proceſſes, was ſolemnly argued in the court of King's Bench; the lady's friends having previouſly paid forty pounds into court, which was conſidered as more than a reaſonable and adequate expenditure for a perſon of her condition, during ſo ſhort a time.

The richneſs of ſatin, the breadth and the delicacy of lace, and the obſequious patient dexterity of a man-milliner, had no influence on the judges, whoſe opinion was given in the following words, by the chief juſtice.

"This is a cauſe of great importance to the public, and from the general influence its deciſion may produce, deſerves particular conſideration with the jury.

"If the plaintiff, in the preſent action, is permitted to recover the whole of his demand, I will venture to ſay, there is no man who may not be called on to anſwer for contracts which would ruin him.

"It is the law of England, that the huſband ſhall ſupport his wife, in a decent, becoming, proper, and, if you pleaſe, in a liberal manner; but from certain miſtakes and abuſes of this law, it has become abſolutely neceſſary that the queſtion ſhould be clearly underſtood, as it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe, that it was deſigned as a licenſe for extravagance, or to promote domeſtic profuſion.

"This doctrine I hope will have ſome influence on tradeſmen in general, who, in their eagerneſs for buſineſs, are too apt to invite an unlimited and indiſcriminate credit, without regard to the circumſtances or ſituation of their cuſtomers, and are often ruined, or put to great inconvenience by the tardineſs or non-payment of bills, which, with a conſiderate man, would never have been incurred.

"I am ſorry that a reſpectable trader ſhould be a loſer, but when he carries his goods to market, he ſhould carry prudence with them; if you are of the ſame opinion, gentlemen, you will give a verdict for the defendant; but if I have miſtaken the morality or convenience of the caſe, you will find for the plaintiff, and give the difference between

the bill and the money paid into court."

The jury agreed with the judges in favor of the clergyman.

"I admire," ſaid a lively woman, whoſe dark eyes form a fine contraſt with the beauties of her neck, and who ſaw this article in manuſcript; "I admire the aſſurance of theſe ridiculous grey-beards, for interfering with ſubjects on which they have neither authority nor qualification to decide.

"If I was Lady Kenyon, the old judge, with his grave fat face, ſhould hear of it *at a proper time.* Ridiculous! thirty guineas too much for a cloak; what can a *man* know of the matter, or whether a guinea a yard is too dear for lace?

"If *the creature in the country* could not afford it, why did he marry? he ſhould drink leſs of his naſty port wine, and might wear his gown and caſſock three or four years longer:—WELL, ſay what you pleaſe, I can never be perſuaded that he loved his wife."

"Indeed, Madam Beaux-yeux, you are wrong; he loves his wife with ſincere but rational affection, and drinks very moderately of that *naſty port wine*, of which, notwithſtanding your *fury* faces, you enjoy a few glaſſes as much as moſt people.

"But, ſeriouſly, nay, no ſhrinking, for you ſhall not eſcape from my encircling arms, nor prevent my reading, in your tell-tale eyes, the language of your heart.

"Are you ſeriouſly of opinion that a harmleſs and ſalutary gratification is to be abridged, and that a clergyman is to worſhip God in ragged canonicals, for the ſake of ſatin cloaks, point lace, ear-rings, faux-montres, and all the ſuperfluous and expenſive traſh of vicious folly?"

Defeated in argument, but not a jot in purpoſe, the fair reaſoner replied, "I will not hear of reaſon, if it is to ſet narrow ſelfiſh bounds to conjugal affection, I *proteſt*, I would not have lived an hour under the ſame roof with a man who could reſiſt ſo reaſonable a claim, and have ſuffered the name of his wife to be ſo cruelly bandied about by barriſters, jurymen, and attornies.

(A pauſe, and the lady conſiderably agitated.)

"I will take a turn in Bond-ſtreet;—I ſee you have Marmontel on the table; pray read his wife of ten thouſand, and you will recover yourſelf."

"I have no objection (taking the

the book) to read Marmontel or any body *elſe's* tale, but I would *poſitively* have fled." "For once I *muſt* (in rather an elevated and firm tone the word *muſt*) I *muſt* cloſe the ſubject—and whither would you have fled? to your room for an hour, or rather a moment, *pouting* and ſobbing for the luxury of being invited back; and merely for the purpoſe of being ſoothed and careſſed; to have the tear kiſſed from your cheek, and the ſwelling of that boſom, which I will not venture to look at, gently preſſed, and gradually lulled to ſerenity by the blandiſhments of tenderneſs and affection:—I ſhall return in half an hour.

EXPRESSION OF THE PASSIONS, in the countenances of dramatic heroes and heroines.

Has it been remarked, that in the violence of their efforts to repreſent exceſſive ſorrow, bitter anguiſh, and violent rage, ſome of our beſt performers frequently lapſe into broad caricature, and the grin of licentious diſtortion?

I will not mention names, yet I *could* point out thoſe of renown, who, in ſome of the moſt intereſting ſcenes of our beſt tragedies, have actually excited laughter.

Perhaps, it may be aſked, is an actor of feeling and rapid perception to balance his limbs, diſcipline his features, and adjuſt his looks before a glaſs, previous to his appearing on the ſtage? Is he to regulate by a thermometer, the warmth of his impreſſions, and conſult a poſture-maſter on the gracefulneſs of his attitudes, and the propriety of his geſtures?

I anſwer, yes, if his own taſte and execution are not ſufficiently correct: in acting, as in painting, the effect produced on the *retina* of the ſpectator, is every thing; effect is the grand buſineſs of a player's life, to which all rules, all favorite theories muſt be ſubſervient; the tongue, the eyes, the lips, the muſcles of the face, are the principal organs, by which the paſſions of the heart are demonſtrated and conveyed; they are tools given to us by nature, to make certain impreſſions on the minds of others; but if, from a want of ſkilful management, they produce ſenſations, and excite ideas, not only different, but exactly oppoſite to thoſe which the dramatic artiſt meant to convey; *if they do nothing by doing too much*, they act as falſe interpreters, tranſlate their leſſon wrong, and ſhould be ſent to ſchool again.

It was the opinion of Leonardo D'Avinci, that a man

born dumb would be *a good ſtudy* for an artiſt, in the buſineſs of expreſſion; but here too ſobriety and moderation muſt not be forgotten, or we ſhall degenerate into pantomime.

It is the opinion of a friend, who ſometimes reads, and ſometimes contributes to this collection, that I was ſeated too near the performers whoſe over-acting I cenſure; *that the picture was not placed in its proper light and poſition*; he is convinced, if I had been in a more diſtant part of the theatre, that what appeared coarſe, violent and outrageous, would have met with my approbation, as natural and appropriate:

Ainſi ſoit il, mais parlons d'autres choſes.

I cannot help remarking another impropriety, ſometimes exhibited on the ſtage; the giving young characters, whom paſſionate lovers are calling goddeſſes and angels, to aged, infirm, and wrinkled old women, or to others, who, however qualified by age, poſſeſs not a ſingle attraction to render them objects of love or deſire to a man of common ſenſe, eye-ſight, or diſcernment.

I am ready to make allowance for the vagaries of whim, and the extravaganza of capricious appetite; but it is not conſiſtent with nature or experience, for a man to be pouring forth ſtrains of rapture and admiration, when every ſpectator knows and feels that the object of the actor's adoration is old enough to be his grandmother; it is equally revolting to common feelings, as well as correct taſte, to ſee a virago, well calculated for an oyſter-baſket, the ſlaughter-houſe, or a butt of porter, aſſuming the attitude of the Medicean Venus, and caricaturing the Loves and Graces.

Theſe improprieties ſometimes perplex a good-natured audience, becauſe the performers in queſtion are frequently excellent in other walks, or ſtage veterans, who once knew better days, and for whom the majority of the perſons preſent feel the ſtrongeſt ſympathy, and entertain the higheſt reſpect.

Is it avarice or cruel kindneſs in managers, thus to ſuffer or entice age and decrepitude to expoſe themſelves, and ſport with the feelings of the public? Were a ſubſcription propoſed, I have little doubt of its being encouraged; but to pay ſix ſhillings for ſitting three hours the harraſſed ſpectator of ſcenes at once ridiculous and diſtreſſing, is what I will not *again* ſubmit to.

FALCONET,

FALCONET, a ſtatuary of conſiderable merit, but not content with the well-earned reputation he had procured as an artiſt, *he would be an author*; in this path he failed.

His works were publiſhed in ſix volumes octavo, at Lauſanne, in ſeventeen hundred and eighty-one; one part of them he called Letters to Poſterity.

This circumſtance gave occaſion to a certain wit to ſay to him, "Mr. Falconet, your letters will never reach the perſons to whom they are addreſſed."

The ſubject of this article modelled the famous equeſtrian ſtatue of Peter the Great, now ſtanding at St. Peterſburgh.

Speaking of the horſe on which the Czar is ſeated, a turf connoiſſeur, who had ſeen it on the ſpot, once told me it was a fine animal, and had a good *fore-hand*, but, he added, it was rather *cat-hamm'd*.

After enquiring into the preciſe meaning of theſe technical expreſſions, I preſumed to differ in opinion with this tamer of reſtive horſes, this general enemy of animated nature.

——— equum dormitor debellatorque ferarum.

FARINELLO, CARLO BROSCHI; or, as he was more commonly called, FARINELLI, an Italian ſinger at the Engliſh opera, in ſeventeen hundred and thirty-ſix, adored by the nobility and gentry of that period, and rendered inſolent by the incenſe of an infatuated people, who made intereſt, devotion, honor, and every other ſpecies of legitimate pleaſure, give way to the idol they had themſelves created.

"One God, one king, one Farinelli," was the enthuſiaſtic and impious exclamation of one of his female admirers, whoſe beauty, not animated by good ſenſe, procured for her, rank and fortune.

The neat annual receipt of Farinelli, while in England, was, by his own confeſſion, in an hour of gaiety, four thouſand pounds; but Philip the fifth, King of Spain, unwilling that England ſhould poſſeſs ſuch a treaſure, enticed him to Madrid, by a penſion of two thouſand pounds a year; to this income was added the dignity, and I believe emolument, of a Knight of Calatrava.

After the death of his royal patron, this fortunate candidate for public favor, retired to enjoy a ſplendid independence in his native country, and built a magnificent houſe near Bologna, where he was viſited by ſeveral Engliſh travellers.

The

The editor of this collection has been cenſured for ſpeaking with aſperity and indecorum of ſingers, dancers, and other public performers, who, as long as they conduct themſelves with propriety and moderation, have an undoubted right to make the moſt of their talents, and to be treated with impartial juſtice.

But Farinelli did not treat that public, which had laviſhed on him ſo many favors, either with gratitude or reſpect; of this, a notorious inſtance was mentioned in my laſt impreſſion.

The late Duke of Northumberland had engaged him, for an extravagant pecuniary conſideration, to ſing at a public entertainment, given by his grace at Northumberland-houſe; a large company was aſſembled, and the amateurs were waiting on the tiptoe of expectation, to liſten to his warblings, with expreſſions of ſurprize and adulation, when he rudely ſent a verbal meſſage that he could not come.

The duke, who was never ſo happy as when he could contribute to the amuſement and gratification of his friends, was ſeverely mortified, and made an apology; but this groſs violator of good manners, and his word, received a ſignal and ſalutary correction, in the preſence of the perſons he had diſappointed.

The Duke of Modena, to whom the offender was a ſubject, happened at the time to be viſiting England, and fortunately for the company, was actually preſent at the moment his uncivil refuſal was announced.

Begging pardon of Lord Northumberland for interfering, the prince deſired that a ſervant might be diſpatched to the ſinger, with orders for his immediate attendance.

The Modeneſe ſoon made his appearance, when a chair was placed for him, and every one, except his ſovereign, ſtood up: "Does your grace permit a public ſinger to ſit in your preſence?" exclaimed his highneſs; "have the goodneſs to excuſe me; *we manage theſe gentlemen better in Italy*:—Farinelli, ſtand in yonder corner of the room, and ſing in your beſt manner to this company, who honor you with their notice."

The warbling eunuch trembled and obeyed; after performing to the ſatisfaction of the company, he retired with an humble bow, receiving from his ſovereign, a nod of approbation.

The beaux turned up their hands and eyes in ſilent admiration, the tender-hearted doating fair ones pitied the dear bewitching creature, and thought him *ſhockingly* ill-uſed; but experience

rience and good ſenſe have long confirmed the neceſſity of the Duke of Modena's leſſon to the Engliſh nation, who, in their obſequious attentions, and indiſcriminate admiſſion of actors, prizefighters, ſingers, and dancers, violate decorum, and confound ſubordination.

I will not deny to Kemble, claſſical correctneſs, and critical acumen, in every department of the drama; while his performance is occaſionally vicious and faulty, ſometimes from affected ſingularity, but oftener, from what I am convinced is a malformation of the organs of utterance, which I underſtand has been remedied, by an operation, ſince my former impreſſion.

In Smith, who at ſixty-five, acted the part of Charles Surface, to ſerve a friend, and acted it without a fault, all who know him in private life muſt have experienced the hilarity of a well-bred ſportſman, retired from the fatigues of the field; to Lewis, notwithſtanding broad caricature, running, and jumping, we readily allow fertile induſtry, and unaſſuming propriety; to Holman, in ſpite of unmanageable feelings, and boiſterous expreſſion, the manners and education of a gentleman; it would be injuſtice to intereſting elegance, lively expreſſion, and the magic of an eye, which it is utterly impoſſible to look at without emotion, it would be injuſtice not to confeſs, that Miſs Farren, in real life, as well as in fictitious perſonages, will confer dignity on whatever character ſhe aſſumes.

But with theſe, and many other exceptions, why are we in public pleaſure, and private amuſement, to be peſtered and inſulted by a motley crew of inſolent adventurers, and female Quixotes, of gamblers, pretenders, buffoons, half-wits, and half-gentlemen, who borrowing the little they know from the gaming-table, the brothel, or the green-room, reflect diſgrace on a creditable profeſſion, and on their infatuated patrons.

FELTON, JOHN, a Lieutenant in the Engliſh navy, an enthuſiaſt, and an aſſaſſin, who, in the reign of King Charles the firſt, ſtabbed the Duke of Buckingham, at Portſmouth, where he was preparing to embark with a fleet, for the relief of the unfortunate inhabitants of Rochelle.

But, from the delay produced by the duke's death, or the vigilance of the beſiegers, this attempt, which I have ſometimes been inclined to think, was not meant to ſucceed, failed,

and

and the city ſoon after was ſurrendered to its mercileſs enemies: on this occaſion, of fifteen thouſand perſons, originally ſhut up in the town, the miſerable and ſtarving remnant who capitulated, amounted only to five thouſand.

In this, and ſimilar ſituations, would it not be wiſer, and conſiderably abbreviate miſery, to ruſh forth, early and undebilitated, on the ſword or the cannon of the enemy; death could not be more certain, but would not be accompanied with the harraſſing and nauſeating evils of a long blockade; it would alſo be decorated or ſoothed by honorable effort, by the deſtruction of a certain number of the foe; and would be ſweetened by revenge, the moſt infernal, but the moſt delicious of all our crimes.

This pleaſure, Felton enjoyed, and ſuffered an ignominious death; but although Buckingham was a bad miniſter, and in many reſpects not a very creditable character, this article is not introduced to defend his murderer; my deſign is, to record a memorable reply which the lieutenant made to Archbiſhop Laud, at his examination before the privy council.

"If you do not confeſs and name your accomplices," ſaid the prelate, "you ſhall be put to the torture."

"If that is to be the caſe," replied Felton, "I know not whom, in my agonies, I may accuſe: God forbid I ſhould die uttering a falſehood; but, in ſuch trying circumſtances, I might as juſtly, and as probably, for the ſake of ſhortening my puniſhment, accuſe a lord at this board, of being my accomplice, as any other perſon."

This is a ſhort, but unanſwerable argument, againſt evidence produced by the rack; ſo frail are the materials of which we are formed; ſo weak the nerves of ſome, ſo verſatile the principles of others, that there is ſcarce any propoſition, however contradictory to fact and reaſon, which might not, *in this manner*, be confirmed.

Suffering death, proves the ſincerity of the martyr, but not the truth of the doctrine for which he died.

Felton's anſwer to Dr. Laud was quoted by an eminent judge, in a charge, in which he had occaſion to ſpeak of compulſive teſtimony; indeed, it ought to teach us, to liſten to what are called king's evidence, with caution and ſuſpicion; as they avowedly come into court for the expreſs purpoſe of removing a halter

halter from their own necks, to place it on that of another man.

Felton was not tortured; his words might be the unpremeditated thought of the moment, or they were an artful and well conceived plan for the juſtifiable purpoſe of averting a puniſhment at which nature recoils, by alarming the perſons who examined him, for their own ſafety.

FEMALE EYE, The magic effects of.

I could not help remarking, during the repreſentation of a condemned play, if a repreſentation it might be called, which was in fact, one continued ſcene of noiſe, uproar, and confuſion; I could not help remarking the inſtantaneous effect of Mrs. Siddons's looks, as ſhe entered to ſpeak the epilogue; the magic of her eye, or of her voice, enabled me diſtinctly to hear the following lines, when only a few ſeconds before, a thouſand voices were roaring *out* groans and execrations againſt the piece; written I believe by Dr. Delap, but of which, as it was impoſſible the noiſy critics could hear, it is not probable they could form a competent judgment.

The name of the play, which ſunk beneath the ſtorm, is forgotten, but the following lines, written by Mr. Thomas Vaughan, have been thought worth preſerving.

At length our bark has reach'd the wiſh'd for ſhore,
The winds are huſh'd, but is the danger o'er?
Danger indeed, for who, in times like theſe,
Would launch his ſhip, to plow dramatic ſeas?
Where growling thunders roll, and tempeſts ſweep,
Such crowds of bold advent'rers to the deep;
O'er his poor head the winds of malice blow,
And waves of angry cenſure rage below.
Critics, like monſters, on each ſide appear,
HERALD, the whale, and Shark, the GAZETTEER.
If theſe he chance to 'ſcape, there comes a ſquall,
From LLOYD'S, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, or WHITEHALL;
Here CHRONICLE, like Scylla, guards the coaſt;
There foams Charybdis, in the MORNING POST.
Mark how they break his rudder, cut his cable,
Tear up plan, diction, ſentiment and fable;
Their order is, an order they enjoy,
To ſeize, to burn, to ſink, and to deſtroy.

What

"What could induce an author," continues the poet, "to venture into ſuch boiſterous ſeas?

——— ——— ——— ——— ———

'Twas fond ambition led the bard along,
While ſyren muſes tempted with their ſong;
Fame, like another Circe, beck-'ning ſtood,
Wav'd her fair hand, and bade him brave the flood.
Who could reſiſt, when thus ſhe ſhew'd her charms?
Excited hope, and woo'd him to her arms.

The allegory of a ſhip ſeems to be a favorite idea with dramatic writers; it was adopted, in the following words, by Mr. Pratt, at a reſpectable private theatre, in which I once had the honor of being ſerved like a modern faſhionable book, *elegantly bound and hot-preſſed.*

On the dramatic ocean, deep and wide,
Barks of all ſorts lie waiting for the tide;
It ſerves at ſix; — — — — — —
To ſprightly muſic is unfurl'd each ſail,
And each commander begs a proſperous gale:
But from their reck'ning, ſome ſo widely wander,
The paſſengers all riſe on the commander,
Swear that the veſſels are with rubbiſh ſtor'd;
And throw the uſeleſs lumber overboard.
Yet, many a ſhip is ſtor'd with ſenſe and wit,
Rich ſtores from nature, ſuch as Shakeſpear *writ*;
Of theſe, two gorgeous veſſels
——— ———
——— ——— ——— ———
——— ———
Sail round the globe, traverſing diſtant ſeas,
And ev'ry winter's voyage make with eaſe,
Rough gales *they* brave, which *other* barks wou'd ſplit,
Rude gall'ry ſtorms, tornadoes from the pit.
They now are under ſail, ———
———
——— ——— ——— ———
———
High admirals of the dramatic main,
THE COVENT-GARDEN and THE DRURY-LANE;
Ships of vaſt bulk and ſtowage theſe, and made
To ſtand the various ſtrokes of war and trade.
Others have pleaſure boats which gently ſail,
Beneath the waſture of a *private gale*;
No raging tempeſts there preſume to blow,
No critic Scylla's threaten wreck below;

Smooth

Smooth glides the veſſel through untroubled ſeas,
Whilſt friendſhip rules the wave, and faſhion guides the breeze;
In ſuch protection ſafe, our little ſkiff
Securely anchors under Shakeſpear's cliff.

The twelfth line is a ſtriking example of grammar ſacrificed to rhyme; *writ* ſhould have been wrote.

FICTITIOUS NARRATIVE.

A modern writer, ſpeaking of the exquiſite pleaſure occaſioned by this ſpecies of literary production, particularly in young minds, obſerves, "that if a boy were aſked why he loſes his ſleep and incurs the riſque of a flogging, by neglecting his taſk, for the ſake of reading Robinſon Cruſoe, he would immediately anſwer, that it was becauſe he liked the book; *but that a philoſopher would acquaint him with the reaſon why he liked it:* he would tell him, that as a human creature, who originally had his exiſtence to ſupport, by his own care, induſtry, and ſagacity, he would naturally find himſelf intereſted in the diſtreſſes of a fellow man, who was repreſented as caſt on a deſolate iſland, obliged to depend for ſubſiſtence on the reſources of invention, becauſe he might lay up thoſe expedients, for his own uſe, in caſe he ſhould hereafter be placed in the ſame circumſtances."

I would wiſh to do juſtice to the ingenious reſearches of this author, but as far as I may be allowed to judge from *my own experience*, at a very early period of life, I cannot but conſider the paſſion for peruſing ſurprizing and perilous adventures which I felt and indulged, in common, alas, with every other paſſion, to the utmoſt pitch of its bent, I cannot but attribute it to the kindneſs of Providence, who hath planted that powerful propenſity, curioſity, in our natures, with a thouſand others, as a ſource of innocent pleaſure, harmleſs gratification, and rational occupation. That it may be, and often is, *collaterally* uſeful, on the principles ſuggeſted by this gentleman, I do not mean to deny.

FIESCA, JOHN LOUIS DE,

a wealthy, powerful, and ambitious nobleman of Genoa, which may be called the land of experiment, as there is ſcarcely any form of government which it has not tried.

After emerging from the yoke of the Romans, the Lombards and Charlemaigne, it has, at different times, been governed by dukes

dukes and by counts, by conſuls, podeſtats, captains of the people, councils of twelve and of twenty-four, and by doges; but, in ſpite of every precaution, has alternately experienced the evils of family cabal, ariſtocratic uſurpation, and popular inſurrection.

Andrew Doria, a name ſtill mentioned in Genoa with reverence, ſeemed at length ſent by Heaven, to reſcue his country from foreign interference and domeſtic diſſention. It was during this ſhort interval of repoſe, (1547) that the ſubject of our preſent article, endeavoured to interrupt it; aſſiſted by the intrigues of France, and of Alexander Farneſe, who then governed Rome and the church, as Pope Paul the third.

Moſt conſpiracies have originated from the grievances of an oppreſſed people, or the ruined fortunes of bold bad men, and deſperate individuals, who, uniting and fermenting, in the leaven of diſhoneſty and diſcontent, every ſpirit as reſtleſs and wicked as themſelves, reſolve, at every riſk, to degrade all that is powerful, and plunder all who are rich.

But, at the moment of that inſurrection, which I propoſe to give a ſhort account of, Genoa poſſeſſed more real freedom, happineſs, and peace, than it had enjoyed for ſeveral centuries; and Fieſca united, in an extraordinary degree, the precious gifts of fortune, fame, perſon, and underſtanding.

In the prime of life, for he had ſcarcely reached his twenty-ſecond year, bleſt with the affections of a wife whom he tenderly loved, the beautiful, the virtuous, and tender Eleanora; and enjoying the friendſhip of his fellow-citizens, he was ſtimulated by ambition to aim at ſupreme power.

To effect this purpoſe, he joined an ardour which no obſtacle could reſiſt, with a deep policy and premeditating coolneſs, which baffled or did not excite ſuſpicion. Having ſecured men, arms, and gallies, and diſtributed corn and money, under the pretence of a charitable donation, he embraced every opportunity of diſplaying himſelf to the people in ſplendid attire, and mounted on horſes richly capariſoned; gaining the affections of all, by gentle manners and graceful familiarity.

On theſe occaſions, as he converſed with the citizens, he would ſometimes lament the pride and oppreſſive conduct of the nobles, venture to hint that a remedy was not impoſſible; but, after a ſhort pauſe, recommend patience and ſubmiſſion: he

he ſecured the attachment of the vain, the idle, the diſſipated, the neceſſitous, and the diſcontented; in all ſtages of ſociety, a numerous claſs, by gratifying preſent want, and exciting future hope.

Fieſca continued to viſit as uſual the two Dorias, Andrew and Jeannetin, treating them on all occaſions with marked reſpect and attention.

To prevent any ſuſpicion being excited by exerciſing his vaſſals at his country ſeat, he complained that he had been inſulted by the Duke of Placentia, when, in fact, that prince had promiſed to aſſiſt him with two thouſand men, and he was able to muſter the ſame number himſelf; at the port and on board the gallies he had alſo many dependents.

To account for ſeveral of his armed gallies entering the harbour, he propoſed cruiſing againſt the Turks.

The fatal, the guilty ſecret, had, as yet, been fully communicated to three perſons only, Calcagno, Sacco, and Verrina, three of his moſt confidential friends, in this unwarrantable proceeding; the two firſt deliberate, cautious, but determined; the laſt, haughty, furious, and bloody-minded; each of them conſidering the plot in which they were engaged, as a means of gratifying envy and private revenge, more than the probability of its ſucceſs; but all devoted to their leader by ſtrong perſonal attachment and conſiderable pecuniary obligation.

After many conſultations, the conſpirators conſidered the means they poſſeſſed as fully adequate to the object in view, and determined, if poſſible, to diſpatch the two Dorias without further delay; as the vigilance, abilities, and patriotiſm of this family, were the chief obſtacle to their deſigns.

For this purpoſe, they were invited to a public entertainment at the Fieſca palace: thus, a man of rank, education, and conſiderable moral rectitude, who, a few months before, would have ſtarted at injuring a fellow creature in the ſlighteſt degree, was ſtimulated, by a thirſt for power, to ſtain his threſhold with the blood of the venerable father of his country, and under the guiſe of hoſpitality, to commit aſſaſſination,

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Sceptri ſacra fames?

A ſudden illneſs of Andrew, prevented the execution of this part of their plan.

Fieſca thought it neceſſary to diſcover the conſpiracy to Paul Panſa, the friend and tutor of his

his youth, reſpectable for his age, his learning, and integrity, hoping that he would join and aſſiſt their counſels.

Panſa replied, that from the alteration in his looks, manners, and mode of ſpeaking, and from his aſſociating with perſons of inferior rank and doubtful reputation, he had long ſuſpected that a dangerous enterprize was in agitation; that he had forborne, from delicacy, friendſhip, and reſpect, to enter on the ſubject; but, although he would not betray, he could not participate in the undertaking.

The good old man conjured him, by the honors of his houſe, by his friendſhip, by his belief in that holy religion, whoſe maxims it had been the buſineſs of his life to inculcate and impreſs on his mind; by thoſe locks which were grey in the ſervice of his family, and laſtly, by his love for Eleanora; not to throw away the real and certain happineſs he poſſeſſed, for chimerical and hazardous expectations; which, *if they ſucceeded*, could not elevate him to a ſituation more ſplendid, honorable, and happy, than that in which he was already placed; but, if they failed, would be productive of death, ignominy, and confiſcation to all concerned.

That, to many of his aſſociates, bankrupts in fame as well as fortune, and looking only to what they could get in a general plunder, maſſacre, and confuſion, ſuch conſiderations were uſeleſs; but, that men like himſelf and a few others, elevated in rank and wealth, *who had ſomething to loſe*, would do well coolly to weigh the conſequences and hazard of ſo momentous and irretrievable a ſtep: neither argument nor intreaty could prevail on Fieſca, and the worthy veteran departed from his palace in tears.

The evening of the next day was fixed for executing their purpoſe, and a cannon fired in the harbour, by Verrina, was to be the ſignal that he was ready to co-operate.

An entertainment having been announced, many gueſts repaired to the palace, which they found crowded with ſtrangers and armed ſoldiers; the perſons invited, being conducted to a ſpacious ſaloon in a remote part of the building, found the leader and principal conſpirators aſſembled, when Fieſca thus addreſſed them:

"The hour at length approaches, when you have it in your power to relieve Genoa from the yoke of a tyrannic and haughty nobility; in leſs than an hour, our portion will be honorable death, or the recovery and eſtabliſhment of our freedom on a glorious

glorious and eternal baſis;—this is the feaſt to which I have invited you.

"The younger Doria, has, for ſeveral years, been endeavouring to ſecure to himſelf and family, abſolute power; in order more compleatly to deceive, and that your chains may be indiſſolubly rivetted, he would eſtabliſh deſpotiſm under the forms of a republic; conſidering me as one determined to oppoſe his deſigns, he has reſolved to aſſaſſinate me; but I have hitherto been preſerved by Providence from his ſtiletto, for the purpoſe of reſtoring you to liberty.

"You are grievouſly oppreſſed by arrogant taſk-maſters, whoſe pride and hardneſs of heart will increaſe, ſhould the Doria family ſucceed in their wiſhes.

"If *we* ſucceed in the undertaking to which you are called, I will immediately reſtore the popular government; ſo well-planned are our precautions, and ſo effectual the means we have taken, that ſucceſs and an eaſy victory may be pronounced as certain.

"The city guards and artificers are wholly devoted to my will; their number is nearly three thouſand; theſe, with two thouſand of my own vaſſals, and the ſame number from the Duke of Placentia, wait only for my orders.

"Our deſigns are a profound ſecret, the enemy is off his guard; the danger, the difficulty, the expence and anxiety, have been mine; to ſhare in the glory, to reſcue yourſelves from ſlavery, and enjoy the bleſſings I offer, is your portion.

"But, as I wiſh no man to engage, who cannot cheerfully co-operate with hand and heart; ſhould any perſons preſent, be averſe to the buſineſs in queſtion, let them retire to a tower which adjoins to my palace, there they ſhall remain in ſafety 'till the ſhort ſtruggle is concluded, when, I pledge my honor, that they ſhall return unmoleſted to their families."

The gueſts who had been invited, as they imagined, to an entertainment, were motionleſs and ſilent; but, when they had recovered from the ſurprize naturally excited by ſo unexpected a propoſal, they declared, with the exception of only two citizens, that they would ſupport the count with their lives and fortunes; the company then partook of a haſty repaſt, while, to each of them, his poſt and duty were aſſigned.

A hard, a painful taſk, ſtill remained for Fieſca; the fever of ambition had not extinguiſhed love; he repaired to the apartment of Eleanora, to which he had

had invited his friend Panſa for the evening, hoping that his intereſting converſation and agreeable manners, would prevent her obſerving what paſſed; for, with a degree of cruel kindneſs, he had not yet given her any intimation of the conſpiracy.

Suppreſſing, as far as he was able, the agitation in his breaſt, he communicated, in a few words, to the trembling Eleanora, the buſineſs of the night. Terrified and diſtracted, ſhe ruſhed into his arms, conjuring him, by every tender tie, to abandon his enterprize.

The thunder of a cannon, fired by Verrina, ſhook the palace, and prevented further words: tearing himſelf from the friend he loved, and the woman he adored, Fieſca retired precipitately, exclaiming: "To retract, or even to deliberate, is now too late, ſucceſs alone can prevent death and deſtruction; in a few minutes, you will be a widow or miſtreſs of Genoa." Placing himſelf at the head of his companions, they inſtantly ſallied forth.

The city gates were immediately taken poſſeſſion of, the gallies of the Dorias ſecured, and the populace in arms, crying out, Fieſca and liberty, crowded through the ſtreets; the wiſhes of the inſurgents were accomplished.

Jeannetin had ruſhed, at the firſt alarm, towards the harbour, but fell a ſacrifice to popular fury: the venerable Andrew, ſinking under age and infirmity, was ſafely conveyed, by his faithful domeſtics, through a poſtern, to his villa, a few miles from the city.

The ſenate aſſembled to know their fate, but Fieſca, for whom every thing had been in motion, was no more: in attempting to get on board a galley, a plank on which he trod, being inſecurely placed, he fell headlong into the water; the tide was low, but, the weight of his armour, the mud, and the darkneſs of the night, prevented his extricating himſelf.

Thus, by an unexpected accident, which a little care would have prevented, periſhed an extraordinary young man, at once the ornament and enemy of his country, and his deſigns periſhed with him; his brother endeavoured to take his place, but when the people heard that their favorite was dead, they retired, in ſullen melancholy, to their houſes, and tranquillity was immediately reſtored.

The ſenate proclaimed a general pardon, by ſound of trumpet,

pet, and the friends of the republic mingling their tears with thoſe of Andrew Doria for his nephew, and Paul Panſa for his friend, ſoothed, by every means in their power, the ſorrows of the widowed Eleanora.

Will my readers pardon a ſhort reflection:——Except to ſhake off a foreign yoke, or reſiſt ſome palpable and odious oppreſſion, few popular inſurrections can be excuſed, not only on account of the evils they produce, but becauſe, ultimately, they are never beneficial.

That immenſe machine, the people, once put in motion, either cruſhes, by the enormity of its weight, or, *like other machines*, for want of a thinking principle, is not qualified for ſalutary exertion, and becomes a ready inſtrument for new tyrannies, in the hands of artful and diſhoneſt men.

Kings, I believe, are, by this time, convinced, that a Nero, a Caracalla, or a Commodus, would not *now* be ſubmitted to; I truſt, and ſpeak from my own feelings and ſettled purpoſe, *not for a moment*; ſuch is the improved ſtate of general information, ſuch the omnipotence of public opinion, of truth, and common ſenſe, for which we are indebted to the reformation, and to the liberty of the preſs.

But, although immediate perſonal oppreſſion, and deſpotic cruelty; dungeons, tortures, inquiſitors, racks and wheels, are, I hope, baniſhed for ever, yet, calamities await us, grievous and deſtructive, though not ſo terrible to look at.

From eternal wars, which it is eaſier to deplore than prevent; from vaſt peace eſtabliſhments, which a military republic in the heart of Europe, renders it unſafe to diminiſh; from public profuſion, private improvidence, or official peculation, rates and taxes preſs with a grinding and intolerable force, on the middle and moſt uſeful ranks, who have not, like their ſuperiors, the reſources of court favor; nor, like their inferiors, parochial aſſiſtance, which they demand with ſtubborn inſolence, and enjoy with ſilent ingratitude.

A countryman is ſaid to have complained, on a certain occaſion, to a prieſt of Hercules, that his flock was dreadfully thinned, by the frequent ſacrifices to that *beef-eating* deity; for Βοφαγος, is the term applied to him by ſeveral of the Greek writers.

"He preſerves your cattle from diſeaſe, and from wild beaſts," replied the prieſt.—"What

"What difference does it make to *me*," replied the farmer, "whether my herd is devoured by wolves, or by their protectors?"

In a country, and under a conſtitution like our's, it is clearly the intereſt, as well as duty, of all ranks, and all claſſes of ſociety, zealouſly to co-operate with one hand and one heart, in reſiſting an enemy like France, operating as much by deſtructive principles as by the muſket; an enemy avowing, without reſerve, her envious deſign to cruſh our trade, our wealth, and our independence.

In this renewed conteſt, after a hollow truce, which the Corſican meant not, and England could not obſerve, I hope and truſt, that no Engliſhman will be found to ſhrink from pecuniary contribution and perſonal exertion.

Great ſacrifices *muſt* be made; monied men, and gentlemen of large landed property, ſhould *at once and unaſked*, come forward with an offer of HALF THEIR INCOMES; for, it is on *their* guineas, and *their* farms, that Bonaparte wiſhes, but, if we are true to ourſelves, vainly wiſhes to lay his hand.

In the mean time, if kings, princes, and miniſters, were to lower their annual demands on the public, it would add conſiderably to their popularity, and be conſidered as a proof of public ſpirit, and a diſintereſted regard for the happineſs of the people they govern.

FINGAL, a Poem, or rather a collection of poems ſo called, in meaſured proſe, or blank verſe, which is ſaid to be verſe only to the eye.

Mr. Macpherſon diſplays, in theſe curious and ingenious compoſitions, a conſiderable knowledge of the ſtate and manners of his country, at a remote period; the names, ſtories, phraſes, and, occaſionally, the actual words of old ſongs and traditions, are aptly blended into a fictitious narrative, which, notwithſtanding it wants a ſucceſſion of connected incidents, and is too abundant in metaphor and epithet, may be peruſed with pleaſure; more particularly by a native of Scotland, glowing with national partiality, and dwelling with delight on ſcenes endeared by early impreſſion.

The rough imagery of a bleak northern country, "where the deer of the foreſt were chaſed by a naked troop of barbarians;" its barren rocks, and ſtupendous promontories, roaring with torrents,

rents, howling with wind, and drenched with rain, however repulſive to an imagination accuſtomed to the mild zephyrs and luxuriant vegetation of a warmer climate, are painted by the hand of a maſter.

And Oſſian, whether a modern or an ancient, diffuſes over every circumſtance, and every object, a romantic colouring, admirably calculated to intereſt a juvenile mind, which, warm from the precious relics of Greece and of Rome, recognizes, with claſſic enthuſiaſm, heroic ſentiments, and compound epithets, evidently borrowed from the moſt venerable poets of antiquity; whilſt patriotiſm and fancy, fill up the picture, and compleat the well-wrought deluſion.

The unrelenting exterminating revenge of Severus, and the timid brutal cruelty of *Caracul, the ſon of the King of the World,* are happily, and with a conſiderable portion of ſublime ſimplicity, contraſted with the generous clemency of Fingal, and the warm virtues of his Caledonians, the unpolluted ſons of nature.

Where is the moſt ſcrupulous of critics, who could refuſe his aſſent, on being told, that he was deſcended from ſuch men; and that the blood of heroes and demi-gods, in ſpite of doubt and ſcepticiſm, was at the inſtant circulating in his veins?

FIRMIEN DA COSTA, a Portugueze negro, the property of a reſpectable and humane merchant at Liſbon.

This extraordinary ſlave, attending a public ſpectacle, and ſtimulated by curioſity, had, with other ſpectators, treſpaſſed beyond the preſcribed boundaries, and after being repeatedly deſired to keep back, was ſlightly goaded by a ſoldier with his bayonet.

Exaſperated by this provocation, Firmien declared, with bitter oaths and execrations, that the want of a weapon alone prevented him from laying his aſſailant dead on the ſpot; with theſe, and other expreſſions of ungovernable paſſion, he departed, breathing vengeance.

Making himſelf acquainted with the regiment, company, and name of the man who had offended him; he, a few evenings after, decoyed him, by a pretended meſſage, to a retired ſpot near his maſter's houſe, and ſtabbed him to the heart.

Not ſatisfied with mere murder, he inflicted deep wounds on various parts of the ſoldier's body, whiſpered to the dying man who he was, mentioned the affront he had received, as his reaſon for perpetrating the bloody deed,

declared himſelf ſatisfied, quitted his maſter's ſervice, and concealed himſelf in a diſtant wood.

The place in which the dead body was found, the mark on the inſtrument of death, which was lying near it, and the circumſtance of the maſter of the murderer being the laſt perſon who was ſeen ſpeaking to the ſoldier, ſtrongly marked him as an object of ſuſpicion.

It was in vain that the unhappy merchant declared his innocence, appealed to the general inoffenſive mildneſs of his character, and pointed out the flight of one of his ſlaves, as a preſumptive evidence of the fugitive's guilt; he was committed to priſon, and circumſtance, in a caſe where no poſitive proof could be found, being admitted in its place, was condemned to die.

This ſentence of the law, reached the ears of the aſſaſſin in his retreat, and the wretch, who, rather than ſubmit to a trifling injury, had, with circumſtances of peculiar barbarity, imbrued his hands in the blood of a fellow creature, could not bear the ſelf-accuſation of ingratitude and injuſtice, to a maſter from whom he had long experienced kindneſs and indulgence.

Nature, or nature's God, triumphed in his boſom; yielding to the ſalutary impulſe, he preſented himſelf before a judicial tribunal, and confeſſed himſelf the murderer.

The judges pauſed with aſtoniſhment; they could ſcarcely believe, that the man who exhibited ſo tranſcendent an inſtance of heroic virtue and ſtrength of mind, had recently proved himſelf a mercileſs and blood-thirſty ſavage; after a reluctant pauſe, for examination and regret, the offender was taken into cuſtody.

It is not eaſy to deſcribe the feelings of the merchant; although ſuddenly and unexpectedly reſcued from ignominious death, the joy of deliverance was conſiderably diminiſhed, when he reflected on the guilt of his ſlave; when he diſcovered, that the fondeſt, and moſt faithful of his domeſtics, attached to him by long ſervitude, and valuable for tried integrity, was an atrocious murderer.

Yet, a character of ſuch a caſt, was not a deſirable inmate, nor a ſafe attendant; the ſame ungovernable ferocity of paſſion, which hurried him into aſſaſſination, on ſome trifling occaſion of pettiſhneſs, ill-temper, or accidental affront, might have impelled him to deſtroy his maſter, his

his miſtreſs, their children, and the whole of his property.

Many applications were made to ſave the culprit's life; but all interceſſion was vain, on the ſafe and juſtifiable principle, that WHOEVER SHEDDETH MAN'S BLOOD, BY MAN SHALL HIS BLOOD BE SHED; with every appearance of triumphant joy, rather than penitent ſorrow, the negro was led to execution.

In a country like Portugal, which affords ſcanty materials for panegyric, I record with pleaſure an example of grateful attachment, and inflexible uncorrupted juſtice; Da Coſta's maſter, Emanuel Cabral, whoſe name I omitted mentioning, and on the faith of one of whoſe deſcendants I relate the circumſtance, would have given half his property to ſave the offender's life.

FEMALE DRAPERY.

A reſpectable and well-informed writer, whoſe bookſeller is too apt to expand into bulky quartos, that which might, and ought to be, packed in a ſnug octavo; this writer is angry with the Pariſians, becauſe they pay a *profeſſor* extravagantly for teaching their daughters to place their hands with graceful dexterity when they hold up their petticoats in walking.

With all my national antipathies, I think they do right; *in things innocent*, young women muſt do as other people do, and endeavour to comport themſelves with elegance and grace; in Sparta they muſt have quaffed *black broth*, and called it delicious; at New Zealand, they muſt be *tattooed* with the moſt faſhionable flouriſh.

But this theory of compliance muſt not be purſued at the expence of innocence and propriety; I would not wiſh them to tread on the croſs at Japan, or to be initiated into the odious myſteries of the picture gallery at ********.

Good ſenſe and moderation will be their beſt guides; and while they avoid diſguſting us by awkward *untidineſs*, they muſt recollect and beware of the oppoſite extreme, or they will inflame us by uncovered boſoms, and irritate us by too liberal a diſplay of other parts.

By ſuch unwarrantable arts, far other emotions than thoſe of piety have been excited in many churches, and modeſt women have frequently been the occaſion of a hot-headed young man ruſhing, in the fury of paſſion, to licentious gratification.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE

in a modern novel, which relates the amours, and,

and, of courſe, the tender ſorrows and embarraſſments of ſome melancholy damſel, attached to the Earl of Eſſex, Queen Elizabeth's favorite.

At the time of peruſal, being a young man, high in blood, and fiery in imagination, I recollect being pleaſed with the paſſage: a lapſe of five and twenty years, and cold criticiſm, have ſince diminiſhed that impreſſion; but preliminary prating will ſwell my comment beyond the bulk of the paſſage I quote.

"Yet, in ſpite of all my difficulties," ſays the heroine, "LOVE THREW A BRIGHT RAINBOW OVER MY PROSPECTS, AND EVERY TEAR WHICH FELL, WAS TINCTURED WITH ESSEX.

FILOMARINI, Archbiſhop of Naples, for an inſtance of his ineffectual popularity, ſee ANIELLO TOMASO.

This worthy prelate afterwards became a cardinal of the Roman Church; he had, early in life, filled a ſubordinate poſt in the Vatican, and was patronized by Maffeo Barberini, Archbiſhop of Nazareth, who in the year —— was raiſed to the papal chair, and took the name of Urban the eighth.

He demanded of Filomarini, on a certain occaſion, whether he ever expected to be admitted into the ſacred college: "When I conſider my own merits, I deſpair; but when I reflect on the kindneſs and generoſity of your holineſs, my hopes revive;" was his anſwer. This humility ſecured to him the poſſeſſion of that which he ardently deſired; he was a good man, and performed the duties of a Chriſtian prelate with exemplary correctneſs.

FLAGELLATION, or ſcourging, a ſpecies of religious diſcipline.

This ſubject has employed the undigeſted learning of the Abbe Boileau, brother to the poet of that name, and, at a later period, has exerciſed the ironical, and ſomewhat irreverend humour of Monſieur de Lolme, who, from a maſs of crude, ill-arranged, but valuable materials, has formed a book, which would have been more amuſing had it been leſs bulky.

The firſt introduction of this ſpecies of voluntary puniſhment, may be dated from an æra inauſpicious to true religion and human happineſs; from the moment that ſelf-denial, mortification, and degradation, began to be conſidered as a compromiſe with our offended creator, an atonement for moral turpitude, and a ſubſtitute for active virtue.

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Had this act of commutation, which weighs pain and pleaſure in a metaphyſic balance, takes the guage and dimenſion of nervous ſenſation, and keeps a debtor and creditor account between reſolution and infirmity; had it been exerted only on proper occaſions, it would not have provoked frowns from the pious, nor profane mirth from the ungodly, but it appears to have been employed as an occaſional inſtrument of avarice, ſenſuality and revenge.

A ſevere correction of this kind is ſaid to have been beſtowed on St. Jerome, for what moſt people would have conſidered as a laudable ſpecies of ambition; the holy father was ardently deſirous of acquiring the ſtyle and eloquence of Cicero, and of exerting it in the cauſe of Chriſtianity and truth.

An inſtance is alſo recorded of an *indiſcreet* huſband, who, underſtanding that the partner of his bed was to undergo this diſcipline from the hands of her confeſſor, concealed himſelf in a place favorable for his purpoſe, and when the eccleſiaſtic corrector, was on the point of *retiring* with the female devotee, he ſuddenly preſented himſelf; inſiſting, that the delicate frame and conſtitution of his wife, diſqualified her for undergoing corporal correction, he offered to ſuffer in her ſtead, and proved the ſincerity of his regard for his wife's ſkin, or his own honor, by being ſeverely flogged himſelf.

When we conſider how natural it is for man to fly from pain, it ſeems difficult to account for the triumphant progreſs of voluntary flagellation; a practice neither followed nor enjoined by the primitive Chriſtians, nor directed by the founders of the earlier monaſtic inſtitutions; by whom, whenever this mode of corporal puniſhment is mentioned, it is directed to be inflicted by the hands of another.

Its general adoption can only be accounted for, from ſome of the following reaſons; that it afforded the perſons on whom it was exerciſed, an opportunity of gratifying the pride of the human heart, by affecting a ſuperior degree of auſtere devotion; they alſo enjoyed the credit of excelling in an art, once thought the ſureſt way of making men acceptable in the ſight of God; the art of rendering themſelves miſerable; this too, on many occaſions, when the performer, though apparently puniſhing himſelf, in fact, inflicted little or no pain: to buy off ſuch religious diſcipline, was alſo a fruitful

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ſource of influence and emolument to the prieſt.

If, however, after being dropped by the good ſenſe of mankind, as a religious atonement, flogging were to be ſtill employed, as an appropriate puniſhment for thoſe offences which do not immediately come under the laſh of the civil power, it would prove of conſiderable utility to the peace and welfare of the world: if a court of flagellation were inſtituted, in which the betrayer of confidence, the violator of decorum, the duelliſt, the defamer, and the drunkard, might be ſentenced to receive a number of ſtripes, proportionate to their demerits, ſome reformation on theſe points might be expected, as offenders of this deſcription, would ſmart under a cat of nine tails, who can feel nothing elſe.

FLEMING, ADAM, the ſon of a little farmer in Scotland, during the reign of the frail, the unfortunate Mary.

Inheriting from nature an attractive perſon and a vigorous mind, and receiving, from the kindneſs of a maternal uncle, an education ſuperior to what is generally beſtowed on perſons of his rank in ſociety, he had won the affections of a beautiful and wealthy heireſs in the ſhire of Dumfries.

But, as it ſeldom happens that we can enjoy any pleaſure, or any happineſs, without exciting envy or diſcontent in thoſe who are leſs fortunate or leſs deſerving; the preference given to Fleming, by Helena Irvine, before a hoſt of ſuitors, excited, in one of the diſappointed candidates, inveterate malignity, and vows of vengeance.

Obſerving that a favorite evening walk of the happy lovers, was on the banks of the Kirtle, a romantic little ſtream, ſkirted with ſhrubs and overhanging rocks, flowing in a ſerpentine courſe near the abbey of Kirkconnel, the villain procured a carbine, and at their accuſtomed hour concealed himſelf in a thicket near the place.

The fond pair ſoon approaching, he levelled the inſtrument of death at his unſuſpecting rival; but occaſioning, as he moved, a ruſtling of the leaves, Helena turned quickly round, ſaw his deadly purpoſe, and defeated it by throwing herſelf before her lover; but in preſerving him, ſhe received the contents of the gun in her own boſom, and ſunk a bloody and lifeleſs corſe into his arms.

Neither love nor juſtice, admitted

mitted a moment's delay; placing his murdered miſtreſs gently on a bank, Adam purſued the flying, the cowardly aſſaſſin, with the fury of a hungry lion; ſoon overtook him, and ſeizing the mercileſs ruffian by the hair of his head, planted a dagger in his heart.

The report of the piece, and the cries of the daſtardly fugitive, drawing ſeveral peaſants to the ſpot, Fleming, inſtead of ſubmitting his conduct to the juſtice of his country, which muſt have conſidered it as juſtifiable homicide, and without well knowing what he ſought, fled towards the ſea coaſt, where he ſaw a veſſel outward bound; throwing himſelf into a boat, he went on board, made a confident of the captain, and ſailed with him to Liſbon.

Careleſs of life, and probably wiſhing to ſhorten it, he entered into the ſervice of the King of Portugal, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in a military capacity, at ſome of the diſtant poſſeſſions of that monarch, in the Brazils.

Receiving, after many years, ample rewards, and an honorable diſmiſſion, he reſolved, in the ſpirit of the times, and forgetting that for ſinners like him a Saviour had died, he reſolved to expiate the crime of murder, to which he had received ſuch urgent provocation, but for which *he could not forgive himſelf*, by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Having accompliſhed his purpoſe, he was anxious to paſs the ſhort ſpace of life which remained, in his native country; truſting for ſafety, to the mercy, or the oblivion of his former neighbours.

Soon after landing in Scotland, he determined to viſit the ſpot where his beloved, his long-loſt Helena was interred: worn down by years, ſorrow, and the toils of war, and naturally agitated by recollecting the circumſtances, and viewing the place of her death, his debilitated frame was not equal to ſuch emotions; reaching with difficulty her tomb, in the chapel of Kirkconnel, he ſunk on the earth which covered her remains, and expired without a groan.

This little narrative, which the ſcrupulous critic may conſider as the romantic fiction of a noveliſt, is founded on fact, ſupported by the evidence of authentic family documents, in the poſſeſſion of a worthy baronet who reſides near the ſpot, and corroborated by the remains of a monumental inſcription in the chapel, which is now in ruins.

Two modern poets have been inſpired by the melancholy ſubject, but forgetting that the pathetic is always moſt powerful,

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in the unadorned language of ſimplicity and nature, their attempts at *improvement*, by fictitious additions, have ſpoilt an affecting ſtory.

FLETCHER, ANDREW, OF SALTOUN, a Scotchman of courage, integrity, and ſtrong feelings, knight of the ſhire for Lothian, before the union, and a firm oppoſer of the bill of ſucceſſion, which drew on him the hatred of King James the ſecond, and ended in the confiſcation of his eſtate.

From the pureſt motives, and moſt patriotic but miſtaken views, he oppoſed the uniting two kingdoms, which had been involved for ages in bloody and inveterate enmity; conſidering that tranſaction as a reproach and diſgrace to his country, he reſolved to emigrate, declaring that ſuch a meaſure could never have taken place, but by the influence of Engliſh gold.

"Will you agree," cried the indignant Caledonian; "will you conſent, that the majority of your nobles ſhall be degraded, and your gentry only partially admitted into councils which are to diſpoſe of the lives and properties of you all, councils, in which the voice and opinions of the few, will be over-ruled by the greater number, and the intereſts of their new ally will, in every inſtance, be ſacrificed to the pleaſure and convenience of our ſouthern neighbours, who have thus gained over us, by corruption, that aſcendency, which they never were able to procure by the ſword."

Mounting his horſe, the people crowded round him, earneſtly entreating that he would not quit his native land: "It is only fit for the ſlaves who ſold it," was the only anſwer he condeſcended to make; then ſpurring his horſe, he was, in a few minutes, out of their ſight.

The enthuſiaſm of this honeſt patriot, led its miſguided pupil into error and misfortune, had he liſtened to reaſon and common ſenſe rather than partiality, and paſſion, he muſt have conſidered the union of Scotland with England, as a ſolid foundation of peace and happineſs for both countries, to generations yet unborn: While common intereſts and mutual defence would enable GREAT BRITAIN to defy the attacks of a threatening world, Scotland, burthened with only a moderate proportion of taxation, would enjoy all the benefits of a great commercial empire.

A century has nearly elapſed, and proved the truth of theſe aſſertions; during this period, the

the northen portion of the united kingdom has made rapid advances in manufacture, trade, and wealth.

But ſuch immenſe tracts of land, formerly arable, have been converted into ſheep-walks and feeding farms, that the lower orders of mankind, without work and without the aſſiſtance of poor laws, have had no alternative but ſtarving, or quitting their country.

This evil it is eaſier to lament than remedy, for who can prevent a proprietor from making the moſt of his property; yet, while we have ſo many millions of acres waſte and uncultivated, it is of importance for his majeſty's miniſters to know, that between the peace of ſeventeen hundred and eighty-three, and our firſt war with the French republic, that more than fifty thouſand perſons, exiled by penury and hunger, ariſing from a want of labor, have emigrated from Scotland.

Andrew Fletcher has been cenſured as a republican and a leveller, for treating the trappings and prerogatives of royalty with too little reſpect; firſt recollecting the treatment he had experienced, and *the kind of king* he had to deal with, let him ſpeak for himſelf.

"I would allow a ſovereign," ſaid this undaunted Scotchman, to a perſon who accuſed him of democracy, "I would allow a ſovereign every liberty and every indulgence, that an honeſt man could wiſh for, or a prudent man venture to grant; his power ſhould be circumſcribed only on points to which no well-meaning perſon could decently object, the prerogative of doing miſchief."

After enlarging on the evils of abſolute power, and its natural tendency, to corrupt the monarch, as well as his ſubjects, he proceeded to define the rights of man, the partial ſacrifices of private liberty to public utility, and the neceſſity of rank and ſubordination from the cottage to the throne; in a word, a limited monarchy, ſuch as reaſon points out, and experience has ſince approved.

An exaſperated tory, who was preſent, and unable to ſuppreſs his indignation, exclaimed with a loud voice: "Were I to meet one of Mr. Fletcher's kings, I would neither give him the wall, nor take off my hat."

FLUDD, ROBERT, *alias* DE FLUCTIBUS, a doctor of phyſic, in the early part of the ſeventeenth century, who, to uſe the words of his biographer, "was ſtrangely profound

found in obſcure matters, and clouded high lucubrations with dark language, for which he was accounted by ſome, little better than a mountebank."

Dr. Fludd, who, whatever his medical talents might be, appears not to have been deficient in a knowledge of the world; Dr. Fludd is ſaid to have anſwered the queſtions of his patients, in elevated expreſſions, and a lofty tone of voice, accompanied with pompous and ſolemn geſture, *which begetting in them faith, contributed powerfully to the ſucceſs of his preſcriptions.*

His works, which are all written in Latin, were at a certain time highly prized, on account of the difficult and intricate nature of the ſubjects which he handled.

The only production of this writer I have ſeen, is a quarto volume, with the following title: Utriuſque Coſmi majoris ſcilicet et minoris, Metaphyſica, Phyſica, et Technica Hiſtoria. Oppenheim (1617).

This and much more is contained in the title page, which is a copper plate, and exhibits a coloſſal figure of a naked man, ſtanding aſtride over the world and planetary ſyſtem; another figure with wings and goats feet, is ſeen flying, with a weather glaſs in one hand, and a cord in the other, with which he appears to put the ſyſtem in motion: the plates are numerous, the book learned, curious, and unintelligible; it is dedicated Deo Optimo Maximo; in the laſt page of the work appear the following words, finis tractatus primi.

FOOTE, SAMUEL, a man of genius, a dramatic writer, and a mimic, who deſcended from reſpectable anceſtors, and inheriting an eſtate, competent to the ſupply of every want, and every rational indulgence, a neat four thouſand pounds a year, reduced himſelf, early in life, to pecuniary embarraſſment; ſuch is the magic annihilation of gaming, ſo rapid the ruin of folly.

Taught by experience, he frequently obſerved that no man knew the value of a guinea till he lived to want one; yet, this leſſon did not influence the conduct of Mr. Foote, who after, and often at the moment of his moſt ſevere diſtreſs, was ſtill diſſipated and improvident, as in the bright ſunſhine of proſperity.

Poſſeſſing, in a high degree, convivial talents, he had recourſe, for ſupport, to thoſe extraordinary powers of ridicule, buffoonery, and ſatire, which, in certain circles, had rendered him ſo pleaſant and deſirable a companion: his firſt exhibitions in the Hay-

market

market (having at that time no dramatic licence) he uſed to call TEA IN A MORNING.

By his intereſt with the late Duke of York, who reliſhed his humour, and courted his ſociety, he ſoon procured a patent, and gave to his performances the name of comedies; of which he was at once author, and principal actor.

Theſe are by no means regular pieces, yet they poſſeſs the grand dramatic requiſites, character ſtrongly marked, and dialogue replete with wit and repartee; thoſe who expect in his plays, *a beginning, a middle, and an end*, or a quick ſucceſſion of incidents, will be diſappointed.

In a vein of irreſiſtible ridicule, and in a mode ſo peculiarly his own, that I think it periſhed with him, he *took off*, and ſucceſsfully laſhed, vicious affectation, ſtrange whim, abſurd pride, and perſonal peculiarity, by licentious diſtortion, and broad caricature, but with certain reſemblances in voice, manner, and dreſs, too ſtriking not to be generally underſtood; while ſelfiſhneſs and impoſition, diſguiſed in the demure exterior of pretended religion, or the cant of enthuſiaſtic zeal, were unmaſked, and placed in the moſt abſurd points of view.

By means, which no power of face could reſiſt, we thus found ourſelves compelled to join in the univerſal uproar of laughter, although we could not help correcting ourſelves the next moment for ſuch uncharitable ebullitions of mirth, becauſe they were too often at the expence of misfortune, perſonal deformity, friendſhip, and private worth.

The character of Cadwallader, rendered ſo exquiſitely ridiculous, with his black broth, and his ſiſter Becky, is ſaid to have been the exact reſemblance of a gentleman in Wales, once his moſt intimate friend; and who can hear without indignation, that ſingularities and infirmities, introduced for mockery and ſport, on a public ſtage, were obſerved and marked down for imitation, in the hour of ſocial merriment, and domeſtic hoſpitality.

It has been ſaid that Foote was irritated to this proceeding by a previous aggreſſion of the hot-headed Welſhman; but no excuſe can juſtify ſuch violations of feeling and decorum.

This is not the firſt inſtance in the hiſtory of human vanity, in which an old and valuable friend has been ſacrificed for the ſake of a humorous ſally, or a brilliant bon-mot; and it ſerves to corroborate an opinion, frequently given in this collection, but warmly reſiſted by a late writer,

writer, *that we muſt not conſider perſons elevated by power, learning, wit, or art, as beſt qualified for affording us the ſoothing balm of friendſhip and uſeful aſſociation; the poſſeſſors of thoſe deſirable qualities being too often notorious for ſatirical malignity, indecorous preſumption, or vicious exceſs.*

Exceptions undoubtedly occur, but ambition, like ſenſuality, is ſelfiſh, not ſcrupulous in its mode of procuring gratification; and he who has attained eminence, will think no means unlawful, to ſecure himſelf in the ſtrong holds of ſuperiority.

I have called the ſubject of my preſent article, a man of genius; his talents unimpaired by application, his predominating powers of converſation, and his dramatic writings, amply confirm the aſſertion; but I have ſometimes been inclined to doubt, if I could truly ſay the ſame of his admirable cotemporary, David Garrick, who, by the help of an eye, which from its anatomical ſtructure, touched the ſtrings of the heart, and by an aſſociation of features, voice, and geſture, accurately repreſenting the paſſions, acquired excellence in the profeſſion of acting, *which is an imitative, and mechanic art.*

Faſcinating converſe, and the power of pleaſing in company, Mr. Garrick eminently poſſeſſed; but a keen obſerver of men and manners once remarked, that he was acting when off the ſtage; ſtrenuous effort, and the toil of unceaſing attention, were palpably evident in the whole of his behaviour; while the fear of giving offence, gave at times ſuch a degree of apparent reſerve to his utterance, that Foote whom he dreaded, uſed to tell him he was not perfect in his part.

Many, who have enjoyed the pleaſure of Mr. Garrick's company, have acknowledged the juſtice of this obſervation; and it is highly deſirable, that characters which ſtudy rather to pleaſe than to ſhine, were more frequent; we might have leſs wit and leſs noiſy merriment, but that inconvenience would be amply made up, by leſs wrangling and leſs ill blood.

I have ſometimes diverted myſelf with imagining a breakfaſt converſation of our Engliſh Roſcius with Mrs. Garrick, when they expected a dinner party at Hampton, and ſuppoſed him giving her, in the ſpirit of anticipating timidity, a cautionary lecture for the day.

We ſhall have Lord George Germaine and General Burgoyne, of courſe you won't ſpeak of Minden and Saratoga; as we expect Charles Fox and Mr. Rigby,

Rigby, it would be ridiculous to touch on gaming, long ſpeeches, enormous ſalaries, and good eating; as George Selwyn and Monſey have promiſed to come, I need not caution you againſt ridiculing people, who fabricate ſtale jeſts, and tell naſty ſtories."

Were the manager now living, he would not ſpeak of a parliamentary reform, or the Iriſh propoſitions, in the hearing of Mr. Pitt; of recantation pamphlets, foul language, of poetry or proſe run mad, in the preſence of Mr. Burke; of *that bawble on the table*, of the chair in which Newton once preſided, and of feeble amateurs, to Sir Joſeph Banks; he would not caution Dr. Horſeley againſt too mild and tolerating a ſpirit, or dwell on the dangers of credulity and implicit faith, if he converſed with Dr. Prieſtley.

To a man like Garrick, the company of Foote, who, in his indiſcriminate ardor *for keeping up the ball*, would ſay or do any thing, was irkſome and terrifying.

"You did not know that I was behind you, Garrick, when you were repeating a ſoliloquy, as you walked up the Haymarket a few days ago," ſaid Foote; the timid Roſcius lowered his brow. "What was it?" ſaid one of the company. "You ſhall hear; I was ſtumping gently along, and going to ſpeak, but hearing him talk to himſelf, I liſtened, and heard as follows:——'Yes—yes—*I will*—I poſitively *will* leave off this drudgery, I have already a ſufficiency for every purpoſe of dignity and comfort; and why ſhould I be a ſlave to every impertinent puppy who can throw down his ſhilling? I poſitively *will* live like a gentleman.'

"He remained in this opinion," continued Foote, "till he got to the corner of Coventry-ſtreet, when he met with the ghoſt of a farthing coming out of the ſnuff-ſhop; he ſtarted, it put every liberal idea to flight, he again ſunk into the manager, and marched on to Leiceſter-fields, full of pounds, ſhillings, and pence, and wholly abſorbed in mortgages, bank-notes, and three per cent. conſols."

This extempore flight appears flat *on paper*, but when told, accompanied with the manner and geſture of the relater, it produced long and violent laughter in the company: Garrick immediately departed in evident chagrin. Ridicule in this inſtance, as in many others, was not a teſt of truth, for the little manager, though averſe to waſte and profuſion,

fuſion, was, on every neceſſary occaſion, benevolent, generous, and hoſpitable.

As Mr. Foote advanced in years, his ſpirits evidently failed, and he applied to his old reſource, the bottle, but in vain; for even during thoſe temporary flaſhes which this falſe friend affords, intervals of ſilence occurred which I could only attribute to the depreſſion of mental anguiſh in *him*, or the fear which he inſpired in *others*, of the keenneſs of his ſatire, and the overwhelming attacks of his wit, which, when exerted, nothing could reſiſt.

But a life like his, whoſe chief praiſe was, that he provided mirth for the giddy, and indecent merriment for the thoughtleſs, while reaſon and religion ſighed at his fate; ſuch a life could not be expected to end with comfort or ſubſtantial hope; in the midſt of company, he was often dejected, whilſt frequent ſighs, and a correſponding countenance, betrayed a heart ill at eaſe.

Only ſix months before his death, a friend congratulating him on having ſettled, in a ſatisfactory way, his annuity buſineſs with Colman, obſerved, that he might now paſs the remainder of his life in tranquillity, independence, and comfort: "I was miſerable before, and now I am far from being happy;" was his remarkable anſwer.

The following words ought to have been engraved on his tomb: "Thoſe who, in confidence of ſuperior capacities or attainments, affect to deſpiſe the common rules of life, ſhould remember that nothing can atone for the want of prudence, that negligence and irregularity long continued, render wit abſurd, genius uſeleſs, and talents contemptible."

As a theatrical manager, and a ſatirical dramatiſt, the praiſe of public ſpirit, and an independent mind, cannot be denied him: "My ſcenes," ſaid Mr. Foote to a Lord Chamberlain, who had refuſed licenſing one of his pieces; "my ſcenes are collected from nature, and applicable only to thoſe, who, from a conſciouſneſs of guilt, ſelf-apply them.

"To ſuch perſons, the Holy Scriptures are a keen reproach, and the Whole Duty of Man, the ſevereſt ſatire; if comedy is to be thus rigidly reſtricted, her arrows are ſhot in the air, FOR BY WHAT TOUCHES NO MAN, NO MAN WILL EVER BE AMENDED.

"If your lordſhip is determined to abide by your deciſion, I muſt retire from the field, and ſhall not have the courage to face hypocriſy and abſurdity again: but

but ſuffer me to remind you of the natural connection between the muſe, and the magiſtrate; vices and follies which the laſt cannot puniſh, the firſt often corrects; if her ancient ally not only deſerts her, but arms in defence of the foe, nothing remains but to retreat.

"Without incurring the charge of vanity, I may be permitted to ſay, that, during my continuance in the ſervice of the public, I never flattered their paſſions, nor, from ſelfiſh motives, fell in with the faſhionable humour of the times, but have exerted my powers to expoſe folly, and combat pernicious opinions, however popular.

"On theſe occaſions, I flatter myſelf I never loſt my credit with the people, who conſidered and ſtill conſider me as acting from principle, as one who diſdains to be the tool of any man, however exalted his ſtation, and who ſcorns to receive any recompence or protection from any other hands than their own."

FORDYCE, SIR WILLIAM, a Huntingdonſhire apothecary, mate, and afterwards ſurgeon to one of the regiments of guards, and laſtly, a London phyſician.

By the force of inceſſant application, and ſuperior talents, he raiſed himſelf from the low ground of phyſic; having deſerved, he ultimately ſecured the friendſhip of Lord Bute and General Conway; and never loſing ſight of his motto, excellent for every man engaged in a profeſſional career, *Altius ibunt qui ad ſumma nituntur*, he, at length, aſcended the mountain top.

Such was the general opinion of his medical adroitneſs, that the unpopular ex-miniſter would not build his ſuperb edifice on the Hampſhire precipice, till he had ſecured the phyſician for a near neighbour.

The eagerneſs of Lord Bute for building, could only be equalled by that of his ſucceſſors for pulling down, and the greater part of this magnificent building, which coſt, a few years ſince, more than eighty thouſand pounds, from caprice, or the fury of contending elements on an unſheltered ſhore, has diſappeared.

But Sir William was ſoon called to climes more remote than High Cliff. The ſon of Lord Eardley, at that time in Italy, being ſeized with dangerous illneſs, his worthy father, not ſatisfied with the ſoft zephyrs, the delightful bay, and medicated ices of Naples, prevailed on the phyſician to viſit Mr. Eardley in that city.

He was ſoon reſtored to health, and the grateful parent, well knowing the value of health, and better able than moſt men to reward the man who had been inſtrumental in procuring it, welcomed Sir William's return by a draft on his banker for two thouſand guineas.

It has been objected to Sir Samuel Garth, a phyſician and a poet, in the reign of King William the third, that he was perpetually indiſpoſed himſelf; that he who was unable to keep his own machine in order, could not be properly qualified to ſuperintend the reparation of others; but the delicate ſtate of Garth's health originated rather from his indiſcriminate amours, than a want of neceſſary knowledge.

If the ſkill of Fordyce is to be weighed in ſuch a balance, the eſtimate will be highly favorable, for, with a tender conſtitution, he enjoyed unimpaired health and unclouded faculties to the age of ſeventy; his diet was frugal, and, as far as was conſiſtent with the town etiquette of a carriage, he took every opportunity of walking, or riding on horſeback; if poſſible, he always ſlept out of town.

I underſtand that Sir William's Eſſay on a certain diſeaſe, and its remedies, is a well-written work; and that it was a well-timed publication, at a period when the medical world was in danger of being led aſtray by the intereſted miſrepreſentations of impoſtors and quacks; who, with the experience of a century ſtaring them in the face, impudently pretended they could heal the wounds of this ſcourge of unlawful love, without making uſe of its only certain and ſpecific remedy.

If the book has a fault, it is a little tendency to tumid and heroic language; the author is occaſionally wandering out of his road, and flouriſhing about the heroes of Agincourt and Creſſy, while his readers are looking for ſcientific inſtruction and practical utility.

The purpoſe of its publication was fully anſwered, and a friend, to whom I am obliged for the whole of the medical information contained in this collection, informs me, that the doctrines of it have been received and eſtabliſhed as the profeſſional creed of the day.

One of Sir William's poſitions, confirmed by the very reſpectable authority juſt mentioned, I hope to be excuſed for introducing in this miſcellaneous collection, but it is ſo important, that it cannot be diffuſed too widely, nor repeated too often; it is, that ſalivations, where the patient has a com-

a common ſhare of prudence and forbearance, are never neceſſary, but that every deſirable effect may be produced by a moderate and long continued uſe of a certain powerful mineral, without having recourſe to a nauſeous and debilitating proceſs, which unhinges the nervous ſyſtem, disfigures the countenance, poiſons the breath, and is almoſt as injurious as the complaint it propoſes to remedy.

An anecdote occurs in the book which raiſed a laugh; it relates to an indiſcreet huſband, who, ſmarting under the effects of nuptial infidelity, and being reproached for his conduct, endeavoured to perſuade his wife, that the untowardneſs of his ſituation was the effect of certain ſpices; cayenne, long pepper, or ſome fiery product of the Eaſt, which, for ſome unlawful purpoſe, he had concealed in a belt next his ſkin.

I forget whether the exaſperated female was ſatisfied with the excuſe; this unfaithful helpmate, reminds me of certain caſuiſts on *other* occaſions, who, not content with having ill-treated their fellow creatures, boldly provoke diſcuſſion, and attempt to palliate or conceal their criminal obliquities by barefaced impudence, and by impoſing on the underſtandings of thoſe whom they have already groſſly injured.

FOSTER, JAMES an eminent diſſenter, who exhibiting early in life, ſtrong literary tendencies, and aptneſs of acquirement, and uniting extraordinary diligence, with ſound judgment and a correct taſte, was educated as a miniſter of the goſpel.

At the age of twenty he was conſidered as qualified to direct the devotions of two ſmall congregations, Coleford and Wokey near Wells in Somerſetſhire.

In this obſcure and unproductive ſituation, he ſupported himſelf, for ſeveral years, with cheerfulneſs and content, on an income which never exceeded eighteen pounds; yet it was here he preached an excellent and ſatisfactory ſermon on the reſurrection of Chriſt, which on its being publiſhed ſome years after, excited conſiderable attention and hoſtility.

In addition to the ſcantineſs of his ſalary, he had alſo a divided flock; ſeveral of his hearers being diſſatisfied, with the liberality of his principles, and the unbounded philanthropy of his heart.

They were diſpleaſed, becauſe he would not pronounce damnation on all, whom *they*, the wretchedeſt and moſt ignorant of bigots

bigots thought departing from ſound doctrine; while their teacher was naturally diſguſted at the inconſiſtency of a diſſenter grafting the intolerancy of popery on a proteſtant ſtock.

From theſe inſignificant but exaſperated ſectaries, he was compelled to retire, although not well knowing whither to go, as his *good-natured friends* had taken great pains to prepoſſeſs all quarters againſt him: Elders, who had bellowed themſelves hoarſe againſt the teſt-act, and women who would have ſunk into hyſterics, at a ſingle word in favor of the thirty-nine articles, thus drove their amiable and highly endowed paſtor out of *their* temple, becauſe he would not pronounce the inhuman ſhiboleth of calviniſm.

Under theſe difficulties, and to ſecure ſome honeſt means of ſubſiſtence, Mr. Foſter began ſeriouſly to think of apprenticing himſelf to a handicraft buſineſs, and, in the preſſure of want, or a noble contempt of indolence, actually made propoſals on the ſubject to a glover at Trowbridge, in Wiltſhire, at which place he performed, for a ſhort time, the duties of a convaleſcent abſentee.

The worthy tradeſman, whoſe name ought not to be forgotten, Matthew Norman, convinced of his ſuperior abilities, and the great probability of his future uſefulneſs, ſtrongly perſuaded him againſt a ſtep which would have deprived the goſpel of one of its ſhining lights.

To add weight to his advice, Norman generouſly relieved his preſent wants, and was inſtrumental in procuring for him a reſpectable patron in the weſt of England, with whom he reſided two years; and when an advantageous opportunity offered, his removal afterwards to London, was promoted by the ſame friend.

By the recommendation of this gentleman, a Mr. Houlton, he was permitted, ſoon after his arrival in town, to preach to a large congregation in the city, when an accidental circumſtance procured him another valuable acquaintance, and as it happened, the firſt time he entered a pulpit in the metropolis.

The learned and benevolent Dr. Mead, on his return to the weſt end of the town, fatigued, by what he uſed to call ſedentary drudgery, and having viſited his laſt patient, diſmiſſed his carriage, with a deſign of varying his exerciſe by walking home, but was overtaken by a violent ſhower, not far from the place of worſhip, where the ſubject of our preſent article was officiating.

Entering

Entering for ſhelter, and I believe himſelf originally educated as a diſſenter, the doctor's attention was immediately raiſed by Foſter's mode of delivery, as well as the matter; at once graceful, impreſſive, conciſe, and to the purpoſe.

Affected by his doctrines, and convinced by his arguments, the ſeeds of devotion which had been almoſt choaked by the buſineſs and pleaſures of the world, were powerfully acted upon, and produced repentant edification.

Although an entire ſtranger to the perſon, name, and character of the preacher, the good phyſician, addreſſed him as he deſcended from the pulpit, warmly thanked him for the pleaſure and inſtruction he had received, and gave him his card with a general invitation.

An intimacy ſoon followed favorable to the fame and intereſt of our young divine, and Dr. Mead was frequently heard to declare, that he conſidered it as one of the moſt fortunate events of his life.

Mr. Foſter ſoon ſucceeded to a London congregation more liberal in every ſenſe of the word than the *friends* he had quitted; and not long after ſignalized himſelf by defending chriſtianity with temper, argument and ſucceſs, againſt the attacks of Tindal, notorious in his day for ſcepticiſm, ſenſuality, and profaneneſs.

On this occaſion he obſerved that Foſter was the only one of all his antagoniſts whom he dreaded as a reaſoner, but reſpected and loved as a candid well-meaning man.

The univerſity of Aberdeen, thinking that revelation was in this inſtance well defended, conferred on him, unſolicited, and to uſe their own words, to do honor to themſelves, the degree of doctor of divinity.

In one thouſand ſeven hundred and forty-ſix he attended Lord Kilmarnock, in priſon and on the ſcaffold, when he was executed for joining the rebels in Scotland; but the ſcene, the circumſtances, the prodigious multitude aſſembled, the block, the ax, the headleſs corſe and the blood, made an injurious impreſſion on a mind naturally tender and ſympathetic; an abatement of his uſual cheerfulneſs, was remarked, and he never recovered it.

However deſirable the ſervices of a chriſtian miniſter might be, his friends ſhould not have permitted a man of ſo delicate a temperament and ſuſceptible a diſpoſition, to be an eye-witneſs of the melancholy tranſaction.

Foſter was afterwards engaged in a controverſy with Dr. Stebbing concerning hereſy; one of the

the points in diſpute, "Whether an error of judgment is or is not criminal," if I remember right, was not ſatisfactorily ſettled by either of the parties.

At the time of peruſal, I thought the matter not very important; but when we ſee to what lengths men will proceed under the influence of miſtaken opinions, it is perhaps of more conſequence than I imagined.

The misfortune is, that to decide ſuch queſtions, we want a judge unbiaſſed by intereſt, prejudice, or paſſion; and where, on this ſide the grave is ſo unerring a tribunal to be found?

As far as I can depend on my memory, for it is twenty years ſince I read their pamphlets, although a great admirer of the writings and character of Foſter, I thought Stebbing had the beſt end of the polemic ſtaff.

Yet an ingenious friend tells me, that if I would give the diſpute a ſecond peruſal *he is ſure* I ſhould be of a different opinion *now*; he is not content with my reply: "That theſe are not exactly the times for ſuch diſquiſitions, when the din of arms, after a ſhort peace, or rather an armed truce, is reſounding on every ſide, and when a hundred thouſand of *the firſt people in Europe*, are menacing us with arms in their hands, within ten leagues of the ſtraights of Dover.

"SIN IS THE ONLY OR THE WORST HERESY, I cannot ſwear preciſely to a word, was at that time the favorite and popular axiom of Foſter; I do not wiſh wholly to contradict it, yet ſurely it was better calculated for a latitudinarian in natural, than a believer in revealed religion.

If doctrinal faith is once determined to be a matter of indifference, the floodgates of ſcepticiſm and ſuperſtition, will alike be thrown open; deiſm and myſticiſm, nonſenſe and ranting will ruſh in, to overwhelm, debaſe, vilify, miſrepreſent or ridicule the goſpel; the faireſt motives to human action, the ſtimuli to and the rewards of ſalutary contrition will ceaſe to act; and in that caſe, Chriſt will have died and we ſhall have lived in vain.

He who wiſhes to ſee two modes of conducting a controverſy, may contraſt the mild conciliating chriſtian ſpirit of Foſter with the maſtiff zeal, dogmatic preſumption, and learned arrogance of Dr. Warburton; it had been the fate of Stebbing as well as Foſter to enter the liſts with the author of the Divine Legation of Moſes.

After having been *drubbed* by the Biſhop of Glouceſter, Dr. Stebbing was accuſed of having caught a little of his harſh language and acrimonious virulence.

"A man

"A man who has been ſo long and ſo unmercifully pelted" ſaid Dr. Stebbing, "cannot be blamed if he occaſionally toſſes back a little of his adverſary's dirt."

I do not recollect that Stebbing erred materially in this reſpect, but the moderation of Foſter was conſpicuous, he ſought after, and generally found the *mollia verba* as well as the *mollia tempora fandi*.

Pope, in a dejected moment, complained to Dr. Arbuthnot, that he was perpetually abuſed, but vowed vengeance againſt the offenders, in a ſatirical poem he was preparing: "Let them alone," ſaid the phyſician, "they and their works will be forgotten in three months; an old aunt of mine, uſed to tell a ſtory, which I think a caſe in point.

"A gentleman paſſing in the ſtreets of London, was undeſignedly dirtied by perſons of a certain deſcription who were carrying the article in which they dealt from an adjoining houſe; being irritable, he violently abuſed them, which, conſidering themſelves, as in ſome degree, aggreſſors, they ſubmitted to with ſilent patience.

"Their forbearance made the beau ſtill more angry, and he attempted with his cane to throw a portion of what they were carrying, on the men; 'Ah maſter, if you are for that ſport, we'll ſuit you in a trice, THAT IS OUR TRADE;' with theſe words, they returned his unſavory ſalute thick and three fold; nor could they be perſuaded to deſiſt, 'till they had covered him with filth from head to foot."

Pope ſaw not, or would not ſee, the application of the ſtory, he perſiſted in pelting, and was himſelf pelted, the greater part of his life.

The popularity of Dr. Foſter, as a preacher, and although a diſſenter, is ſaid never to have been equalled; his evening lectures in the Old Jewry, which he read for twenty years, were attended by large congregations, of all perſuaſions, and by many perſons of rank and conſideration.

So ſituated, moſt men would have thought themſelves juſtified, in ſecuring an independent competency; but his charity was without bounds, ſecret and unoſtentatious; and it was accidentally diſcovered, only a few years before his death, that he had reſerved no pecuniary ſupply for ſickneſs or old age.

The ſlighteſt hint on this ſubject was ſufficient; a ſubſcription, the neat produce of which was two thouſand guineas, on the publication of his two quarto volumes of ſermons on natural religion and ſocial virtue, placed him

him above the uncertainties of want.

Moſt readers recollect the honorable manner in which Mr. Pope has handed down the name of *honeſt Foſter* to poſterity; of this memorable ſtanza, I ſhould ſpeak with more complacency, had not perſonal malice againſt a primate of the church of England, accompanied the compliment to Foſter.

It is to be lamented that ſo excellent a poet, felt and indulged ſuch illiberal propenſities; religious prejudices and party virulence, rendered him blind to the good qualities of a prelate, who was charitable, eaſy of acceſs, correct and exemplary in the diſcharge of his public and private duties.

Foſter was remarkably candid and open to conviction; baptiſm at that time producing a violent controverſy, he thought it his duty to hear and to ſee what had been ſaid on the ſubject, and confeſſed, that the arguments in favor of immerſion, were unanſwerable.

Although educated as a preſbyterian, and more than forty years of age, he was re-baptized by dipping; ſuch was the humility and diffidence of this eminent man; a uſeful example for ſelf-ſufficient coxcombs, obſtinate fools, and proud pedants.

It was often remarked, that his lectures were attended by crowds of women, ſome of high rank, and many of them remarkable for volatile manners and diſſipated habits.

When it was urged againſt him that this part of his audience did not mend: "Are you quite ſure that they do not?" was his reply; "their appearing cheerful and happy, is no proof that they are vicious; too many of you ſanctified folks, who laugh but once a month, with all your ſolemn ſadneſs, *meet the devil in the dark*; God ſent us here to be happy, as long as we can be ſo with innocence and moderation."

"Such," ſays one of his cotemporaries, a clergyman of the church of England, "ſuch was Foſter; affable, generous, grave, yet engaging; polite, yet honeſt and prudent; of inviolable integrity and unbounded humanity.

"His voice was harmonious, ſtrong, diſtinct; ſo admirably adapted to the ſenſe of what it conveyed, that it might be termed judicious recitative; his action was animated and ſeriouſly expreſſive, but far from theatrical; he was a ſcholar, without pedantry; a Chriſtian, without bigotry or dogmatiſm; and a philoſopher, without ſcepticiſm."

The

The rational piety, corrected warmth, and appropriate language of the following piece of domeſtic devotion, delivered by Dr. Foſter, will, I truſt amply juſtify my inſerting it in this place.

O moſt glorious Lord God Almighty, whoſe kingdom is everlaſting, we proſtrate ourſelves before thee, as a Being of tranſcendent and incomprehenſible majeſty, of abſolute rectitude, ſpotleſs purity, and unerring wiſdom, at once to be praiſed, feared, and loved.

We adore thee as the creator of all things, who haſt diſplayed thy power and goodneſs throughout the univerſe; the earth is abundant in proofs of thy mercy, and the firmament ſheweth thy handy work.

We acknowledge thee to be the diſpoſer of all things by thine eſpecial Providence; we rejoice in the advantages we poſſeſs, and the bleſſings we hope for; in the mildneſs of thy laws, and the reaſonableneſs of thy ſervice; we eſteem it as our higheſt and moſt valuable privilege, that we are enabled, by intellect and ſpeech, to make known to thee our gratitude and our wants; and we have reaſon to be thankful to thee for revealing to us, that the prayers of an honeſt and contrite heart, ſhall not be offered up in vain.

Yet, notwithſtanding thou art the fountain of good, the parent and benefactor of mankind, we confeſs, with ſorrow and ſhame, that we have violated thy laws, and abuſed thy tender mercies.

We acknowledge that we have too often acted inconſiſtent with the dignity of reaſon, that moſt precious of thy gifts, given to man alone; that we have not liſtened to that inward monitor, which thou haſt planted in the boſom of us all; nor to the expreſs dictates of thy holy word.

We have too often demeaned ourſelves in a manner unſuitable to the proſpects and profeſſion of Chriſtians; but we have truſt and confidence in thy mercy, and in that forgiveneſs which thou haſt revealed, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, to all who truly repent.

Teach us, O Lord, to be good from a nobler motive than fear; may we perform our duties, and run the race which is ſet before us, as a work of love and gratitude; may we look on vice and moral depravity with averſion, as degrading and vilifying the works of thy hands, and as tending to introduce diſorder and miſery, into the moral as well as the material world.

Cleanſe us, we humbly beſeech thee

thee, from ſecret faults; enable us to reſiſt inordinate paſſions, and to avoid groſs ſenſuality; keep thy ſervants from preſumptuous ſin; may the meditations of our hearts, the words of our mouths, and every action of our lives, in this our probationary ſtate, be acceptable in thy ſight, O Lord God, our ſtrength, our Redeemer, and our judge.

May we be careful to entertain worthy conceptions of thy attributes, and thy particular providence; may we acquieſce with compoſure and reſignation in all thy diſpoſitions; firmly perſuaded, that however dark, diſconſolate, entangled, and confuſed, the preſent ſcene may appear, all things will finally work to thy glory and juſtification.

AND, AS MORAL VIRTUE IS INSEPARABLY CONNECTED WITH RELIGION, may we never impiouſly and vainly expect, that either of them alone will compenſate for a total abſence of the other; may we therefore be ſcrupulouſly juſt, merciful, and faithful, in all our dealings, humble and forgiving, affable and obliging.

May the ſublime and truly Chriſtian principle of univerſal philanthropy, be impreſſed ſo deeply in our hearts, that neither private prepoſſeſſions, national animoſities, nor religious differences, may controul or extinguiſh it.

May none of the ſuperficial, tranſitory, and unſatisfactory pleaſures of the world, ſo far ſeduce us, as to make us forfeit the hopes of a bleſſed immortality.

Do thou, O gracious God, fortify us againſt, and ſupport us under, the anxieties and terrors of death, that when the hour of our departure ſhall come, we may be fitted and prepared to meet death without diſmay, and with well grounded confidence in thy mercy, through Jeſus Chriſt, reſign our ſouls into thy hands, and be permitted to enter into thoſe manſions which thou haſt prepared for thoſe who truly love thee.

Take us, we beſeech thee, this day under thine eſpecial care and guidance; protect us from thoſe evils and dangers to which human frailty is expoſed; proſper us in all lawful undertakings; direct us by thy wiſdom, and defend us by thy Almighty power, through Jeſus Chriſt our Saviour.

FOULON, an individual, who fell a ſacrifice, early in the French revolution, to popular fury; his execution was alſo celebrated by bonfires and other public demonſtrations of joy, at Hanau,

Hanau, in the territory of an absolute prince, the Landgrave of Heſſe.

This circumſtance, exciting ſurprize and curioſity, in a traveller accidently paſſing, he was informed, that in the year ſeventeen hundred and fifty-nine, Foulon had been employed by the French government to raiſe contributions in this unfortunate country, at that time the theatre of war.

Irritated by oppoſition or remonſtrance, he ſeized ninety-three perſons of the regency, nobleſſe, muncipality, and principal inhabitants, and confined them for three days and two nights in a ſmall dungeon; where they were ſo cloſely pent together, that they could only remain in an erect poſture during the whole time.

On the evening of the third day, having endured the ſuffocating miſeries of the black-hole at Calcutta, they were indulged with a ſmall allowance of bread and water.

Theſe, and other unwarrantable proceedings, prove that Foulon was the apt and zealous tool of deſpotiſm and cruelty; but this and much more might have been practiſed and endured, without rendering him a prominent and marked character in the general maſs of tyranny and oppreſſion. A motion of his arm, it is ſaid, without uttering a word, did the buſineſs effectually.

Conſiderable diſcontent prevailing over the whole kingdom of France during a ſcarcity of the neceſſaries of life, the general miſery became a ſubject of converſation between Foulon, at that period a contractor for providing forage, and ſome of his aſſiſtants, who, in the warmth of their feelings for the poor, repeatedly aſked, and with energy, What muſt the people eat?

Foulon, employed at the moment in examining or ſuperintending the delivery of hay, had a ſmall quantity which he had been ſmelling to in his hand; this, at the moment his people were aſking the queſtion, his friends ſay, he accidentally raiſed and held forth without meaning, and without opening his lips; but officious and ill-deſigning by-ſtanders inſiſt that he deſigned it as an anſwer.

It was ſpeedily circulated that Foulon had *ſaid*, if the people cannot get bread, they muſt eat hay; he became in a moment an object of univerſal hatred and deteſtation; was, I believe, the firſt perſon ſuſpended to a lamp-iron, at the beginning of the French revolution, and ſome of the material, he was accuſed of recommending

mending as food, appeared in his mouth, as he hung, ſurrounded by the mob, pouring forth abuſe and execration.

It is not my wiſh to defend Foulon, or to be an advocate for men like him; yet it is poſſible that he might not have been guilty of the offence for which he ſuffered death; and the miniſter who adviſed, rather than the tool who executed the cruelties at Hanau, was in fact the real criminal.

There is not a doubt that Foulon was a raſcal, who, from ſervility and avarice, was ready to undertake *any* taſk that was aſſigned him; but of this I am certain, from ocular demonſtration, that there were many raſcals equally cruel, equally ſervile, and equally wicked, but with more hypocriſy, who, during thoſe turbulent times, falling in with the popular tide, directed its fury to anſwer the baſe purpoſes of ſelfiſhneſs and revenge, and who are now rioting in wealth, elevated by power, and in the poſſeſſion of eſtates and villa's, where they once were dependent on charity, or acted as menial ſervants.

How are ſuch evils to be avoided?

To this queſtion a ſhort and ready anſwer may be given; let thoſe who have property to loſe, enable themſelves by arms and diſcipline to defend it; in the preſent ſtate of things, with a military republic eſtabliſhed in the heart of Europe, and *all the world*, envious and eager to diſpoſſeſs us of our high commercial advantages, THERE IS NEITHER PRESENT SECURITY, NOR FUTURE SAFETY FOR ENGLAND, BUT IN COVERING THE OCEAN WITH OUR NAVY, AND BEING AN ARMED NATION AT HOME.

FOX, CHARLES JAMES, a repreſentative in the Britiſh parliament for the city of Weſtminſter, and the grandſon of an old courtier in the reign of King Charles the Second.

This was Sir Stephen Fox, paymaſter of the forces, who, marrying when he was more than eighty years old, his wife, Miſs Hope of Lincolnſhire, a woman of unimpeached reputation, became, at the end of eleven months, a mother; from her children, which were two at a birth, the preſent Holland and Ilcheſter families are deſcended.

That Charles never was to be contradicted, was the prevalent maxim in his education; a conduct inexcuſable in a man of Lord Holland's good ſenſe; a ſyſtem theoretically falſe, and practically ruinous, which brought its own puniſhment, by producing every

every licentious exceſs that money could procure, caprice ſuggeſt, or appetite demand.

A valuable repeater by Tompion, cruſhed under a hammer, and important ſtate papers torn to pieces, which occupied two clerks a whole night to make fair copies of, excited merriment, *by boys always conſidered as approbation*, inſtead of receiving reproof and ſtripes.

Thoſe who have occaſionally cenſured in Mr. Fox his inattention to dreſs, will hear with ſurprize, that, at a certain time, it was feared he would be a coxcomb, a fop, and a petit-maitre; that he made the tour of Europe with *manners*, and engaged in purſuits, which have too often attached ridicule and contempt to the character of an Engliſhman.

Plucked by every adventurer, and duped by every painted thing that wore a petticoat, he ſoon returned to diſſipate the unpopular wealth of his father, whoſe long unſettled balances, and intricate accounts, as paymaſter-general, it may be remembered, were loudly called for, and followed with conſiderable obloquy and reproach.

This retention of public money in the hands of miniſterial agents is an evil which may be diminiſhed, but cannot be wholly prevented in a military eſtabliſhment, extended, like that of Great Britain, over ſuch various and diſtant parts of the world.

The accumulations of his father were diſſipated by Mr. Fox and his brother, with a rapidity which has been the diſtinguiſhing feature of his life; and he ſoon got rid of thoſe vulgar incumbrances, money, and domeſtic comfort.

Yet he had ſnatched ſome hours from folly, and ſome from vice; in which he attained a correct taſte for claſſic literature, improved a natural fund of good ſenſe, and planted, however contradictory it may ſeem, the ſeeds of future ſolidity of character, amidſt the hurries of diſſipation, and the diſtractions of play.

Perhaps on theſe points ſome praiſe is due to Dr. Francis, who was his tutor, and to Lord Macartney, who accompanied him in his travels.

As it was the profeſſed wiſh of his father to qualify this his favourite child for a parliamentary orator, a ſeat in the houſe of commons had been procured for him previous to his return, I believe, before he was of age; and for a ſhort time he executed the duties of a commiſſioner of the treaſury under the adminiſtration of Lord North.

At this period he was accuſed of

of entertaining views and adopting a conduct unfavorable to the liberties of the press; this, if the charge be true, is not unfrequent, to punish in others what we practice ourselves; for, in the early part of his political life, his speeches teemed with invective, and were culpably personal, an error his mature reason had corrected.

Panting for independence, impatient of restraint and subordination, he quickly joined, and soon after conducted, a long and arduous opposition during the American war.

Coming forward on the great questions of the day with unqualified warmth and openness, he became extremely popular, was hailed MAN OF THE PEOPLE; and, notwithstanding the whole weight of court influence was exerted against him, he succeeded as a candidate at the memorable Westminster election.

After a long and arduous struggle with first-rate men on either side, to whose debates I have listened for many a summer's day and winter's night, the defeated minister at length retired; Lord Rockingham was invited to preside at the treasury, and Mr. Fox appointed one of the principal secretaries of state.

The same energy of mind which had hurried him into excess, taking now *the right road*, stimulated him to perform the duties of his new post with efficacy and spirit; he was regular, attentive, patient, diligent, and exact, as the dullest plodder alive.

He saw, and instantly seized, this opportunity of convincing the world, that he was able to quit the fascinations of play, and the allurements of those pleasures which throb at the bosom, and glow in the cheek.

Unfortunately for the public, as well as himself, these prospects were soon darkened by the death of the worthy marquis; this event was followed by the resignation of Mr. Fox, whose superior genius was overreached by the arts of some of his cabinet associates; and he appeared, a few days after, in the house of commons, with no other dignities attached to his person, than those invaluable and unalienable ones which God and nature had given him.

It is not consistent with the nature of my work to enter into a minute detail of the various circumstances which compelled Lord Shelburne, now the Marquis of Lansdowne, to retire from the treasury, where he had succeeded the Marquis of Rockingham; Lord North was content to hide himself in the triumphant train of the whigs, and the Duke of

of Portland was placed at the head of a new adminiſtration.

The *reign* of this coalition was ſhort, the whole kingdom being terrified by exaggerated deſcriptions of Mr. Fox's India bill; and Mr. Pitt, by the aſſiſtance of his kind couſin of Buckingham, and againſt the ſenſe of a majority in the houſe of commons, took poſſeſſion of the manſion in Downing-ſtreet.

Yet the bill for examining and regulating the affairs of the Eaſt India company, pleaſed me, with all its faults, and many faults it had; deciſive regulation characterized the meaſure; it was no ſcheme of the day to poſtpone the hour of danger, no crude undigeſted plan, imploring the doubtful aſſiſtance of explanatory bills and declaratory acts; the ſtrength of the child ſpoke the vigor of the parent.

The ſpirit of the meaſure appears to have been adopted by Mr. Pitt when he conſtituted a board of controul; but, allowing it to be pregnant with all the miſchief alledged againſt it, why was the nation to be put in an uproar, and the public mind inflamed? Might not its extravagant and erring ſpirit have been corrected or reſtrained? Could not exceptionable paſſages be modified or expunged?

But, in that caſe, a reforming miniſter, and a coalition ſaid to be forced on the king againſt his will, could not have been diſplaced; for, to perſonal diſlike, the whole buſineſs is to be attributed,

Hinc illæ lachrymæ ——
Hæſit lateri lethalis arundo.

In the latter part of Mr. Fox's political career, but more particularly in every thing connected with the preſent war, or the French revolution, he has been thought too great a latitudinarian; miſled by the enthuſiaſm of modern philoſophy, and the ſophiſm of *general* rights, he has been accuſed of forgetting a little ſpot called England, and the appropriate geographic intereſts of Great Britain.

On this point, it has been obſerved, that with nations as with individuals, a certain degree of circumſcribed attention to a narrow circle is abſolutely neceſſary, and that a country, like a private perſon, acting on every occaſion openly, generouſly, unreſervedly, and without a certain portion of the monopolizing excluſive ſpirit, would be ſpeedily plundered, oppreſſed, ruined, and laughed at, by its avowed enemies, its pretended friends, or its envious neighbours.

In the preſent ſtate of Europe, there is no middle courſe for England

England to ſteer; as a great maritime commercial power, TO PREDOMINATE OR SINK MUST BE OUR FATE.

With an inſolent and inſidious foe ſtaring us in the face, and outraging at once the cuſtomary intercourſe of nations, good manners, and common ſenſe, there is one, and only one, mode of acting; we muſt make him feel our power, or ſubmit, like the other nations of Europe, to be cajoled, inſulted, and robbed: ours is no common enemy, he firſt corrupts the principles of his victims, and bewilders the underſtanding by metaphyſic ſophiſtry, then rifles the pocket, and finally plants his ſtiletto in their hearts.

I return to Mr. Fox; —— of the millions who at different periods have inhabited the earth, how few attain eminence; placed in obſcurity they live undiſtinguiſhed, and die without notice; but had the ſubject of our preſent article ſprung from the dregs of ſociety, I am convinced he would have emerged with credit from his depreſſion; had he been a plough-boy or a ſhepherd, I cannot but think he would have turned the beſt furrow, and have reared the fineſt flock in the hamlet; he probably would have intrigued with the milk-maid, loitered in the ſkittle-ground, and have had a long ſcore at the ale-houſe.

Early in life Mr. Fox loved, and of courſe ardently loved, a lady remarkable for beauty, and the misfortune of being afterwards united to a man inſenſible of the value of the treaſure he poſſeſſed; near relationſhip, and other circumſtances not being propitious, the juvenile orator became a deſpairing lover, and gave utterance to his ſorrows, in lines which would not diſgrace the firſt of our poets; uniting energy with pathos, they paint in ſtrong expreſſive imagery, and in glowing colours, the wild conflicts that rob us of peace, the fury of deſire, the rage of diſappointment, and the anguiſh of jealouſy; at the ſame time, the ardor of paſſion is ſweetly tempered by affectionate fondneſs, by endearing but manly tenderneſs.

The following, if my memory fail not, are ſome of the verſes:

And ſhall then another embrace
thee, my fair?
And muſt envy ſtill add to the
pangs of deſpair?
Do I live to behold the reciprocal bliſs?
Death, death, is a refuge Elyſium
to this.

The

The ſtar of the evening now bids thee retire,
Accurs'd be its orb, and extinguiſh'd its fire;
For it ſhews me my rival prepar'd to invade
Thoſe charms which I doat on

— — — —

Oh had I been bleſt with thy beauties, my fair,
With fondeſt attention, with delicate care;
My heart would have ſtrove ev'ry pang to remove,
And have pluck'd ev'ry thorn from the roſes of love.
My inſolent rival, leſs proud of his right,
Contemns the ſweet office, that ſoul of delight:
Leſs tender he ſeizes thy lips as his prey,
And all thy dear charms the rough ſummons obey;
Even now more licentious, raſh mortal forbear;
Reſtrain him, O Venus, let him too deſpair

— — — —

How weak is my rage his fierce joy to controul,

— — — —

And yet the fond ſigh midſt enjoyment will ſtray,
And a tear is the tribute which rapture muſt pay;
Still, ſtill, doſt thou tremble that rapture to ſeek,
Which pants on thy boſom, and glows in thy cheek;
Confuſion and ſhame thy ſoft wiſhes deſtroy,
And terror deranges the bloſſoms of joy.

Mr. Fox, as a public ſpeaker, wants the exterior advantages of an agreeable perſon, and a preposſeſſing appearance; his voice is harſh, and he manages it unſkilfully; he poſſeſſes, however, ingredients to form a great political character, accuſtomed to the viciſſitudes of fortune, and marked by the ſtorms of fate; reduced from affluence and proſperity, to a dependence on uſurious creditors.

His underſtanding is ſtrong; and in the article of information he is conſiderably improved: he is copious almoſt to redundancy; his conceptions are quick, and his delivery rapid; the torrent of argument comes rolling from him with irreſiſtible force; his eloquence ſtrikes like the electric ſpark; and every man communicates the ſhock to his neighbour: yet, with theſe qualifications, his invincible attachment to play deprived him, for many years, of public confidence; and, though all admired his abi-

lities, the majority feared to employ him.

In ſpite of boundleſs imprudence, fatal propenſity, and political diſaſters, which would have irretrievably ruined moſt of us, it cannot be denied that Mr. Fox, although a private member of parliament, is ſtill a very conſiderable man, and looked up to with expectation by many reſpectable perſons; duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus, ab ipſo, ducit opes animumque ferro.

And it is to be hoped, that the majority of young men, unable to equal the tranſcendent merits of the member for Weſtminſter, will not be induced to follow his example in the culpable exceſſes and inexcuſable parts of his early life; "for, the ſame fire which burns a worthleſs piece of wood to aſhes, can only melt a guinea, which ſtill retains its intrinſic value, *although his majeſty's countenance no longer ſhines upon it.*

FRAINE, Mr. an attorney, who, in the full career of a profitable practice, expoſed himſelf to the cenſure of the court of King's Bench.

Having been for ſeveral years profeſſionally and confidentially employed by a peer who had *diſtinguiſhed* himſelf for his treatment of Miſs Woodcock, an offence of which he was acquitted, though clearly guilty. Mr. Fraine, in a moment of culpable obſequiouſneſs to his client, was prevailed on to aſſiſt in purchaſing the indentures of a young woman, afterwards an eminent ſinger, with ſimilar unwarrantable views.

In this illicit purpoſe, both principal and agent were defeated; but ſuch conduct was not overlooked by the preſiding judge, who ſeverely reprimanded this offender againſt law, as well as correct manners, in open court, and before a crowd of ſpectators.

A proceeding ſo diſgraceful, and a reprehenſion ſo public, of a man in high legal repute, and in the high tide of wealthy accumulation, inflicted a deep and incurable wound; it ſtrongly agitated his whole frame as well as his mind; brought on a ſingularly hideous nervous diſeaſe, which tormented him for the remainder of his life, and exhibited him a ſhocking ſpectacle to mankind.

This affection commenced with unceaſing reſtleſſneſs of body, terror of mind, and agonizing pain; which, depriving him of the tranquil enjoyments of food, ſociety, and ſleep, defied the ſedative powers of æther and of opium.

At

At intervals he uttered, or rather thundered forth, a wolf-like yell, which even now ſeems to vibrate in the ear of the man who deſcribes it: violent catchings, ſpaſmodic contractions, and various irregular motions of the head, body, and limbs, followed, accompanied with a diabolical diſtortion of countenance, too horrible to look at.

The powers of phyſic and ſurgery (for deep inciſions had been made) were exerted without effect; the little relief that could be procured, was found in the ſingular expedient of gently ſtriking, rubbing, or *tapping*, the back part of his head; which, in all places, and on all occaſions, was performed, without ceaſing, by an attendant.

The miſerable and wretched ſubject of my preſent article, died in conſequence of a violent blow received on his head while he was incautiouſly getting out of a coach.

The deſtinies of his family, and ſome of its collateral branches, were ſtrongly marked: Mr. Fraine's ſon, a young man of good ſenſe and amiable manners, deſtroyed himſelf at his chambers in the Temple; having been educated as the ſon of a man of large fortune, he hinted, in a gentle way, to his father, the propriety of an allowance proportionate to his expectations, but received only reproach and abuſe.

The old lawyer, contrary to his uſual ſagacity, expected that ſcience, philoſophy, and a highly-finiſhed education, would produce the ſame cunning, fineſſe, and chicane, which had been the foundation of his own wealth; by this miſtake he loſt his only ſon, an amiable young man, who revolted from the principles, and abominated the practice of his father.

The daughter of this unhappy old man, his lovely daughter, whoſe countenance was the faithful and expreſſive picture of her ſoul; whoſe eyes beamed tenderneſs and ſoft deſire, regulated by decorum and good ſenſe; whoſe heart throbbed with ſympathy and benevolence; whoſe voice was muſic; and whoſe looks were love.

This charming young woman, who reſiſted no virtuous impulſe but one, which would have completed her own happineſs, and have augmented that of others, followed the example of her ill-fated brother, after being teazed into marriage with one man, while her warmeſt affections were with another, I add with regret, that ſince my firſt impreſſion, the diſappointed lover hath followed the miſtreſs of his

heart, by the ſame melancholy path!!

A reſpectable critic once told me this was a ſhocking article; I replied, and again reply, that his epithet, if applied to the conduct of the object of it, was correct; but that, if it meant to convey any direct or implied cenſure on the editor, I was content to reſt on the merits of it the whole of my claims for private favor and public approbation.

I conſider and deſign the narrative which he cenſures, as highly uſeful on the ſcore of moral deduction and impreſſive example; as an awful leſſon to profeſſional men, to parents, and to children.

FRANCIS TIMOLEON DE CHOISY, a French envoy to the King of Siam, in the middle of the ſeventeenth century, who united in his perſon the eccleſiaſtic and diplomatic characters.

This literary traveller is now mentioned merely to ſtart a doubt concerning the authenticity of an aſſertion made by a modern biographer. The author, whoſe veracity I doubt, aſſerts, "that the Siam envoy, after his return to France, aſſumed the dreſs, name, and manners of a woman; that he retired to an eſtate he had purchaſed near Tours, paſſed the remainder of his life under the denomination of the Counteſs des Barres, and actually left memoirs of himſelf under that deſcription."

Thoſe who have more leiſure, more books, and more taſte for ſuch inveſtigations, than the editor of this collection, have it in their power eaſily to decide on the fidelity of this lively and entertaining writer, whoſe correctneſs I queſtion.

FREEDOM OF ENQUIRY.

Much has been ſaid in favor of free enquiry, and pathetic complaints have been made, that the great body of the people of England, wanted earneſtneſs and perſeverance in this reſpect.

In a late converſation on this ſubject, perſonal invective and unfounded aſſertion, ſupplied the place of ſound argument. I loſt my temper, and provoked by ſedition and ill deſign diſguiſed under the maſk of philoſophy and cool diſcuſſion, lapſed into culpable aſperity of expreſſion.

Can we, in the preſent day, be thought deficient in bold and unreſtrained reſearch? Have we not enjoyed and abuſed the liberty of diſcuſſing *all* ſubjects, metaphyſical, religious, and political, 'till the ſpeaker or the writer dropping metaphor and logic,

logic, exclaimed aloud, "To YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL."

Have not modern ſceptics adopted the magiſterial tone, and dogmatic inſolence of the vatican? Have they not attempted to baniſh ſolace from Chriſtianity, morality from religion, and confidence from government?

Under ſuch circumſtances, to be ſtill calling for more freedom of enquiry, and greater ardor in propagating it, is whipping and ſpurring a fiery, reſtive, hard-mouthed courſer, which is already galloping full ſpeed to the devil.

It is not without regret, that I have remarked a conſiderable portion of this ill-timed zeal in a claſs of men of correct manners, and exemplary, for a punctual diſcharge of other ſocial duties.

Although educated in religious opinions, of a very different caſt, and diſpoſed by hereditary antipathy, and juſtifiable ſuſpicion to regard them with precaution, I have occaſionally joined in worſhip with them; firſt induced by what I have confeſſed in another part of this collection; that the negligent routine, and unceaſing repetitions of the eſtabliſhed liturgy, did not awaken in my mind, devout warmth or pious propenſity; at the ſame time, I did not deny it the praiſe of occaſional energy, and ſublime ſimplicity.

For theſe and other reaſons; from geographical poſition, and my frequently finding among them ſcience and a literary taſte, unpolluted by the follies and vices of the times, I have ſometimes joined in prayer with theſe ſeceders, with conſiderable pleaſure and improvement.

But of this labor of love, repentance and edification, of this taſk ſo neceſſary to a man *all over ſin*, I have for ſeveral years been deprived, by my former aſſociates, denying many of the great and fundamental doctrines of Chriſtianity; doctrines, clearly, repeatedly, and emphatically inculcated in holy writ, and approved by the collected wiſdom of fifteen centuries.

How would it have ſtartled the honeſt candor of a Foſter, the benign liberality of a Dodderidge, and the inveſtigating acuteneſs of a Lardner, to ſee pulpits, which ſcarce half a century before had unfolded the treaſures of everlaſting life, as contained in the holy ſcriptures? What would have been their ſurprize, to ſee thoſe hallowed ſpots echoing *elaborate apologies for deiſm*, explaining away or contradicting the word of God, and *white-waſhing* the foulеſt and moſt indefenſible of all characters!

Inſtead of preaching Chriſt and him crucified, inſtead of enforcing

forcing the ſocial and moral duties, by the powerful ſtimuli of hope and fear, by impreſſive and irreſiſtible appeals to heaven and to hell, to the hour of death, the certainty of a future judgment, and the omni-preſence of God; their ſermons have been either political pamphlets, the malignant effuſions of diſappointment; or tedious diſſertations on abſtract queſtions, tending to diminiſh neceſſary reſtraint, or wholly foreign to the purpoſe, for which Chriſtians aſſemble; neither calculated to make men happier, better, nor wiſer, and diffuſing diſcontent and diſaffection, in places where it is not probable, their arguments will be anſwered; and where the offender conſiders himſelf as ſecure from the rod of the civil magiſtrate, and the eaſy refutation of an anſwer by word of mouth.

Not ſo good Foſter, warm'd the liſt'ning throng,
No tales like theſe debas'd his honeſt tongue;
Morals and faith with him were ne'er at ſtrife,
He taught by both to regulate our life;
Great goſpel truths *he* ne'er refin'd away,
For paſſing ſounds, and ſyſtems of a day.
He preached — — — — Duty by faith to poor degenerate man,
And built ſalvation on its author's plan.

To conclude, I call on every candid reader to ſay, whether ſpeculative enquiry ever ranged more at large:—Unbiaſſed by patriotiſm and unchecked by diſcretion; regardleſs of critical conjuncture, denying God and defying man, have not modern philoſophers ſoared where angels feared to look, or plunged into that unfathomable abyſs in which ſo many wiſe men, and ſo many fools have periſhed everlaſtingly.

Too proud to confeſs their ignorance, and too obſtinate to own their miſtakes; ſtraining at gnats in revelation, and ſwallowing whole elephants in ſcepticiſm, they have mocked at miracles, and ridiculed myſtery; when they cannot but acknowledge that in the ſcene which paſſes every day, and too often unobſerved, before their eyes, the phœnomena of vegetation, electricity and magnetic attraction, are equally inexplicable to the human faculties.

FREE TRADE. The following circumſtance, founded on fact has been thought illuſtrative of true commercial policy; the

the paſſion for trade, like another paſſion, which though bearing a ſofter name is equally ſelfiſh, 'at ſight of ties, ſpreads its light wings, and in a moment flies.'

The magiſtrate of a little town on the ſea-coaſt, a few years ſince, and, I believe with the beſt intentions, interfered in the conveyance of fiſh by land-carriage, from the place over whoſe police he preſided.

He could not behold with patience, cargoes of fiſh, of the firſt quality and ſize, conſigned wholeſale, by the rapid conveyance of poſt horſes to an overfed and overgrown metropolis; whilſt on the ſpot where they were landed none could be procured, but at a great price, and, for the moſt part, the refuſe of the market.

I will not exactly deſcribe, what he ſaid or what he did; it could be no more than remonſtrance or requeſt, and this not a very unreaſonable one; it merely was wiſhing that occaſionally, a baſket of fiſh, not ſelected, ſhould be diſpoſed of at a fair price on the quay.

This propoſal was acceded to without any apparent objection; but mark the event, the fiſhing ſmacks, one and all, quitted the place, the ſhore is avoided as a quickſand, or an infected ſpot, and although, the agreement in queſtion has been ſeveral years dropped, the worthy juſtice, if diſpoſed to treat his friends, orders fiſh from London by the coach, at a heavy expence.

FRENCH CRITICISM. A Pariſian, who fancies himſelf a critic, and who, though at the time unable to underſtand Engliſh without a dictionary, was bold enough to cenſure Shakeſpear, is violently offended at the ſpeech of Brutus when the conſpirators are met to conſult on the mode of putting to death Julius Cæſar, in the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act, in Shakeſpear's play of that name.

The following are the words which offend the delicate Gaul, ſpoken by *Brutus*.

'Let us be ſacrificers, not butchers, *Caſſius*,
Let us ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of Cæſar,
But not diſmember him—
Let us kill him boldly, but not wrathfully,
Carve him as a diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds.'

Much has been ſaid of the learning of our Warwickſhire bard; had the Gallic commentator, who abuſes an author, whom

whom a maſter of the Engliſh language can alone perfectly reliſh and univerſally underſtand, had he poſſeſſed a grain of candour, he might have imputed the language and ſentiments of the ſpeech in queſtion to Shakeſpear's knowledge of the ſuperſtitious notions of the Romans, on the ſubject, of what an Engliſhman would call, dying in a *whole ſkin*.

They carried this ſingular prejudice ſo far, that they conſidered mutilation as worſe than death, and even death as no calamity, if the body and limbs were left whole and unmaimed.

Expiring by fire, by ſword, by poiſon, by ſtrangling, excited no regret in the ſurvivors; but to be broken on a wheel, to be beheaded, diſmembered, cruſhed, and disfigured, were conſidered and deplored as calamities which could not be remedied: the ſame opinions prevailed if a corpſe remained without interment and funeral rites.

Unleſs we previouſly recollect this circumſtance, the following terſe and emphatic words of Juvenal would be extravagant and incomprehenſible.

Having obſerved that death, in many inſtances of a reverſe of fortune, would have been a deſirable bleſſing, the Roman poet thus proceeds:

——————— hoc cruciatu
Lentulus, hac pœna caruit, ceciditque Cethegus
INTEGER, et jacuit Catilina cadavere TOTO.

If I had not ſeen and felt the folly of amplification and diffuſe diſcuſſion, the crying ſin of my firſt editions, and to which in ſpite of a thouſand reſolutions, I am perpetually wandering, the two words in ſmall capitals would be a *fine* opportunity for a claſſical diſplay.

FRIENDSHIP, "A word in a dictionary," ſays a volatile female often noticed in this collection, "a union of ſouls, a coalition of hopes and fears, of intereſts and pleaſures, practicable in the calm privacy of retirement, but wholly incompatible with the varied purſuits, the ſhifting abode, the ſuperficial levity, and univerſal intercourſe, of modern ſociety.

"I prefer" ſays this lively eccentric, but unfeeling creature, "I prefer a rapid and variegated ſucceſſion of triflers, ratlers, coxcombs, demireps and fools, *with* whom and *at* whom I can occaſionally laugh, and paſs my time in harmleſs merriment, to the dull ſober ſameneſs of intimate friendſhip.

"To find a ſincere diſintereſted friend, in the mixed medley of

of human life, and, what is more, to deſerve and retain him, when found, is really a buſineſs above my reach, an effort beyond my capacity: I am not ſufficiently important myſelf, to aſſociate with thoſe who are; I am too ſilly and ſuperficial *by half*, to bear the mortification of ſo humiliating a compariſon.

"My conduct is not ſufficiently correct, neither my nerves nor my conſcience are ſound enough to bear a cenſorial mentor at my elbow, criticiſing every word, and reviewing every action of my life.

"Vive la bagatelle ever has been and ſtill ſhall be my motto; I prefer the light current coin, the convenient ſmall change of common acquaintance, with all the drawbacks of counterfeit and baſe metal, to the valuable bullion, the troubleſome ſterling gold of real friendſhip. Its weight overloads the pocket, and embarraſſes all our motions; we are ſo anxious leſt we ſhould loſe it, and if by negligence or ill deſign we happen to be deprived of it, it is replaced with ſo much difficulty, that I dread the poſſeſſion of ſo precious a material.

"Give me a liſt, as long as my arm, of general acquaintance, whom we meet with by mere accident, and quit without regret; I ſay, a good long liſt, which in caſe of coldneſs or quarrelling, can ſupply all vacancies, with adequate ſubſtitutes, every day of the week; they amuſe the preſent moment, which is all I wiſh for, or expect of them; I aſk not whence they come, nor am I ſolicitous to know whither they are going.

"I know you often tell me, that my watering-place parties are not always of the moſt reputable and reſpectable kind; I defy any of you to produce one ſingle inſtance of a gloomy uncomplying, unpleaſant perſon ever being announced in my circles; *now*, I ſcarcely know one of thoſe *clever men in their way*, to whom you look up and liſten with ſuch rapt attention, who have not ſome troubleſome failing, or inexcuſable peculiarity.

"Your friend ****** poſſeſſes a vaſt fund of general and profeſſional information, but his ſnuff and his ſnoring after dinner in all companies, are intolerable; the collections of ********** in natural hiſtory are prodigious and admirably arranged, his converſation is intereſting, but I am ſick of his eternal railing at the clergy and revealed religion; ****** has an inexhauſtible fund of humour, and is full of anecdote, but his ſtories are abominably naſty, his language is groſsly vulgar, inelegant and diſguſting.

"As to the birth, parentage, and

and education, life, character, and behaviour of thoſe who favor me with their company; is it poſſible for me to procure a certificate of their good conduct at the laſt place of their reſidence, or from the miniſters and church-wardens of their pariſh.

"I ſee them well received by perſons far ſuperior to me in rank and intellect. Indeed you are a great deal too preciſe and particular in theſe matters; inſtead of cenſuring, you ought to praiſe that charity and liberality which patronizes and *befriends* thoſe, who, but for us, would probably not have a friend in the world."

Such a rhapſody, pronounced by a pair of pouting lips, which might be better employed, and by a pretty woman ſurrounded by a crowd of admirers, all ready to eat her words, would naturally paſs off very current, and might make no bad winding-up flouriſh in a modern farce; but where would *this ſpecies of friend* be found in the day of danger, ſickneſs, and diſtreſs? and, if found, of what avail or advantage would they be?

Are ſuch perſons qualified, if ſo inclined, to ſoothe the ſorrows of affliction, to lull the pangs of diſeaſe, or to rock the cradle of declining age? They gayly fluttered in the ſun-ſhine of proſperity, but would fly at the approach of the thunder-ſtorm, or prove an incumbrance, to the miſerable dupe, whom they had enticed to the precipices of deſtruction.

It was obſerved by a ſtern moraliſt, ſpeaking of a man who had committed many and great errors, HE WANTED A SEVERE FRIEND.

"They are uſeful but diſagreeable companions," ſaid the lady whoſe words I have been repeating, when this paſſage was quoted againſt her; "a conſtant curb, is awkward to man as well as beaſt; it is apt to make the mouth ſore." "You had better have a ſore mouth than an aching heart;" was the reply, to which no anſwer was made.

FRONTISPIECE, a curious one, to an edition of one of the claſſics, publiſhed a few years ſince on the Continent.

The copper-plate, which faces the title page, repreſents, on one ſide, Chriſt upon the croſs, and, on the other, a figure of the author, from whoſe mouth a label appears to iſſue forth, with the following words inſcribed on it: "Lord Jeſus, loveſt thou me?"

This queſtion is anſwered by another label, affixed to the mouth of the perſon addreſſed; "Highly famed, excellent, and

moſt

moſt learned Rector Seger, imperial poet, and well-deſerving maſter of the ſchool at Wittenberg, thou knoweſt that I love thee!"

GALILEO, a native of Piſa, in the ſixteenth century, an aſtronomer and a geometrician.

Diſencumbering ſcience of the jargon of Ariſtotle and the ſchools; he methodized and arranged the theory of the deſcent of bodies and projectiles, and fixing his eye accidentally on the waving to and fro of a lamp ſuſpended from a lofty roof, the regularity of its vibrations, ſuggeſted to him the application of a pendulum, to the menſuration and diviſion of time.

Galileo alſo made conſiderable improvements in teleſcopes, an invention firſt brought to light, unintentionally, by the children of Cornelius Hanſen, a ſpectacle maker at Middleburg in Holland, who, playing in their father's ſhop, accidentally placed a convex and a concave glaſs, in ſuch a manner, that in looking through them, at the weather-cock on the church, it appeared nearer and larger.

Loud expreſſions of pleaſure and ſurprize, exciting the curioſity of their father, after examining and aſcertaining the fact, he conveyed this important intelligence to the learned.

Galileo, occupied in purſuits uſeful to mankind and honorable to himſelf, was, at the age of ſeventy, ſummoned before the tribunal of the inquiſition; one of his judges, Cardinal Bellarmine, threatened him with eccleſiaſtical vengeance, if he preſumed to propagate opinions contrary to the tenets of the catholic church: this threat was ſoon after put in execution, as the philoſopher ſtill continued to ſtudy, to write, and to improve mankind.

It was Galileo's fate to meet with obſtinate and bigotted oppoſers. Having been educated as a phyſician, he had, early in life, diſſected human bodies, a practice eſſentially neceſſary for men in that profeſſion; attempting, on a certain occaſion, to demonſtrate to one of his aſſociates, that many of the nerves originated from the ſenſorium commune, the brain, he at length ſilenced doubt, by poſitive ocular proof: "I ſhould be convinced you were right," was the reply of his pupil, "if your deduction was not contrary to the opinion of Ariſtotle."

GAME

GAME LAWS. A rigid and tenacious enforcer of this part of our ſtatute book, being aſked, in the hearing of the editor, why he was harraſſing the country, and quarrelling with all his neighbours, on ſuch trifling points as hares and partridges, replied as follows: "It is no ſuch trifle; the manor yields to myſelf *and firm*, that, which in the article of preſents, entertainments, and indiſpenſable influence, is worth five hundred pounds a year."

This game-preſerver, in every other reſpect a good character, forgets that the means he employs will ultimately defeat his purpoſe: I am convinced from ocular evidence, that a buſhel of partridge eggs are deſtroyed every year in two of his manors, which I occaſionally viſit; that poachers are encouraged, leverets *trod down*, and a variety of exterminating expedients practiſed, which would never have been thought of, could he prevail on himſelf to act with a little urbanity and common ſenſe; qualities in which he is by no means deficient in the common intercourſes of life.

If he perſeveres in the conduct he now purſues, it is very much to be feared, that he will ſhare the fate of his pheaſants and black cocks.

For an inſtance in which culpable obſtinacy, on the one part, and a tenacious inforcement of the game laws, on the other, were attended with lamentable effects; ſee the article CAMPBELL, in my firſt volume.

GAMING, Infatuation of. Several inſtances have been produced in theſe pages of this ſpecies of inſanity, under whoſe ruinous influence, men in the full enjoyment of ſplendid independence and domeſtic happineſs, have ſuddenly quitted their families, and all that was reſpectable in life, for the diſgraceful aſſociation of rapacious ſharpers and indigent adventurers; who, with no one recommendation of body or mind, but fraudulent dexterity in packing a card, and manœuvring a dice-box, have not ſuffered the pigeon to eſcape from their talons, till they had plucked the ſilly bird of its laſt feather.

To the long liſt of theſe diſintereſted martyrs, who riſk their all, here and hereafter, without a chance or probability of ſecuring any thing in return, but mockery and ruin; to this melancholy liſt, may be added the name of a Mr. Porter, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, poſſeſſed one of the beſt eſtates in the county of Northum-

Northumberland; the fee of which, in leſs than twelve months, he loſt at hazard.

The laſt night of his career, when he had juſt perfected the wicked work, and was ſtepping down ſtairs to throw himſelf into his carriage, which waited at the door of *a well-known houſe*, he ſuddenly went back into the room where *his friends* were aſſembled, and inſiſted, that the perſon he had been playing with, ſhould give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him: his rational propoſition was this; that his carriage, the trinkets and looſe money in his pocket, his town houſe, plate, and furniture, ſhould be valued in a lump, at a certain ſum, and be thrown for at a ſingle caſt; no perſuaſions could prevail on him to depart from his purpoſe; he threw, and conducting the winner to the door, told his coachman, *that* was his maſter, and heroically marched forth, without houſe, home, or any one creditable ſource of ſupport.

He retired to an obſcure lodging in a cheap part of the town, ſubſiſting partly on charity, ſometimes acting as the ſubſtitute of a marker at a billiard table, and occaſionally as helper at a livery ſtable.

In this miſerable condition, with nakedneſs and famine ſtaring him in the face, expoſed to the taunts and inſults of thoſe whom he had once ſupported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchaſe neceſſaries.

He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five, he repaired to a common gaming houſe, and increaſed them to fifty; he then adjourned to White's, ſat down with his former aſſociates, and won twenty thouſand pounds. Returning the next night, he loſt it all, and after ſubſiſting many years in abject and ſordid penury, died a ragged beggar, at a penny lodging-houſe in St. Giles's.

Had he fractured his leg on quitting the gaming houſe with twenty thouſand pounds, or been doomed, by a lettre de cachet, to ſtraw, bread and water, and a ſhaved head, for ſix months, in a dark room, it might have brought him to his ſenſes, and have prevented ſo ignominious a relapſe.

GANGANELLI, VINCENT ANTOINE, the ſon of an Italian apothecary, who, at an age when moſt men have much to learn, read lectures on philoſophy and theology, at Milan, and afterwards at Bologna, but occaſionally offended *ſome* of his

his hearers, by the liberality, candour, and tolerating ſpirit of his doctrines.

He commenced his noviciate as a Franciſcan, and was ſoon remarked for modeſty, talents, and application; he conſidered, and taught others to conſider, religion as the friend of reaſon, its brighteſt ornament, and beſt reward; a ſource of comfort and reliance for human weakneſs.

Having long deſerved, he was ultimately placed on the throne of St. Peter, and was emphatically called THE PROTESTANT POPE.

Ganganelli's letters, publiſhed, and for the moſt part written by Mr. Carraccioli, give us a well drawn picture of this amiable pontiff, who, in the monaſtic cell, and in the vatican, was alike rational, acute, unaſſuming, and humane. The addreſs to a young man, who had reſolved to devote himſelf to religious ſecluſion, was copied from the hand writing, and bears every internal evidence of the benevolent acuteneſs of Clement the fourteenth, for that was the title he aſſumed.

He ſuppreſſed the Jeſuits, a taſk, which his timid predeceſſor commenced with heſitation; correct in taſte, a connoiſſeur, as well as an amateur, he liberally patronized the arts and ſciences, and was remarkably attentive to anatomical preparations, poſſeſſing himſelf no ſmall ſhare of knowledge of the ſtructure and economy of the human frame.

His predilection for England, and all who came from that country, was often obſerved, and ſometimes gave offence: he has been heard, more than once, by the perſon who informed the editor, to relate an anecdote of Leo, one of his predeceſſors, who, ſeeing certain handſome youths at Rome, aſked, in Latin, who they were? "Angli," was the anſwer. "Non Angli mehercule, ſed Angeli," ſaid the punning, but polite, pope.

To a clergyman of this country, he once obſerved, "I regret that the Engliſh are no part of my flock, it is not becauſe of the addition it would make to my income, but that I loſe an opportunity of ſhewing how kind and gentle a ſhepherd I would be."

Ganganelli has been called a philoſophical, a Chriſtian pope, who united gravity with cheerfulneſs, ſcience with ſimplicity, mildneſs with reſolution, and dignity with humility; he accompliſhed that, which few lovers of retirement are able or willing to do, he paſſed a conſiderable portion of his time in ſolitude, without neglecting his ſocial and eccleſiaſtic duties.

GARTH,

GARTH, SIR SAMUEL, a man of wit, a pleaſant companion, and a favorite phyſician with the Whigs, in the reign of King William the third.

The benevolent deſign of his once popular poem, The Diſpenſary, ought to ſhelter it from the ſeverity of criticiſm; it was written to promote a plan for furniſhing the poor with advice gratis, and genuine medicines at prime coſt; but this generous and humane purpoſe, ſo generally adopted in the preſent day, was defeated by a ſelfiſh combination of phyſicians and apothecaries.

Garth's Diſpenſary, among many careleſs, and many languid lines, exhibits no ſmall ſhare of learning, with a few vigorous, but a greater number of highly poliſhed, paſſages.

It is to be lamented, that his ſubject was of ſo temporary and local a nature, that the objects of his ſatire were obſcure, known only in a narrow circle, and of courſe ſpeedily forgotten; a danger from which the poem itſelf is not wholly exempt.

The enemies of Dr. Garth accuſed him of borrowing hints from the Lutrin of Boileau, and of ſtealing alſo from the ancients; an allowable ſpecies of theft, which he has performed with good taſte and accuracy of diſcernment, giving ſeveral paſſages of Homer a turn of exquiſite humor; in this laughable adaptation, which conſtitutes the chief merit of mock heroic poetry, he eminently ſucceeds.

An alarming exploſion of ſome chymical preparation, which breaks up a meeting at Apothecaries Hall rather precipitately, produces the following ſimile:

—— So when the giants ſtrove,
To invade the ſkies and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the aſs of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confuſion fled.

Of the lines remarkable for ſmoothneſs and good ſenſe, the following have often been quoted; they occur at the beginning, where the poet is relating what *uſed* to be the ſtudies of the college.

To how minute an origin we owe,
Young Ammon, Cæſar, and the great Naſſau;
How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain,
The greateſt pleaſure, and the greateſt pain.

An inſtance alſo occurs in the 125th line of his fifth Canto, which a claſſical reader may compare with a paſſage analagous

gous to it in the ſixth Iliad of Homer, beginning αρ δο παις προς κολπον, &c.

Our phyſician is ſaid to have ſpoken feelingly in his deſcription of the ſituation of the ghoſt of Guaiacum, in the ſhades below, who was tormented by the ſpectres of deceaſed patients, the victims of his ill-conduct, and injudicious treatment on earth:

Who vex'd with endleſs clamour his repoſe,
This wants a palate, that demands a noſe;
And here they execute ſtern Pluto's will,
And ply him every moment with a pill.

I underſtand from an old, but well-informed friend, who, at the time he ſpoke, had nearly compleated his century, and had, early in life, aſſociated with diſtinguiſhed characters of *other times*; I gather from him, that Guaiacum, according to oral tradition, was an intimate friend of the poet, and had almoſt perſuaded him, that a *certain diſeaſe* might be radically cured, by Ptiſans, Guaiacum, decoction of the woods, &c. without the uſe of mercury.

On this occaſion our young phyſician did not change his opinion till he *felt* the miſtake, and is ſaid to have carried proofs of an erroneous theory with him to the grave.

Pope, in one of his letters mentions the ſubject of our preſent article in the following words; "if there was ever a good Chriſtian, *without knowing it*, Sir Samuel Garth was one;" the words which I have marked with the ſilent diſapprobation of Italics, are ſurely ambiguous, if not unwarrantable.

If Chriſtianity indeed, conſiſted wholly and ſolely in the exerciſe of a benevolent diſpoſition, independent of religious impreſſion and doctrinal faith, Pope was right, and ſuch Chriſtians might, no doubt, be found at Pekin or in Japan; for Garth was certainly an active philanthropiſt, and poſſeſſed an excellent temper.

But the pure, the ſublime ſyſtem of Jeſus Chriſt, and the conduct produced by a conviction of the truths he taught, cannot ſurely be ſaid to have been the ruling religion of Garth, who appears through the courſe of his life, to have felt very little of its ſalutary influence; whoſe appetites were feebly reſtrained by lax morality, who, with all his bright talents, and all his endearing qualities, ſeems not to have aſpired beyond the praiſe of good-natured ſenſuality.

But I have wandered from the point which firſt induced me

to

to print the preſent article, it was to introduce part of his dedication to the Diſpenſary, as a ſpecimen of well-written and well-applied flattery, which, as is ſeldom the caſe with dedications, may be read, not only without diſguſt, but with pleaſure.

It is addreſſed to Anthony Henley, Eſq. the father of Lord Chancellor Northington, and, I believe, the writer of a humorous letter to Swift, which may be ſeen in the Dean's works among his correſpondence. Garth commences his addreſs in the following words:

SIR,

A man of your character can no more prevent a dedication than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcovered when it labours moſt to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you ſhould be but juſtice, and that to tell you ſo ſhould be an offence, thus, rather than violate your modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other virtues, and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thouſand.

The world generally meaſures the degree of our eſteem, by the ardour of our pretences, and will ſcarce believe, that ſo much zeal in the heart can be conſiſtent, with ſuch faintneſs in the expreſſion; but, when they reflect on your readineſs to do good, and your induſtry to hide it; on your paſſion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude, that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a perſon who ſeems to receive the obligations he confers * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Your approbation of the following poem, is the only exception to the opinion, which the world entertains of your judgment, who ought to reliſh nothing ſo much, as what you write yourſelf, but you forget that you are a critic, while you are thinking of your friend.

To ſay more, would be uneaſy to you, and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt in your

Humble ſervant.

GASCOIGNE, WILLIAM, Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench, in the early part of the fifteenth century.

I grace my page with the name of this worthy judge, becauſe he was illuſtrious for his equitable adminiſtration of the law, and celebrated for having committed the ſon of his ſovereign to priſon, for preſuming to raiſe his hand againſt him on the ſeat of juſtice; at a period when the judges of England held their poſts

poſts at the will and pleaſure of the crown, *durante bene placito.*

One of the looſe favorites of the Prince of Wales being arraigned for felony, his maſter reſolved to be preſent at the trial, hoping to overawe the ſtern independence of the judge; Gaſcoigne, unmoved by hope, and unawed by fear, not only performed his duty by paſſing ſentence on the culprit, but ordered the prince immediately into cuſtody for aſſaulting him.

The young man, who ſaw his error, the moment he had committed the offence, acted with a greatneſs of mind, not expected by the by-ſtanders, when they conſidered the diſſoluteneſs of his life, the ſtrength of his paſſions, and the weakneſs with which he had reſiſted them. Submitting without a murmur to the orders of the court, he followed the tipſtaff quietly to priſon; and, when he aſcended the throne, never gave the Chief Juſtice reaſon to complain that he reſented his conduct.

To this uſeful and well-timed check may be attributed the commencing reformation, and afterwards the noble exertions of HENRY, THE PRIDE OF ENGLAND, AND THE SCOURGE OF FRANCE; for he it was, the ſon of *that canker Bolingbroke,* who had, in the preſent inſtance, ſo groſsly offended.

GASSION, a native of Bearn, and a marſhal of France, in ſixteen hundred and forty-three, mentioned in this place for the ſake of recording an anſwer he made to an eccleſiaſtic, who, viſiting him in his laſt illneſs, reproached the marſhal for ſupporting certain opinions, which the prieſt conſidered as not exactly orthodox.

"If I could perſuade myſelf," ſaid Gaſſion, "to believe the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation, or that the Almighty creator of the univerſe was actually preſent under any form in the church, more than he is in every part of the univerſe, I would paſs the remainder of my days there in prayer and proſtration; but I perceive ſome of the moſt hardy of the advocates for the doctrines you enforce, deport themſelves in ſo unbecoming a manner in the houſe of God, and ſome of them ſo indifferent and careleſs in the performance of their religious duties, that I find it very difficult to conſider them as in earneſt, or that they believe what they profeſs.

"Is it poſſible that men, whom I ſee reeling from the effects of intemperance to celebrate the holy myſteries? is it, I ſay,

I ſay, poſſible that *they* can have any faith in the neceſſity, influence, and effect of them?

"How different, in this reſpect, was the conduct of the primitive church, which thought it ſo eſſential that the ſacrament ſhould be adminiſtered by the pure in hand as well as heart, that, with a laudable, perhaps an unneceſſary, precaution, there was an apartment in many of the ancient churches, called the retreat, where the prieſt lived ſecluded for a week before he touched the bread and wine."

Some evidences of theſe places of ſeclufion, called, if I miſtake not, Hebdomaries, exiſted before the French revolution, in the cathedrals of Rouen, Bourges, and Verdun en Lorrain.

GAY, JOHN, a ſilk-mercer, and a pleaſing poet, patronized in oppoſition to the miniſter of the day by the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, who ſacrificed the favor and ſplendor of a court, objects to moſt women of conſiderable importance, to her diſintereſted regard for the author of the Beggars Opera.

This play, once ſo popular, and praiſed by Swift and Pope, certainly paints in alluring colours the adventures of vicious audacity; as ſtrongly encouraging the crimes it exhibits, it was frequently cenſured by the late Henry and Sir John Fielding, whoſe poſition as magiſtrates gave them opportunities of obſerving.

Gay is mentioned in this place for the purpoſe of pointing out and reprobating the following couplet, produced by him for his monumental inſcription, and now appearing in golden letters on his tomb in Weſtminſter Abbey:

This world's a jeſt, and all things ſhew it;
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

A ſentiment, in theory more falſe, and in practical influence more injurious, it is not eaſy to conceive; and I conſider it of the higheſt importance to the intereſt of ſociety, and to impreſſing ſerious truths on the minds of our riſing generation, to reſiſt, with the energy of truth, and the firmneſs of ſtrong conviction, a doctrine which threatens to be more deſtructive, as it is conveyed in an apparently harmleſs axiom, as the ſettled and laſt opinion of a man reſpected in his day, for amiable manners and inoffenſive life.

THIS WORLD IS NOT A JEST; he who travels with pain and

anxiety the rugged road, who wakes to unrequited labor, and ſleeps without refreſhment; or even the more fortunate man, whoſe paths are apparently covered with flowers, but ultimately planted with thorns, will both tell us another tale.

All things above, all around, and all underneath us, confirm a different opinion; they feelingly tell us, that the preſent is a ſcene of trial, toil, and preparation; an awful and momentous portion of exiſtence, on the well or ill employing of which, the happineſs or the miſery of ten thouſand times ten thouſand years depends.

To repreſent as trifling and unimportant, ſo arduous a ſtruggle between paſſion and reaſon, between reſolution and infirmity, I cannot but conſider as unchriſtian, inexpedient, and criminal; it is like ſuppoſing the ocean wrought into tempeſt, or the raging elements ſet into an uproar, to waft the bulk of a feather, or to drown the dimenſions of a fly.

GENEROSITY, SPLENDID, an extraordinary inſtance of.

Mr. Walſh, a gentleman of very conſiderable property, who died a few years ſince, bequeathed an eſtate of four thouſand pounds a year to his niece Mrs. Benn; but from negligence, reſentment, or ſome other cauſe, neither explained nor underſtood, left his next male heir, and near relation, wholly unprovided.

With an addition ſo important, and at a period which calculates to a fraction, gratifications and expences to keep pace with or exceed the moſt enormous rent-roll, the majority of mankind would have ſat down contented; or, if any ſolicitude remained, it would have been in determining what ſpecies of luxury ſhould diſſipate the new acquiſition.

But Mrs. BENN, the ſubject and ornament of my preſent page, a very epicure in real and ſubſtantial luxury, declared, without heſitation, that her preſent income was adequate to all her wiſhes, and all her wants, and reſerving only a little Berkſhire villa, endeared to her by early habits, and in which ſhe had paſſed ſome of the happieſt hours of her life, preſented, and by effectual legal conveyance, actually made over this princely bequeſt to her couſin; a free and gratuitous gift, unclogged with conditions, vaſt in its amount, and worth, at a moderate eſtimate, more than A HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS!!

When

When a *monied man* has retired with ſo large a ſum from the Stock Exchange, the ſugar-houſe, from Aſia, or Lombard-ſtreet, and will candidly confeſs that he has experienced, in acquiring, ſuch an animating glow as Mrs. Benn felt in parting with her property, I ſhall then, and not till then, allow there is ſome pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of wealth, independent of the mode of applying it.

A modern dramatic writer, I believe a female, has taken ſome pains to prove that it is a common effect of money to enlarge the affections and rouze the moral energies of the heart: in a word, that there is in the world a greater number of good rich, than good poor people.

I will not diſcuſs a queſtion ſo very difficult to decide; for who can determine in what manner a neceſſitous man would have acted, had he been bleſſed with affluence? How entirely are we the creatures of accident, circumſtance, and ſituation: how often, under their imperious impreſſions, do we loſe ſight of reaſon, religion, and ſtrong conviction.

Yet I am inclined to think, that minds of a certain caſt would be liberal in an alms-houſe, and miſerly on a throne: I am clearly of opinion, that the lady whoſe noble and beneficent act I have juſt related, however depreſſed her condition, would alleviate the diſtreſs of a fellow creature with her only mite; or, like Alfred, divide her laſt cruſt with a famiſhed pilgrim.

GENIUS UNREWARDED.

The following is a tolerable piece of ſolemn irony; where it occurs I cannot recollect.

"We have been lately honored with the preſence of the celebrated Mr. Powell, who, I ſuppoſe, muſt formerly have exiſted in a comet; and by one of thoſe unforeſeen accidents which ſometimes happen to the moſt exalted characters, has dropped from its tail.

"His common food is brimſtone and fire, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry peaſant would a meſs of pottage; he feeds on this extraordinary diet before princes and peers, to their infinite ſatisfaction; and ſuch is his paſſion for this terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen, while a ſirloin was roaſting, he would eat up the fire, and leave the beef.

"It is ſomewhat ſurprizing, that the friends of *real merit* have not yet promoted him, living, as we do, in an age favorable to men of genius: Mr. Johnſon

ſon has been rewarded with a penſion for writing, and Mr. Sheridan for ſpeaking well; but Mr. Powell, who *eats well*, has not yet been noticed by any adminiſtration; obliged to wander from place to place, and, inſtead of indulging himſelf in private with his favorite diſh, he is under the uncomfortable neceſſity of eating in public, and helping himſelf from the kitchen fire of ſome paltry alehouſe in the country.

O tempora! O mores!

GERBERT, or GILBERT, a Monk, in the latter part of the tenth century, born of poor but honeſt parents at Aurillac in D'Auvergne, who, in addition to the general acquirements of a ſcholar, became a dexterous mechanic, an optician, and a watchmaker, at a period when timepieces were a rude diſplay of rough mechaniſm.

He was ſoon remarked for his abilities and diligence, and appointed preceptor to Robert the Second, King of France, ſon of Hugh Capet, who raiſed him to the archbiſhopric of Rheims: by the intereſt of his royal patron, and of the Emperor Otho the Third, who had alſo been his pupil, he was afterwards promoted to Ravenna, and finally aſcended the throne of St. Peter, under the name of Sylveſter the Second, being the firſt Frenchman who filled the papal chair.

This pontiff is deſcribed by an invidious cotemporary as proud and ambitious; but his pride was to excel, and his ambition to be uſeful; the fact is, his ſuperior capacity and attainments excited envy in thoſe who were too ſtupid or too indolent to imitate him; and, in the impotent malignity of thoſe times, they accuſed him of dealing with the devil.

By theſe and other arts, Sylveſter became, for a ſhort time, unpopular; and, on a certain occaſion, paſſing the ſtreets of Rome without his cuſtomary attendants, was attacked by the populace. A humoriſt, of that kind which often occurs in the lower claſſes of ſociety, accidentally paſſing by, demanded "What is the buſineſs?" "Buſineſs enough," ſaid one of the crowd, "and a very bad buſineſs; our Pope, the head of Chriſt's church, and God's vicegerent here on earth, is turned conjuror, and, ſad to ſay, deals with the wicked one."

"Depend on it," anſwered the enquirer, "you are miſtaken; if he had been a conjuror, they would never have made him Pope." Convinced by this effectual but ſarcaſtic ſpecies of extemporaneous logic, the peo-

ple

ple diſperſed, and the holy father paſſed on, without further moleſtation, to the palace of the vatican.

GIBBON, EDWARD, author of the Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; a work of elegance, learning, and judgment.

Yet an Engliſh reader, accuſtomed to the chaſte ſimplicity of Clarendon and Hume, may regret that the author's language is ſo deeply tinctured with the Gallic idiom, that his epithets are numerous, his ſtile poetic, and his periods flowery, in a degree, inconſiſtent with a grave hiſtorical compoſition; abundat dulcibus vitiis, may be applied to him; for, with all his faults, where is the man who has not peruſed him with pleaſure and inſtruction?

Reſentment, or an early diſpoſition to ſcepticiſm, have evidently tempted Mr. Gibbon *out of his way*, on the ſubject of religion, and its profeſſors; the ſame bias probably induced him to bring forward, on his canvas, the virtues of the apoſtate Julian, whom he calls the friend of mankind, and inſiſts that he deſerved the empire of the world; while the vices of the Chriſtian emperor, Conſtantine, are minutely detailed, and dwelt on with evident pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

A candid but rational enquiry into the riſe and progreſs of Chriſtianity, *to a certain extent*, might be conſidered as a neceſſary part of his work; the avarice and ambition of the prieſthood, after the death of Conſtantine, the paſſive doctrines of Chriſtianity, and the rage for monaſtic retirement, produced memorable effects; but theſe were by no means ſufficient reaſons for converting his book into a hiſtory of hereſies, martyrs, eccleſiaſtical councils, and Trinitarian controverſies.

After ſuch a career, to declare that he wiſhes to be at peace with all mankind, and that he is unwilling to offend the Pope or the catholic clergy, is contradictory, if not abſurd; it is as if Sheridan, after pronouncing his wonderful philippic againſt Mr. Haſtings, had approached him with mild gratulation, and offers of peace and friendſhip.

Mr. Gibbon's diffuſe diſcuſſion of the Jewiſh, Pagan, Perſian, and German ſyſtems of religion, although affording much pleaſant and inſtructive reading, augments enormouſly the bulk and price of his books; and is, beſides, *travelling out of his record*.

The indelicacy of his notes ha-

has been properly and ſeverely cenſured, as uncreditable to his morality and his taſte; but while our converſations after dinner are ſo ſtrongly ſeaſoned with obſcenity, an odious cuſtom, produced by our dimiſſing women at that period, what right have we to complain of an author for retailing in good Greek and Latin, what we daily bellow forth as our firſt toaſt in bad Engliſh.

With theſe and other blemiſhes, it cannot be denied that Gibbon ranks high as an agreeable, well informed writer, maſter of his ſubject, and that he is a gentleman as well as an author.

The eſtabliſhed clergy cannot eaſily forgive his obſerving that the doctrines they preach are far removed from their knowledge and belief; the diſſenters probably will not thank him for ſaying that they preſerve the name without the ſubſtance of religion, that they indulge the licence without the temper of philoſophy, and that they ſhake the pillars of Chriſtianity. What he ſays of Dr. Prieſtley, that there *are* paſſages in the doctor's works, *ſome* at which the prieſt, and *ſome* at which the magiſtrate may tremble, was conſidered by the Unitarian as a compliment.

Gibbon is deſcribed by Mr. Whitaker as brilliant, diſcurſive, and ſtrong, but neither clear, diſcriminating, nor preciſe; as having the wing of an eagle to ſupport a long flight, but not poſſeſſing an eagle's eye to qualify him for minute reſearch, but rather the optics of a common bird, and ſo led the more illuſtriouſly aſtray by his ſoaring wing.

"GIBRALTAR," ſays a late traveller "with common prudence will ſcarcely ever be loſt, but by corruption or the tedious and expenſive operation of a blockade, and even then the chance is againſt the Spaniards, who might draw more advantages from that garriſon, now, than if it were in their own poſſeſſion; could they prevail on themſelves to depart from their ſullen, inveterate, improvident meaſures, and behave with common politeneſs and good policy.

"It is the wiſh of all the Italian powers that this fortreſs ſhould be in *our* hands rather than in thoſe of Spain, who they know would tyrannize and deſtroy, but never encourage a free trade; you remember how the D. de C. like a little trifling Frenchman, blabbed the ſecret, by calling the Straights, *his maſter's ſea*.

"The importance of Gibraltar will not be properly known, till after it is loſt, or given up

in

in ſome fooliſh negociation; it is the poſſeſſion of this precious rock which gives the Engliſh name a ſuperiority in influence as well as conſequence, in the countries that ſurround the Mediterranean.

"It muſt be kept for reaſons of ſtate, for national honor and glory, which, miniſters know, cannot be eſtimated at pounds, ſhillings, and pence.

"The Mediterranean is an important commercial ſea, ſurrounded by more than ſeventy millions of people, and as our eyes may hereafter be more open to the revival of a trade nearer home, it is highly neceſſary to ſupport our dignity among thoſe nations who rejoice to ſee the Engliſh flag in thoſe ſeas."

Such are the opinions of an able writer, yet there *have been* miniſters and ſtateſmen, who entertain a different opinion, and ſtill inſiſt that the expence of men and money neceſſary to man and ſupport ſuch a fortreſs, is greater than any advantage we derive from it.

On ſuch a queſtion the editor cannot ſpeak, he only obſerves that the advocate for retaining and highly eſtimating Gibraltar, is a military man; ſuch a fortreſs, in the eye of a ſoldier is like a picture of Guido's to a connoiſſeur, or an Otho to a collector of medals.

GLEICHEN, a German Count of the houſe of Swartzburg, whoſe life from the ſinglar circumſtances with which it was accompanied, has been generally conſidered as a romantic fabrication; yet his uncommon adventures are related and conſidered as undeniable facts, by ſeveral reſpectable German writers, and are in ſome meaſure confirmed by a monumental inſcription at Erford, a city of Upper Saxony, which was copied by an Engliſh traveller in the early part of the preſent century.

On a voyage to the Levant, the ſhip in which the count ſailed, was taken by the infidels, who ſold the unfortunate traveller and his companions as ſlaves; and the ſubject of our preſent article, becoming the property of a wealthy Turk, was employed to work in his garden.

Such a change of condition naturally depreſſed his ſpirits, but conſidering patience as the great alleviator of calamity, and finding laborious occupation the beſt ſoother of care, he performed his daily taſk with diligence and alacrity, became a favorite with his employer, and undeſignedly with

with another individual in the family.

This was no leſs a perſon than his maſter's daughter, a young and beautiful woman, who frequently viſiting the garden, for exerciſe, amuſement and cool ſhade, was ſtruck by the perſon, air, and manners of the Chriſtian captive.

The paſſions, thoſe omnipotent levellers of all diſtinctions, are ſaid to rage in Eaſtern altitudes with a degree of violence, proportionate to the reſtrictions under which they are confined; the paſſions, in this inſtance predominated, but not without the guidance of reaſon; the lady became enamoured of the count, but did not loſe ſight of prudence and virtue.

Love, which like neceſſity, is the mother of a thouſand inventions, ſoon contrived an opportunity of communicating her wiſhes, which ſhe avowed without ſcruple, but not without decorum; the lady confeſſed that the happineſs of her future life depended on his determination, and concluded with declaring, that if he would marry her on his arrival in his own country, ſhe would procure him liberty and wealth, and accompany him to any part of the world he might chuſe for his future reſidence.

"I ſhould be the happieſt man alive, were it in my power to accept your offer," replied the honeſt German, "but I will not abuſe the confidence, you have placed in me, by baſely concealing my ſituation; I have madam, a wife and children plunged in the deepeſt diſtreſs in conſequence of being deprived of a huſband and a father; if you can aſſiſt an unhappy man, in reſtoring him to the arms of his family, it will be a noble, but muſt be a diſintereſted act.

"For although your beauty and merit are fully equal to whatever I could aſpire to or imagine, I ſhould prove myſelf wholly unworthy of the flattering offer you have made me, by giving you only half a heart, or by attempting to make you a return of thoſe affections which have been long poſſeſſed by another."

"The circumſtance you mention need not be any impediment to our happineſs," replied the Turkiſh female, "the undiſguiſed frankneſs with which you ſpeak attaches me ſtill ſtronger to you; it is a common practice in this country, for thoſe whoſe fortunes enable them, to have more than one wife; and if I am the happy means of reſtoring you to your European miſtreſs, ſhe muſt be deficient in gratitude as well as common ſenſe, and cannot properly eſtimate the invaluable preſent

ſent I make her, if ſhe does not think herſelf more obliged to me than to any perſon on earth, for reſtoring the man ſhe loves, in any way, and under *any* conditions."

It is not probable that a man ſituated preciſely as the count was, would long reſiſt ſuch a powerful pleader, or be obſtinate in ſo curious a diſpute; making a compromiſe, for which we can ſcarcely blame him, between his deſire to be releaſed, and his fidelity to his abſent wife, he accepted the tempting offer; in a few weeks, the party eſcaped, and after a proſperous voyage, the count with a cargo of beauty, wealth, hope, and fear, arrived in ſafety at Venice.

Having ſtipulated with his fair companion that the buſineſs ſhould be communicated to his wife, previous to conſummation, he diſpatched a meſſenger to that lady the moment of his arrival, informing her of his return, and of the means by which he procured his liberty: obſerving that he could not venture to ſee her till he knew how to proceed.

The fond wife enraptured at her huſband's return, did not ſtay to write, but flying on the wings of love, reſted neither night nor day till ſhe found herſelf in his arms; but the moment ſhe had recovered from her tranſports, inſiſted on being introduced to the lovely fugitive, to whom ſhe was indebted for the happineſs ſhe enjoyed.

The two females ſoon became intimate friends, the condition attached to the count's recovering his liberty, was agreed to without reluctance, and the authority of the church, by a diſpenſation from Rome, confirmed a ſpecies of marriage which has generally been forbidden.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, a pleaſing writer in verſe, and a ſucceſsful compiler in natural hiſtory, who with impediments in his addreſs, perſon and temper, ſufficient to have kept down moſt men in the depths of obſcurity, attained a ſhare of literary eminence and emolument, which with common prudence, might have protected the remainder of his life from the irritating uncertainties of want.

But the moment he had twenty guineas in his pocket, it was his general cuſtom to diſappear, in order as was generally ſuppoſed, to gratify without interruption his appetite for luxury and voluptuouſneſs.

By amorous and other propenſities, not ſuited to the finances of an author, he ſo rapidly ren-

reduced the produce of his pen, which in the courſe of fourteen years is ſaid to have amounted to more than eight thouſand pounds, that he was ſeldom free from pecuniary embarraſſment.

Had he devoted half this ſum to neceſſary ſuſtenance, or the whims of capricious indulgence, the reſt would have purchaſed a comfortable annuity, with which he might have laughed at the world and defied the bookſellers, who accuſe him of raiſing money from their credulity, on the faith of works, which he never had reſolution, ability, nor deſign to undertake.

Such conduct was fraudulent and highly culpable; the preſſure of a creditor, or vanity, a prominent feature in his character, perhaps taught him to overrate his powers, or death, the great diſſipator of all purpoſes, prevented the performance of his promiſe.

The advantages which Goldſmith poſſeſſed, and the little uſe he made of them in promoting the happineſs and credit of his private life, point him out as a *warning beacon* which cannot be too often conſidered by young men, whom I would wiſh to teach a portion of neceſſary pride; —a rational, a proper ſort of pride; not that baſtard ſpecies which can only be gratified in a tavern, a gaming-houſe, or a brothel; whoſe firſt bliſs is a curricle with four in hand, whoſe ſupreme felicity is in Bond-ſtreet, the box-lobby, and Rotten-row; and whoſe termination is a jail, an hoſpital, or the gallows.

The pride I wiſh to inculcate, is the honeſt manly pride of independence, which diligently ſeizing the golden hours of youth and opportunity, to turn them to good account, will not ſuffer the worthleſs drones of folly, apathy, and intemperance, to ſeduce them from the great work of life.

In the decline of health, fame, and fortune, the very men to whoſe vicious abſurdities, they have given up their nights and days, will be the firſt to deſert them, ridicule their difficulties, expoſe their weakneſs, and inſult their diſtreſs.

Of Goldſmith's productions in verſe, I have always preferred Retaliation, which he wrote not long before his death, in anſwer to certain illiberal attacks which had been made on his perſon, country, and dialect, in a club of which he was a member, and where wit ſometimes ſparkled at the expence of good nature.

It commenced with the following words:

When

When Scarron of old, his companions invited,
Each gueſt brought a diſh, and the whole was united;
If our landlord will furniſh us, beef and ſome fiſh,
Let each gueſt bring himſelf, and he brings the beſt diſh.

The poet then compares every one of his aſſociates to ſome dainty eatable;

Our Dean ſhall be ven'ſon, juſt freſh from the plains,
Our Burke ſhall be tongue, with a garniſh of brains.
Our Garrick's a ſallad, for in him we ſee,
Oil, vinegar, ſugar, and ſaltneſs agree.

After enjoying the imaginary treat, the poet, as is not uncommon at feaſts, ſuppoſes himſelf and friends to have puſhed about the bottle ſo briſkly, that they are unable to ſit in their chairs; he calls out luſtily for more liquor, and as his companions are proſtrate before him, in the temporary death of intoxication, pronounces an epitaph on each of them.

Here waiter, more wine, let me ſit while I'm able,
'Till all my companions ſink under the table.

Then with chaos and blunders, encircling my head,
Let me ponder and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies our good Edmund, whoſe genius was ſuch,
I ſcarcely can praiſe it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the univerſe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up, what was meant for mankind.
Who too deep for his hearers, ſtill went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a ſtateſman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too raſh, for a drudge diſobedient,
And too fond of the right, to purſue the expedient.

The deſcription of Mr. Burke's brother is humorous, and at the time it was written, characteriſtic and appropriate.

Here lies honeſt Richard, whoſe fate I muſt ſigh at,
Alas! that ſuch frolic, ſhou'd now be ſo quiet;
What ſpirits were his! what wit and what whim,
Now cracking a jeſt, now cracking a limb!

Indeed,

Indeed, ſo provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wiſh'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But miſſing his mirth, and agreeable vein.
As often we wiſh'd to have Dick back again.

The compliment to Mr. Cumberland is neat.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care,
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultleſs, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being ſo fine.
Say whence has good Richard this malady caught,
Of drawing his characters, thus without fault?
Was he ſick of purſuing each pitiful elf,
And tir'd at laſt, did he draw from himſelf?

Then follows an epitaph on Dr. Douglas, the preſent Biſhop of Saliſbury, 'the ſcourge of impoſtors, the terror of quacks.' Goldſmith next proceeds to Roſcius.

Here lies David Garrick, deſcribe me who can,
An abridgment of all that is pleaſing in man;
As an actor, confeſs'd without rival to ſhine,
And if not a firſt wit, in the very firſt line:
Yet, with talents like theſe, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he ſpread,
And beplaiſtered with rouge, his own natural red;
On the ſtage he was natural, eaſy, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
Tho' ſecure of our hearts, yet confoundedly ſick,
If they were not his own, by fineſſing and trick;
He caſt off his friends, as a huntſman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd, he cou'd whiſtle them back.
Of praiſe a mere gluſton, he ſwallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he miſtook it for fame;
'Till his reliſh grown callous almoſt to diſeaſe,
Who pepper'd the higheſt, was ſureſt to pleaſe.

On another member of the club, the ſatiriſt, like his ſubject,

ject, was pleaſant, this was Mr. Hickey, a worthy practitioner in the law, probably not yet effaced from the memory and eſteem of the editor, and many of his readers; having done juſtice to his good qualities, Goldſmith confeſſes he had but one fault, but, that one "was a thumper;" after naming many foibles, and exciting the readers curioſity by a variety of queſtions, he perſiſts in aſking what the fault is,

—— —— Come tell it, and burn ye,
He was——could he help it, *a ſpecial attorney.*

The deafneſs of the late excellent Sir Joſhua Reynolds, is well managed.

Here Reynolds reclines, and to tell you my mind,
He leaves not a wiſer, or better behind;
To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly ſteering,
When they judg'd without taſte, he was ſtill hard of hearing.
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregio, and ſtuff,
He ſhifted his trumpet, and only took ſnuff.

Nothing but their merit could excuſe my introducing ſuch copious extracts, and, perhaps, many of my readers prefer Dr. Goldſmith's Deſerted Village, which certainly has many beauties, although of a different kind. It has been obſerved, I know not how truly, that the depopulation he ſo poetically deplores, in that fine piece of declamation, is no where to be ſeen, and that the diſorders he laments, are only in his own imagination.

In oppoſition to Goldſmith's deſcription of primitive innocence, and perfect rural felicity, Mr. Crabbe has given us a portrait of a ſporting curate, a pariſh apothecary, and a country workhouſe.

Speaking of the poor houſe, "Here," ſays the poet,

"—— Laws for ruin'd age provide,
And ſtrong compulſion plucks the ſcrap from pride.
Here, on a matted flock with duſt o'erſpread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that ſtagnates in his eyes.
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and buſineſs, buſtle and conceit,
With ſpeed that ent'ring, ſpeaks his haſte to go,
— — — — — — —

He

He bids the gazing throng around
him fly,
And carries fate and phyſic in his
eye;
In haſte he ſeeks the bed where
mis'ry lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted
eyes,
And ſome habitual queries hur-
ried o'er,
Without reply he ruſhes to the
door;
His waſted patient, now too
weak to crave
Aſſiſtance, mutely ſinks into the
grave.

The curate is thus ſatirically deſcribed:

A jovial youth, who thinks his
Sunday's taſk,
As much as God or man can
fairly aſk.
None better ſkill'd, the noiſy
pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer
them, or to chide;
Sure in his ſhot, his bird he ſel-
dom miſt,
And rarely fail'd to win his game
at whiſt.
'Ere he arrives, the bitter ſcene
is o'er,
The man, of many ſorrows, ſighs
no more;
The happy dead remains, from
trouble free,
And the *glad* pariſh, pays the
frugal fee.

In anſwer to Mr. Crabbe, it may be ſaid, and, indeed, has been obſerved by Pope, though he forgets to mention that an ancient had ſaid it before him, that the buſineſs of a writer of paſtoral, is, to ſelect with judgment the moſt agreeable and pleaſant circumſtances of a rural life, and to paint them in ſimple, but attractive colours.

It is not the buſineſs of ſuch a writer to repreſent the real ſtate of ruſtic manners and ſituations, and minutely to deſcribe the drudgery, oppreſſion, and poverty, the low pleaſures, and multiplied pains, the laborious youth, and neglected age of the plough-man, the milk-maid, the cottager, the little farmer, and the peaſant; were he to do this, with truth and fact for his guides, his work would, in effect, be a ſatire of the ſevereſt kind.

To conclude, it falls to the lot of few country curates, to play their rubber at whiſt, keep a gelding, or aſſociate with the 'ſquire; it is the happineſs of few to enjoy, or deſerve, like Mr. Crabbe, the ſmiles of the great; the majority of theſe unhappy men, paſs their lives in penury, oblivion, and contempt; they toil and ſtarve on forty pounds a year, while their principals, are either feeding luxurioufly

riouſly at the chaplain's table at St. James's, or ſlumbering in prebendal ſtalls.

Dr. Goldſmith, with all his merits, at length fell a ſacrifice to an obſtinate perſeverance in the uſe of James's powders, contrary to the advice of an able phyſician; this medicine has undoubtedly ſaved the lives of thouſands, but, in the hands of ignorance and temerity, has been productive of conſiderable miſchief.

GOOD-NATURE.

It has been obſerved by a modern writer, that there is no word in any language but our own, exactly expreſſive of this deſirable temper of mind. This queſtion I will not decide, yet, if good nature is not known *by name*, there is abundant proof of its actually, and frequently, exiſting in other countries.

The following inſtance of it, occurred in the private life of Louis the fourteenth, whoſe public character I have often loaded with execrations.

In a gay party at Verſailles, an opportunity offered for the king's producing, what he thought, a facetious ſtory, but which, in telling, was rather inſipid. One of the company ſoon after leaving the room, his majeſty ſaid, "I am ſure you muſt all have obſerved how very unintereſting my anecdote was;" the perſons preſent agreed "that it was not exactly what they had been taught to expect."

"I did not recollect," ſaid the king, "till I commenced my narrative, that the turn of it reflected very ſeverely on the immediate anceſtor of the Prince of Armagnac, who has juſt quitted us, and on this, as on every other occaſion, I think it far better to ſpoil a good ſtory, than diſtreſs a worthy man."

This is a practical examplification of real unadulterated good nature, and, perhaps, was the ſource of Pope's admirable couplet;

Curs'd be the verſe, how ſmooth ſo e'er it flow,
Which tends to make one honeſt man my foe;

a ſentiment, by the way, more attended to by the monarch than the poet.

This amiable forbearance exerted by the French king, pleaſes me more than any incident I ever recorded, and almoſt tempts me to exclaim, for this one deed, be all his faults forgiven: it is not often that a wit, particularly a royal wit, for, in the buoyancy of juvenile vanity, Louis, at a certain time, affected that character, it is not often that ſuch

perſons will ſacrifice the ſaying a good thing to the feelings of another man.

To run all riſks, and *daſh* at every thing, is, generally ſpeaking, the motto for a ſayer of good things, as well as a man of intrigue: Fortune, Venus, and Minerva, alike favor the bold, and he who reſolves to ſay whatever comes uppermoſt, muſt be *very* unfortunate, if he does not ſometimes hit on ſomething worth repeating.

It is not improbable that my readers may be acquainted with perſons of this caſt, who, though illiterate and ſtupid, are able to perplex men of real worth and ability, and ſtalk through life as *clever fellows*, on the ſtilts of impudence and impoſture.

An inſtance in which ignorance and impudence overpowered a man of firſt rate talents, may be ſeen by referring to DARTINEUF'S article.

I return to *Louis Quatourze*; the ſame ſovereign, whoſe ambition and bigotry, deſolated Europe, and drove thouſands of his beſt ſubjects into exile; the ſame man was pleaſant, amiable, and endearing; in ſcholarſhip he was not profound, but poſſeſſed and cultivated a correct taſte; he would not ſuffer any of the works of Teniers in the apartments he made uſe of.

Having expended millions on Verſailles; to a friend who ventured to doubt, if, after all, it was a compleat place; he replied as follows; "Perhaps not, and in that caſe, I may have been doing that, which many wiſer princes than myſelf, have been doing half their lives; laying out a great deal of money on an unworthy favorite."

One admirable ſingularity in this Gallic king, deſerves the attention of every crowned head; more particularly the new Emperor of France, as it is a point in which he is groſsly deficient. I wiſh alſo to impreſs it on the memory of an illuſtrious, and in many reſpects, a meritorious young man, who ſometimes favors theſe pages with a peruſal; LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH WOULD NOT INDULGE HIMSELF, NOR PERMIT THE JUNIOR MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY, TO INDULGE THEMSELVES IN PERSONAL RAILLERY AGAINST PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS.

"Such ſallies," he would ſay, "from the mouth of a king, are THUNDERBOLTS AND POISONED ARROWS."

The dauphineſs, on a certain occaſion, in one of thoſe whiſpers which are meant to be heard, remarked, that an old officer preſent, was the ugliеſt creature ſhe had ever beheld. "I eſteem him

him as the handſomeſt man in my dominions," ſaid the king, with a ſevere look, and in an elevated tone of voice, "he is one of my beſt officers, and braveſt defenders, and I inſiſt on your immediately making an apology for the groſs indecorum you have been guilty of."

My readers, and *ſome other people*, who recollect that the Grand Monarque, was the common-place butt of my earlieſt invective, will probably read this article with ſurprize; it only proves, that many characters, radically bad, are not without their virtues.

When Louis the fourteenth was informed of the death of his valet Bontemps, tears ſtarted from his eyes, "I have loſt," ſaid the king, "a man to whoſe converſation I have liſtened for fifty years with pleaſure and improvement; he never, in a ſingle inſtance, betrayed the confidence I placed in him, and, in all that time, I never heard him ſpeak ill of any one perſon."

GORDIER, JOHN ANDREW, a reſpectable and wealthy young man, born at Jerſey, in the early part of the eighteenth century, of inoffenſive life and correct manners.

Having been attached for ſeveral years to a beautiful and accompliſhed young woman, in the iſland of Guernſey, he had ſurmounted thoſe difficulties which always increaſe and ſtrengthen the paſſion of love, and the day for leading his miſtreſs to the altar, at length was fixed.

After giving the neceſſary directions for the reception of his intended wife, at the time appointed, in full health and high ſpirits, he ſailed for Guernſey.

The impatience of love, on ſuch an occaſion, need not be deſcribed; hours were years, and a few leagues ten thouſand miles. The land of promiſe at length appears; he leaps on the beach, and, without waiting for refreſhment, or his ſervant and baggage, ſets out, alone and on foot, for that houſe which he had ſo often viſited.

The ſervant, who quickly followed, was ſurprized at being informed, that his maſter had not yet arrived: having waited in anxious expectation till midnight, the apprehenſions of the lady and her family, were proportionate to the poignancy of their feelings and the circumſtances of the caſe: meſſengers were ſent, at the dawn of day, to examine and inquire in different quarters, without ſucceſs.

After days of dreadful ſuſpence, and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpſe of the unfortunate

fortunate Gordier, was at length diſcovered in a cavity among the rocks, diſfigured with many wounds; but no circumſtance appeared on which to ground ſuſpicion, or even to hazard conjecture, concerning the perpetrator of ſo foul a murder.

The regret of both families, for a good young man, thus cut off in the meridian of life and expectation, by a cruel aſſaſſin, was increaſed by the myſtery in which it was enveloped; the anguiſh of the young lady, was not of a ſpecies which relieves itſelf by external effuſion, and loud lamentation; ſhe never ſhed a tear, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damaſk cheek, ſhe pin'd in thought.

Her virtues and her beauty having excited general admiration, the family, after a few years, was prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant of the iſland, to become her ſuitor; in hope that a ſecond lover might gradually withdraw her attention from the lamented cataſtrophe of her firſt.

In ſubmiſſion to the wiſhes of her parents, but with repeated and ſtrong declarations, that ſhe never would marry Galliard, he was occaſionally admitted; but the unhappy woman found it difficult to ſuppreſs a certain involuntary antipathy, which ſhe always felt whenever he approached.

Such was the ardour of paſſion, or ſuch the faſcinating magic of her charms, repulſe only increaſed deſire, and Galliard perſiſted in his unwelcome viſits, frequently endeavouring, but in vain, to prevail on the unfortunate lady, to accept a preſent from his hands.

It was remarked by her friends, that he was particularly urgent to preſent her with a beautiful trinket of expenſive workmanſhip and valuable materials, which ſhe poſitively and firmly refuſed; adding, with a correctneſs of ſentiment, and propriety of conduct, not always obſerved by women on ſuch occaſions, that it was baſe, diſhonorable, and mean, to receive favors from a man whoſe hand ſhe never would accept.

But Galliard, by earneſtneſs, aſſiduity, and *by exciting pity*, the common reſource of artful men, had won over the mother to ſecond his wiſhes; in her deſire to forward his ſuit, ſhe had, during the night, fixed the trinket in queſtion, to her daughter's watch-chain, and forbade her, on pain of maternal diſpleaſure, to remove this token of unaccepted love.

The health of the fair mourner had been conſiderably impaired by

by her ſufferings, and the mother of the murdered man, who had ever regarded her with the tendereſt affection, croſſed the ſea to viſit her, to offer her every conſolation in her power, and, what in ſuch caſes is always the moſt ſoothing conſolation, to mingle tears with her's.

The ſight of one ſo nearly related to her firſt, her only love, called forth a thouſand melancholy ideas in her mind; ſhe recounted many little incidents, which lovers only conſider as important, to the old lady, who fondly enquired into, and anxiouſly liſtened, to every minute particular concerning her beloved ſon.

It was during one of theſe converſations, that the afflicted female ſunk in a convulſion on the floor; and while her relations were conveying her towards a ſofa, their terror was conſiderably augmented, by obſerving, that the eyes of Mrs. Gordier, were inſtantaneouſly caught by the glittering appendage to the lady's watch-chain, that well-known token of her ſon's affection, which, with a loud voice, frantic geſture, and diſordered countenance, ſhe declared, *her ſon had purchaſed, as a gift for his miſtreſs, previous to his laſt departure from Guernſey.*

With a dreadful look, in which horror, indignation, wonder, and ſuſpicion were alternately mingled, ſhe repeated this extraordinary circumſtance, as well as the agitated ſtate of her feelings would permit, to the victim of affliction, during the interval of a ſhort recovery.

The moment the poor ſufferer underſtood that the ſplendid toy ſhe had hitherto ſo much deſpiſed, was once in the poſſeſſion of Gordier, the intelligence ſeemed to plant new daggers into her heart; ſhe made an effort to preſs it to her lips, her eyes, for a moment, exhibited the wild ſtare of madneſs, ſtung to its higheſt pitch, by the invenomed dart of horrible conviction, then crying out, "Oh murderous villain!" ſhe expired in the arms of an attendant.

After ſuch a diſcovery, it ſeems ſcarcely neceſſary to unfold the circumſtances of this myſterious aſſaſſination: Galliard, enamoured of, and envying Gordier the poſſeſſion of his miſtreſs, had evidently way-laid him from the port, murdered, and plundered him of the trinket; hoping, that after his death, he might poſſeſs a jewel far more precious.

On being charged with the crime, he denied it, but with evident confuſion and equivocation;

tion; and, while the injured family were diſpatching a meſſenger for the officers of juſtice, he confirmed their ſuſpicions by ſuicide, and an impious letter left in his apartment.

Theſe circumſtances, produced conſiderable ſurprize and alarm in both iſlands, and afforded Mr. Jephſon materials for his ſplendid and elaborate tragedy, Julia, or the Italian Lover, which I ſaw and peruſed with intereſt and approbation.

Yet, a ſevere critic, accuſes him of introducing, into his drama, perſons, who, without at all forwarding the buſineſs of the piece, appear to be brought in, merely to ſay fine things, and, inſtead of rouzing attention by ſtrokes of nature, and intereſting incident, of ſickening the ear and eye, by pompous ſentimental dialogue, by *ſtrut, whiſkers, and gold fringe*.

Yet, after the paths of tragedy have been, for ages, ſo induſtriouſly explored, I cannot help allowing the author his degree of merit, as a ſucceſsful treader in the footſteps of Shakeſpear.

GOVERNMENT, a ſtrong one.

"The ſafety and firmneſs of any government, may be beſt judged of, by the rules of architecture, which teach us, that the pyramid of all figures, is the moſt difficult to be ſhaken or overthrown, as having the broadeſt baſe.

"The ground of all government, is popular confidence, but if, in any inſtance, the affections, opinions, and intereſts of the people, ſhould be croſſed and alienated, this will be reverſing the pyramid, which, provided it be balanced with ſkill, and ſupported by care, may ſtand for a while, if the elements are calm and untroubled."

This rational ſyſtem of conducting the government of a country, by the mild influence of mutual attachment and confidence, laid down by Sir William Temple, may be contraſted with the diſciplinarian ſyſtem of Machiavel.

"The man who drives the political machine," ſays the cunning Italian, "muſt take care that his hooks and ſtaples be driven home, and that his chains are ſtrong; that his horſes move in well-tried harneſs, and that in each of their mouths, there be a ſharp curb; freely uſing his whip, holding a tight rein, and keeping a firm ſeat, he may go where he will, and travel at any rate he pleaſes.

"It is not at all neceſſary, that the cattle under his management

ment, ſhould know by what point of the compaſs he is ſteering; only furniſh them with good provender, and if you cunningly manage them, you may do with them whatever you pleaſe.

GRAY, WILLIAM, a modern poet, of highly cultivated talents, remarkable for the general harmony of his verſe, ſplendid metaphor, ſonorous and majeſtic metre; yet his phraſeology is affected, the texture of his ſentences complex, and his meaning ſometimes obſcure; he who runs, cannot in every inſtance, read Gray.

His brilliant redundancies have been diſcuſſed by the critic, and ridiculed by the dramatiſt, yet, what compoſitions are more generally read, than the Churchyard Elegy; his Deſcent of Odin, and the impreſſive pathos of his Ode to Adverſity: I will not deny, that I peruſed his poems with more pleaſure, when a young man, than ſince I have been on the wrong ſide of ſix and thirty; but, perhaps, this may be ſaid of all works of imagination.

His epithets, though it is almoſt hereſy to praiſe them, at once exquiſitely claſſical and deſcriptively compound, delight me, with all their faults, they are the dulcia vitia of a poet.

It was the fault, or the misfortune of Mr. Gray, to poſſeſs and to indulge acute feelings, and morbid ſenſibility, which diſturbed the tranquillity of his life, deprived him of the friendſhip of Horace Walpole, and although as a literary man, he was fortunate and ſucceſsful, gave an air of diſappointment to his manners, and, at times, ſomething nearly approaching to fretfulneſs, to his converſation.

With ſo much cauſe for exultation, and ſo little for rational diſcontent, could he have prevailed on himſelf *to take things as he found them*, this trifling, this common-place advantage, would have ſaved him many a bitter pang: an entertaining, a uſeful work, might be written on the eccentricities and puerile ſymptoms of men of genius; ſomething alſo might be ſaid on their obvious errors being copied by a ſervile train of imitators.

GROTIUS, or, as he was called by his countrymen, De Groot.

It is to be regretted, that his voluminous, and, in many reſpects, his valuable collection of letters, is without an index; in a thick folio volume, where a man wiſhes to refer to any particular letter, fact, or paſſage, a moſt vexatious grievance.

I ſee

I ſee alſo, with a mixture of ſurprize and concern, ſo able, and, as he was generally conſidered, ſo good a man, laviſhly and indiſcriminately pouring forth panegyric on every occaſion; that ſome of his correſpondents deſerved it, I will not deny; but the greater part of his luminaries of ſcience, and morning ſtars of literature, were very little known in his own days, and are now eternally buried in oblivion: I ſuſpect ſome of them had heavy purſes, and gave him ſolid gold for empty praiſe.

Grotius was accuſed of ſhutting himſelf up in his library, and poring over his books, when, as the ambaſſador of Sweden to France, he ought to have been mixing with the world, and collecting political information, inſtead of ſending news from the Pont Neuf in claſſical Latin. Had he been more accommodating to the diſſipated manners of Paris, and joined the vicious train, we probably ſhould not have heard him cenſured.

Grotius is ſaid to have valued himſelf on the truth of ſome of his predictions: being told, during the infancy of Louis XIV. that it was extremely difficult to procure a nurſe to ſuckle him, on account of his biting their nipples; "Let us take care of ourſelves," ſaid the ſubject of this article, "he will hereafter be a diſturber of the peace of Europe."

GREY, LORD, a companion of the Duke of Monmouth, in his ill-concerted fatal deſcent, and an accomplice or director of the Rye-houſe plot, who, in the reign of King Charles the Second, married, with every appearance of mutual affection, Mary, the daughter of George, Earl of Berkeley; but, a few years after, taking advantage of the intercourſe this connection afforded, prevailed on Henrietta, the ſiſter of his wife, a lively imprudent girl of eighteen, to elope from her father's houſe, and to live with him in a ſtate of adultery: thus deſerting an amiable woman of irreproachable manners, and ſuperior in beauty, diſpoſition, intellect, and accompliſhment, to the polluted object of his choice.

It is not neceſſary to deſcribe the feelings of a father and mother, remarkable for ſtrict attention to the education of their children; impelled by duty, and ſtimulated by juſt reſentment, they ſought redreſs from a court of law, againſt this rude invader of domeſtic peace.

During the trial, which took place in the Court of King's Bench,

at

at the time Sir Francis Pemberton preſided, it was neceſſary, for the purpoſes of legal inveſtigation, that the counteſs of Berkeley ſhould appear: her infatuated and ruined daughter familiarly leaning on the arm of her deſtroyer, naturally augmented the diſtreſs of this unhappy parent.

After ſuppreſſing, as far as ſhe was able, the agonies of a fond diſtracted mother, Lady Berkeley proceeded, in a faultering voice, to give her evidence; obſerving, that Lord and Lady Grey had lived ſeveral years in a ſtate of uninterrupted harmony, till the fatal partiality, which is the ſubject of our preſent page, was ſuſpected.

Juſtly alarmed, they took an early opportunity of remonſtrating with his lordſhip on the baſeneſs and barbarity of his conduct; he acknowledged that it could not be defended, that he was the moſt unfortunate of men, but (if all the circumſtances of his caſe were explained) *more to be pitied than blamed.*

Sir Thomas Raymond, one of the judges on the bench, deſiring to know if lady Berkeley could explain the latter part of Lord Grey's anſwer, ſhe replied in the negative; and, on the queſtion being put to the ſeducer, he claimed the indulgence of the court, not to be obliged to anſwer it; but Henrietta voluntarily coming forward to explain, was prevented by the Chief Juſtice Pemberton, from a motive of tenderneſs for the feelings of her family.

It was afterwards underſtood, that Lord Grey reſted his defence on a circumſtance which, as a man of honor, if we may be allowed to proſtitute the term, he did not chuſe to publiſh in an open court.

Thinking himſelf at liberty, after Henrietta's death, to diminiſh his guilt in the eyes of her friends, he communicated to them his plea, thought by many unanſwerable, *that the attachment commenced on the lady's ſide*; that he ſhould never have thought of attempting the chaſtity of a lovely young woman of noble blood, and the ſiſter of his wife, had ſhe not made the firſt advances; that the incident which originally raiſed his paſſions, was, her warmly and unexpectedly preſſing his hand to her boſom, as he led her from a public place to her carriage.

I will not, I cannot ſay, whether I could have reſiſted ſo powerful a ſolicitation, ſo irritating an appeal to my nervous ſyſtem; I earneſtly pray, not to be put to the trial; but, as we

are

are taught to believe, that IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE THERE ARE MANY MANSIONS, how ſumptuous muſt be his reception, how ſplendid and ſolacing *his* rewards, who could have paſſed through ſo fiery an ordeal, *uninflamed*.

"By the apparent candor, and ſolemn proteſtations of the ruiner of my family," continued Lady Berkeley, "and the ſeeming repentance of Henrietta, my fears were huſhed, and my vigilance relaxed; Lord Grey promiſed to ſet out for France in a few days, accompanied by his wife, and ſaid, 'that if I would ſend my daughter to Lady Durſley's, where he never viſited, they would meet no more, and endeavour to forget each other.' But the firſt intelligence I received in the morning, was, that my deluded girl had left her father's houſe in the dead of night."

After a variety of evidence had been examined, to fix the act of carrying off, upon Lord Grey, Lady Henrietta inſiſted on being ſworn, which, after ſome altercation between the counſel, was agreed to by the court: ſhe then poſitively and ſolemnly declared, that her departure from her father's houſe, was her own ſolitary, unaſſiſted, act; that ſo far from Lord Grey's being conſcious of, preſent at, or aiding in, her eſcape, ſhe did not ſee him for many days after her arrival in London; nor was ſhe then able to get ſight of him, till after a long ſearch in a hackney coach, he was diſcovered, and ſent for out of a coffee-houſe, under the Piazza, in Covent-garden.

This guilty pupil of irreſiſtible impulſe concluded, by declaring, that ſhe was of an age, when the law allowed her to decide for herſelf; that ſhe was the beſt judge of what was moſt likely to conduce to her own happineſs; that the ſtep ſhe had taken, was not the effect of a haſty, ſudden thought, but grounded on mature conſideration; and that ſhe was prepared to meet the conſequences.

The court was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at ſuch firmneſs and reſolution in ſo young a creature; and the chief juſtice, with a ſtern look, ſeverely reprimanded her, as well for her criminal conduct, and cruelty towards her ſiſter, as her preſent unbecoming language, and audacious deportment. He thanked God, he was not the man who had ſeduced her from the path of duty, as well as natural affection, for what would be his anguiſh in the hour of compunction, (and come it muſt) he hoped that their

ſuf-

ſufferings in this world would diminiſh their puniſhment in the next.

Sir Francis then proceeded to ſum up the evidence, and the jury, actuated rather by the laudable feelings of nature, and ſtrong conviction, than by any poſitive evidence of my lord's actually enticing and carrying her off, (for the oppoſite counſel alledged, that the adulterous intercourſe afterwards, ſuppoſing it to be *proved*, had nothing to do with the preſent indictment, but was another offence, and might, if the parties choſe it, be the ſubject of another ſpecies of proſecution) the jury pronounced a verdict of guilty, on Lord Grey and his accomplices.

The Earl of Berkeley now deſired that his daughter might be delivered to him, to this the court agreed; but the lady to the ſurprize of every one preſent, declared herſelf a *married woman*, and Mr. Turner, a friend of Lord Grey's, coming forward with ſatisfactory proofs of the marriage, claimed his wife.

Lord Berkeley ſtill perſevered in his demand, but Henrietta inſiſting that ſhe would accompany her huſband: her father, with a party of friends, previouſly aſſembled for the purpoſe, proceeded to ſeize her perſon by violence, the oppoſite party reſiſted, a tumult enſued, ſwords were drawn, and the court thrown into confuſion.

The chief juſtice in vain enjoined all parties to keep the peace, but the diſturbance increaſing, he ordered his tipſtaff to ſecure the lady, and convey her to the King's Bench priſon; on Mr. Turner's aſking if he might not accompany his wife, Sir Francis Pemberton obſerved, that it was a ſtrange buſineſs, but that he had no authority to ſeparate man and wife.

The lady continued in cuſtody, *accompanied* by Mr. Turner, till the laſt day of term, and, notwithſtanding the verdict of the jury, the ſeducer and his myrmidons eſcaped unpuniſhed.

Mr. Turner, I cannot help conſidering as a convenient friend, a man of ſtraw, ſet up by Lord Grey, who foreſaw, that if ſome ſuperior claim was not eſtabliſhed, Henrietta would be reſtored to her family.

To thoſe readers who may wiſh to trace the ſerpentine courſe of Lord Grey, it will be ſufficient to ſay, that on the diſcovery of the Rye-houſe plot, he was taken into cuſtody, but contriving to intoxicate the meſſengers, eſcaped into Holland.

Accompanying the Duke of Monmouth, in his expedition, his lordſhip's courage is ſaid to have

have failed at the battle of Sedgemoor: he was taken priſoner and obtained a pardon at the expence of his eſtate; by his aſſociates he was accuſed, of a treacherous intercourſe previous to the action.

Poſſeſſing a conſiderable ſhare of verſatility; convinced that the headſtrong infatuations of James, muſt end in ruin; and perhaps uniting policy with revenge, he joined early with the party who introduced King William, was created by him Earl of Tankerville, and ſucceſſively appointed firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, a Lord Juſtice, in the king's abſence, and Privy Seal.

Blaſted in character, but profeſſing to the laſt, that ſhe did not repent the ſacrifice ſhe had made, Henrietta, loſt to her family, the world, and herſelf, lived and died in retirement and obſcurity; the particulars of her ſtory were caught up, and embelliſhed by Mrs. Manly, the author of Atlantis, the flimſey and licentious novel manufacturer of her day.

GUILLOTINE, an inſtrument of death, which ſeperates the head from the trunk, by inſtantaneous execution, and acting on the infallible principle of gravity and accelerated motion, is ſuppoſed to be free from the accidents to which a living executioner is expoſed; his ſkill and expedition, depending on the keenneſs of his axe, the ſtrength of his arm, and the firmneſs of his nerves.

Although this machine was improved and introduced into France by a phyſician from whom it takes its name; ſo late as ſeventeen hundred and ninety-one, the *maiden*, an inſtrument reſembling it was made uſe of in the foreſt of Hardwicke in Yorkſhire, previous to and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

In the parliament houſe at Edinburgh, what may be called a Guillotine is alſo ſhewn, by which in the year fifteen hundred and eighty was beheaded, Douglas Earl of Morton and Regent of Scotland.

Deſcriptions of them may be ſeen in Hollingſhead, and in the borders of Mole's map of Yorkſhire: and thoſe who have been preſent at the driving in of large piles in embankments and harbours, may form an idea of their mode of acting, tolerably accurate.

But this inſtrument, calculated and deſigned to diminiſh pain and abridge the agonies of death, has been caught up as the watch-word of a party to throw diſgrace and obloquy on the French revolution, becauſe a ſanguinary band of deſpotic uſurpers, imbrued

their

their hands without remorſe in the blood of all who oppoſed them. With equal juſtice, an Engliſhman might deny the praiſe of diſintereſted patriotiſm to Hampden and Ludlow, becauſe Cromwell was a tyrant, or deny the benefits of the reſtoration, becauſe Charles the ſecond was an unprincipled profligate, and his ſubjects fools, for not tying up his hands by previous conditions.

It has been obſerved by thoſe who object to the Guillotine, that if we deprive public executions of their cuſtomary apparatus, formality and delay, we ſhall familiarize the mind to, and leſſen the horror of bloodſhed, which on every principle of policy, feeling, and religion, ought never to be familiarized; that our hearts by ſuch methods would be gradually hardened, and that we might at laſt return to the abominations of gladiators and human ſacrifices.

GUNPOWDER PLOT, a conſpiracy ſtrongly impreſſed on the mind of every proteſtant, by early education, religious anniverſary, and ancient prejudice; yet, a fact inconteſtibly eſtabliſhed by local, circumſtantial, cotemporary, perſonal and collateral evidence, has been treated by more than one writer as a *fabrication of hereſy*, created for the purpoſe of exciting national animoſity againſt the catholic church.

One of the arguments produced againſt the probability of the plot, by a writer, whoſe name I find it impoſſible to pronounce, and not eaſy to write, the Abbe Macgeoghagan, one of his arguments is, that there could be little reaſon for the papiſts being diſſatisfied under the reign of a king, who, with all his family was accuſed of a propenſity to the mummeries of the Vatican.

In reply, it may be obſerved, that however tolerant the family of the Stuarts might apparently be on certain points, it was only the vicious indulgence of a ſeducer, who endeavours to ſap the principles of the object he wiſhes to betray; they found prieſtcraft and popery effectual inſtruments for debilitating the human mind; they conſidered ſuperſtition as the handmaid of deſpotiſm; the ſame mildneſs which thought it hard to *put down* maſs, or to prevent any man worſhipping God in his own way, felt no ſcruples in ſcourging and cutting off the ears of an abominable puritan, who pretended to deny the doctrines of divine right, and paſſive obedience.

To this another reaſon may be added; thoſe who conſider themſelves

ſelves as injured and oppreſſed, are never ſatisfied with a partial relaxation of ſeverity; all or nothing is the axiom of a perſecuted enthuſiaſt, as well as a favored lover; and however partially tolerant and well diſpoſed the Jameses and Charleses have been deſcribed in their treatment of the catholics, popular prejudice, the laws of the land, and public opinion, were ſtrongly againſt them; they groaned under penalties and enactments, many of which, though juſtified, perhaps rendered abſolutely neceſſary by the exaſperated ſtate of mens minds in thoſe days, have been ſince removed by the liberality or the indifference of the preſent times.

They ſaw heretics, *wretches hateful to God and man*, enjoying thoſe poſts, honors, and revenues, the fruit of the zeal or the diligence of their forefathers, while the *true church* was barely permitted to exiſt on ſufferance, in ſordid penury; theſe powerful motives for diſcontent and hatred, added to the ſtrong ſtimuli of controverſial acrimony and perſonal malignity, I think are ſufficient internal evidence of the exiſtence of the popiſh plot; they have in all ages, and in all countries, been thought juſtifiers of hoſtility, bloodſhed, and ſtratagem.

But father Mahony, an honeſt Jeſuit, who publiſhed a book at Liſbon, in the year ſixteen hundred and forty-five, under the auſpices of the inquiſition, eſtabliſhes the fact, and diſſipates every doubt: he laments, in undiſguiſed terms, that this *well-contrived attempt* did not ſucceed; and, having occaſion to mention the Iriſh maſſacre, in which the number of proteſtants murdered has been the ſubject of ſo much diſcuſſion, he triumphantly acknowledges, that more than one hundred and fifty thouſand were put to death, and exhorts his brethren to compleat the holy work, by diſpatching every thing that bore the name of proteſtant.

A dark and foul conſpiracy, carried to the threſhold of execution, which threatened to deſtroy, in convulſive ruin, the executive power, the public functionaries, the nobility, the houſe of commons, the firſt characters in church and ſtate, naturally excited public attention, and exerciſed the pens of a hoſt of writers.

Among the numerous productions of that day, many of which *are paſſed to the land where their fires are gone*, the following caught my eye, as well by its formidable title, as by the peculiar circumſtance of the author, a doctor of phyſic, having conveyed

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in a dead language, often in Virgilian phraſe, and occaſionally in terſe heroic verſe, a circumſtantial narrative of the tranſaction, with much of the religious and political anecdote of the moment; the prejudices, the hopes, the fears, the party cant, and watch words of the day, ſingularly mingled with claſſical imagery.

The following is only part of the contents of the title page: "Conjurationis illius prodigioſæ et execrandæ in Jacobum Regem Britanniæ, inaudito et diabolico ſtratagemate deſignandæ, et ſola, divina virgula patefacta, Adumbratio poetica?

Authore Fr. Heringio, M. D. et Collegii Medicorum Londini Socio.——1606.

After a ſhort, but ſolemn invocation of his muſe to aſſiſt him in deſcribing a deed "barbaricum facinus," which, if *he* was ſilent, the very ſtones in the ſtreet would proclaim it, the poet enters on his ſubject.

Monſtrum, horrendum, informe cano, crudele ſuperbum;
—— ——ni faciam, poſtes et ſaxa ſonabunt.

A horrible attempt, which could only have been imagined by an imp of hell; this ſprite he adds, was begotten by Lucifer on the whore of Babylon:

— — — ex magna nuper meretrice, nefando Concubitu,

Who nurſed this child of her dotage with the tendereſt aſſiduity.

— — — et Romano lacte cibavit.

As the imp advances to years of diſcretion, excelling his *purple* parent in all her arts

Purpureum ſcortum —— —— —— —— ſerpentino aſtur præcellit et artibus Orci.

the mighty mother addreſſes her offſpring on the preſent decayed ſtate of the catholic church, which once made monarchs tremble on their thrones, and exacted a tribute from the moſt powerful nations of the earth; "Even Britain," ſhe adds, "now the cauſe of ſo much uneaſineſs and mortification, was once the moſt productive of my eccleſiaſtic poſſeſſions."

The recollection of the *fleſh-pots of Egypt*, forces from her the following animated exclamation.

—— nunc —— quanquam Gens inimica mihi, magnoque inviſa parenti.
O quantos olim reditus, et opima quotannis
Munera, apoſtolicæ ſedis ſolvebat in arcas?

Quam

Quam laute noſtras fecit fumare culinas
Egypti Patinis? — —
Nullus in orbe locus fuerat, modo dives amœnus,
Nullus agro-noſtri quem non tenuere coloni.
Natio tota meos paſſim reſonabat honores
Anglia, Romanum fiſcum magis omnibus auxit.

"Such was the rich prize torn from my arms, by the *odious reformation*; a cloud which for a time darkened all my proſpects:

— — — Sacrilego Lutheri dogmate
Concuſſum eſt triplici regnum
Diademate fulgens, ***
— Calvini aſſœclis Bezœque miniſtris.

The weeping parent then tells her ſon that all her hopes reſt on him, that he muſt repair to England, and endeavour by force or fraud to reſtore the long loſt patrimony of the church, and that he may depend on her aſſiſtance and that of his father.

Per fas atque nefas, ad noſtra reducito ſceptra
Regnum rebelle — — —

The obedient imp, after proper inſtructions repairs to London, aſſuming the appearance and dreſs of a prieſt, an old trick adds the poet

Mos vetus, ut lucis, fallat veſtitus amictu.

Aſſiſted by his parents, he ſoon finds apt aſſociates for his purpoſe; Guy Fawkes, Johnſon, Foſter, and many others, whoſe names are not exactly calculated for heroic verſe; he alarms them by deſcribing the furious malignity of the ſectaries and puritans; he animates their hopes by ſtrong aſſurances, that if they vigorouſly exert themſelves *the good old time* will return again.

— — — quo mœnia Romæ
Œdificent — — — — priſcumque nitorem
Catholicæ reddent fidei — —
Verba avide excipiunt.

The papiſts liſten with pleaſure and attention; in the mean time the diligent ſprite haſtens to court, where, ſurrounded by

— — Anglorum proceres generoſorumque catervæ,
Unanimi applauſu, ſolium aſcendit avitum
Jacobus Magnus.

Under the inſidious pretence, or in the vain hope of ſoothing the infuriate ſpirit and mitigating the reſentments of the catholics, the imp infuſes into the royal mind tolerating principles, and the hateful race (genus inviſum) are granted ſome indulgences; the reins of vigilance and ſuſpicion

cion are ſomewhat relaxed; this the poet inſiſts is a falſe and fatal policy; and burſts forth into the following animated apoſtrophe on the occaſion.

Vos rerum domini, diras nutritis Echidnas,
In gremiis veſtris, Aulæ qui admittitis intra
Limina papicolas, LATET ABDITUS ANGUIS IN HERBA;
Proditio infamis, damnoſa rebellio, cœdes
Horreiidæ, et Stygiam redolentia Pharmaca fraudem.

The ſubtle fiend viſits different countries to raiſe money and procure proper emiſſaries for executing his abominable purpoſe; to certain vagrant ill-deſigning Engliſhmen at Vienna, fond of *fiſhing in troubled waters*, he communicates his plan, and the poet curiouſly deſcribes the perſons addreſſed,

— — — profugos — — atque novarum
Percupidos rerum, patriæ mala damna precantes;
Monſtra hominum, *pelago moto*
— — —
Qui piſcari gaudent:

The author, as a zealous proteſtant, cannot quit Vienna without a ſatirical glance at the Emperor of the day, Rodolph or Matthias;

— — — qui ſitne ſacerdos
An bellator atrox exorta eſt queſtio nuper.

Returning to the Britiſh metropolis, this ſon of ſatan, calls a council of the conſpirators, and informs them he is properly furniſhed with money and weapons ſpiritual as well as temporal; the aſſaſſination of the king is mentioned as a neceſſary meaſure, and various means are propoſed for the deſtruction of the royal pedant. The words in italic I do not underſtand.

Hic vitam regis cultello *aut arte Braſuti*
Tentandum, aſt aliis jugulandum cenſet, amici
Hoſpitii ſpecie, quando laſſata per æſtum,
Venatu placidus mulcerat corpora ſomnus.

After hearing various opinions, and maturely conſidering the ſubject, one of the parties obſerves that merely to kill the king would be doing very little towards the advancement of their holy cauſe, as his ſucceſſor, his miniſters, prelates and counſellors would ſtill remain; that the object in queſtion can only be attained by ſome mode, which would involve the whole of theſe great bodies, in ſudden, promiſcuous, and inevitable deſtruction.

As if inſpired by an impulſe from hell, one of the conſpirators gives his opinion in the following words;

— — — mihi ſtat ſententia firma,
Funditus hœreticam inviſamque evellere ſtirpem.

He then diſcloſes the method of doing that which he propoſes;

— — — qua ratione docebo.
Eſt antiqua domus, proprio vicina cubili;
Hac, Angli ſatrapæ, Conſultoreſque Britanni,
Concilium ſummis Regni de rebus habendum
Decernunt; primoque die pro more ſolenne eſt,
Regem, Reginam, parvo cum principe adeſſe
Magna cum pompa ſtipatorumque caterva;
Palmatiſque togis, gemmis auroque refulgent;
Ingens ſit populi concurſus, compita complent.

In plain Engliſh, he propoſes when the king, the royal family, and both houſes of parliament are aſſembled, to blow up the whole of them in ſulphureous flames, and in the general confuſion to maſſacre the proteſtants; he goes on to prove that this will not be a very difficult taſk.

Œdibus his facile eſt furioſas ſubdere flammas,
Atque perorantem Regem, procereſque ſilentes,
Turbine ſulphureo, ſublimes mittere in auras;
Collaudunt facinus:——

His infernal ſcheme is approved of, and Cateſby with proper aſſiſtants begins to make preparations:

— — — Juvenes quoſdam ſelectos, vertere terram
Juratoſque jubent, alii mandata capeſſunt,
Conſortes moneant, ut tempore certo,
Armati accurrant celeres, et funditus hoſtes
Incautos ſubito *male-puros* perdere poſſint,
Et genus inviſum Terris abolere:——
—— —— —— ——
— —— cellam, —— ——
Cui ſuſpenſa domus, pretio conducit, et illa,
Zythum, carbones, et ligna repondere fingit;
Dæmon hic, (haud hominis dignabor nomine poſthac)
Ambulo nocturnus, fraudis ſceleriſque magiſter,
— — — Pyrii vim magnam pulveris intus,
Clam portat — — — —

Having related the particulars of the cellar rented under the pretence of putting coals in, and concealing gun-powder under

der them; the conſpirators wait for the appointed day with impatience.

His ita diſpoſitis, damnoſa mente, *Novembris*
Quintam avide expectant.

The horrors of the fifth of November, had they not been providentially prevented, again rouze the zeal and inflame the imagination of the poet; he is animated and almoſt ſublime: it recalls to my memory, the confuſion, horrors, ſlaughter and devaſtation of the year ſeventeen hundred and eighty.

Quis cladem illius poterat narrare diei?

— — — —

— — — Videor flagrantem cernere Trojam
Rurſus, et horiſono miſceri cuncta tumultu.
LONDINUM IMPERIO FLORENS, OPIBUSQUE SUPERBUM,
EMPORIUM EUROPÆ, flammis furialibus ardens;
Per plateas, per templa, domos, crudelia ubique
Lamenta, et Lachrymas, planctus gemituſque ſonantes;
Errantes pavidas per tecta inſignia matres,
Complexas teneros gnatos — — — — — omnia ſævo
Vulcano ſuperante, Aulam qua jura popello
Palmati dictant patres, Regumque ſepulchra
Priſcorum, et multos monumenta intacta per annos.

Not ſatisfied with ſuch ſlaughter and devaſtation, the poet aſſerts, that it was propoſed by the monſters, after the conflagration and maſſacre, to have procured falſe witneſſes to bring the charge of the bloody and treacherous tranſaction againſt the puritans, and under this pretext to have devoted to death, exile and confiſcation, all the principal proteſtants who remained; the laſt of the following lines is a ſpecimen of party logic.

Proh ſcelus; haud quiſquam poterit luxiſſe ſuperſtes,
Principe ſublato, ſatrapis, ſummoque ſenatu.
Quippe animus fuerat, crimen divertere in hoſtes;
Et Puritanos præconis voce nefanda,
Promulgare reos ſceleris, proſcribere ubique,
Devovere neci, flammis, ferroque, per omnes
Circuitus regni — — — — —
Dæmones aut non ſunt, aut hæ ſunt dæmonis artes.

In a ſtrain of piety, and gratitude to the Almighty, the author proceeds to relate the means by which the plot was diſcovered, the letter to Lord Monteagle,

and other particulars, familiar to moſt general readers, but he does not forget to lay great ſtreſs on the acuteneſs of the Britiſh Solomon in fathoming the myſteries of this iniquity;

— — — — — miro luſtrat acumine —
— — — — — velut Œdipus alter,
Judicio pollens acri, ingenioque ſagaci
Rex, pervolvens ſingula,
Sic tandem; — — — —
— — — "Hæc non ſunt temnenda; latentes
Exiguum primò fumum monſtraſſe caminos
Commemini ingentes; latet abdita ſtramine Bufo,
Aut ego fallor———Rumores quippe recordor
De *Romaniſtis* ſparſos; — —
— — — nunquam nocuit cautela monarchis.
— — — ſurgit nova Machina forſan
Vel Trojanus equus, vel ſeditioſa caterva;
— — Sapiunt ſed ſcripta nefandum
Flagitium, abſentem ſtudioſe ſuadet amicum
Se velit, et magnam plagam, ſubitamque minatur
Occultum rapidumque malum ſignare videtur,
Quod ſubito incautos volitet ceu fulmen in hoſtes.
Pulvere nil Pyrio rapidum magis aut furioſum,
Dæmonis invento forſan meditantur abuti
Perniciem in noſtram, cupio cognoſcere quinam
Vicinas habitent ædes.

After proper enquiries, it is found that Percy occupies the tenements adjoining to the parliament houſe, as well as the vaults underneath it; and that the latter are filled with coals and wood; the king not yet ſatisfied, and ſtill ſuſpecting ſome concealed miſchief, diſpatches a meſſenger on the *fourth of November*, only twelve hours before the fatal exploſion was to have taken place.

— — — Jam bis ſex tantum non amplius horas,
— — diſtabat lethali funere;
— — —
Aulicus antiquus ſiduſque remittitur, ipſo
Noctis in medio — — ut acri
Scrutetur ſtudio penetralia et omnes
Excutiat latebras;

Guy Fawkes is diſcovered and apprehended;

— — — ocreatum ad limina ſtantem
Hunc jubet comprendi.

Entering the cellars, the king's officers

officers order the wood and coals to be cautiouſly removed;

Cum ſubito attoniti, "Facinus" ſonat ore miniſter
"Horrendum; Pyrius hic pulvis conditur, unum
Ipſe cadum inveni:" ——
Mox alios, alioſque trahunt, numeroque triginta
Quatuor atque cados ——
Exitiali antro, infernali pulvere plena:
Exclamant omnes; —— ——
—— magnam volitavit fama per urbem,
Longe et late — — — —.
Ingens lætitia et ſublatæ ad ſidera palmæ.

The joy on diſcovering and preventing the meditated miſchief is deſcribed, and the poem concludes with an effuſion of gratitude to the Almighty.

O quam te memorem, celſi moderator Olympi,
Qui premis imperio terras qui fulmina torques;
— — — ferro flammiſque dicatos,
— — — et *ſevæ* dentibus *urſæ*,
Tu nos ſervaſti.

HAIR POWDER, a material prepared by a tedious proceſs from wheat.

The cuſtom of ſcattering a white ſubſtance on the head and giving indiſcriminately to youth and beauty, the hoary appearance of age, had it originated with a ſavage people, we ſhould enumerate among their abſurdities: it was firſt introduced by certain ballad ſingers at the fair of St. Germaine in the beginning of the eighteenth century; they imagined, that by its unnatural and groteſque appearance, it would add to the extravagance of their freaks, and the wildneſs of their fun.

In this as in other inſtances, laughter was miſtaken for approbation; and that which was firſt adopted to render thoſe who made uſe of it ridiculous, became an indiſpenſible article of dreſs; the editor of this collection after returning from his daily, his long, and ſolitary excurſions, finds from the ſtate of his pores, a comb and powder, to the full as eſſentially neceſſary to a comfortable exiſtence, as a change of linen, a razor, or his dinner; it is one of thoſe *innocent luxuries*, which neither ſevere moraliſts, tax-gatherers, ſans-culottes, or crops ſhall ever deprive him of.

Much ſerious declamation, and much of laughable ſatire has been played off againſt the folly of waſting on the *outſide* of the head the indiſpenſible means of ſubſiſtence; againſt diſſipating in the powdering room, that which

which would ſupport a cottager and his family.

I readily agree in caſe of actual ſcarcity, and a ſeaſon notoriouſly unproductive, that it would be cruel and impolitic, not to ſtop by every means in our power, ſuperfluous conſumption, during the urgent moments of preſſure and calamity, *but not a moment longer*.

It ſeems almoſt ſuperfluous to repeat the ſelf-evident propoſition, that the greater the demand for any produce, the greater will be the produce; no ſurer method of calling down a famine on our heads, could be imagined than to diminiſh conſumption and fix a maximum.

For theſe and other reaſons, the uſeful but ſometimes deſpiſed artiſt while he is ornamenting another man's head, or whitening his own, and inveloping us in clouds of powder and a ſurface of pomade a la roſe, is rendering eſſential ſervice to the landed intereſt, the chemiſt and the herdſman.

Should a wealthy individual, from caprice, madneſs, or any other cauſe, reſolve to purchaſe every year, thirty thouſand quarters of wheat and order the whole to be annually thrown into the ſea, ſuch extravagance and waſte, in a moral view would be highly culpable, and he would probably fall a ſacrifice to the reſentments of the more indigent claſſes of ſociety, but I am convinced he would be a conſiderable benefactor to his country, by promoting agriculture.

A friendly correſpondent, who mildly cenſured this article, in my laſt edition, very properly obſerves, that beſtowing marriage portions, and in that way promoting population as well as conſumption, would be far more laudable;—this is ſelf-evident, I only put the caſe to eſtabliſh my reaſoning, not recommend the practice, which I called immoral and highly culpable.

Yet, if I were aſked, which of two individuals was the moſt uſeful member of ſociety, he, who receiving his dividend on twenty thouſand pounds in the three per cents, regularly purchaſed every half year, more ſtock, without expending ſixpence, or he who laid out the whole in corn, *merely to throw into the ſea*; I ſhould give my opinion, without heſitation, in favor of the latter.

HAMPDEN, JOHN, grandſon of the patriot who reſiſted the payment of ſhip-money, in the reign of King Charles the firſt, and knight of the ſhire for the county of Buckingham.

The ſubject of our preſent article

ticle after a life, which exhibited much to praiſe, much to pity, and more to blame, addreſſed the following words of advice to his friends and acquaintance a few hours before his death; it ought to be premiſed, that in ſixteen hundred and eighty-four, he was fined forty thouſand pounds for a real or a pretended conſpiracy, and that in ſixteen hundred and eighty-eight he was tried and found guilty of high-treaſon, but ſaved from execution by the revolution.

"Having been for a long time" ſays Mr. Hampden, "under God's afflicting hand, I think myſelf obliged to examine my conſcience, concerning the cauſes for which ſo many ſignal misfortunes have happened unto me; and I freely confeſs that among many heinous ſins, there is one, which more eſpecially cauſes me great trouble, to which I was prompted by pride and vanity, ſo natural to the levity of youth, and the corrupted heart of man.

"Although my education was pious and religious, and a firm conviction of the truth of the Chriſtian revelation was implanted in my mind; yet, *to obtain the reputation of a wit*, I aſſumed the character of an unbeliever, and maintained the doctrines of infidelity.

"My arguments I confeſs were weak, and as ſuch I conſidered them at the moment; yet I had the folly and preſumption to aſſert among my acquaintance, that they were unanſwerable, by which unwarrantable conduct, I am fearful that I have led others into opinions and practices contrary to religion and morality.

"I therefore think it my duty to make this confeſſion; to the end, that if I ſhould die before I can ſpeak with thoſe whom I have perverted, they may return to the way of God; for, I ſolemnly proteſt, that the opinions I uſed to be ſo forward in maintaining, were wholly and ſolely the offspring of vanity, and an affectation of knowing better than my neighbours.

"It is therefore my earneſt and laſt wiſh to have publiſhed and diſtributed this declaration, which I make with the moſt unfeigned ſorrow for having offended God, and in the humble hope, that he will pardon my ſins, through the mediation of Jeſus Chriſt.

"I intreat all thoſe who have been ſeduced by my example, to conſider the imminent danger they are in, and beſeech them to deliver themſelves without delay from divine judgment, which here or hereafter, will moſt aſſuredly overtake them, if they perſiſt

perſiſt in their preſent evil courſes."

HARRINGTON, author of the Oceana; for a ſhort but animated ſketch of his life by the hand of a maſter, ſee the latter part of the article aſſigned to Thomas Payne.

HARDOUIN, JOHN, a Jeſuit of the ſeventeenth century, remarkable for learning, for zeal, and for paradox.

In his edition of Pliny in ſixteen hundred and ninety, he attempts to prove that we have no genuine productions of antiquity, but Cicero, Plautus, Pliny, the Eclogues and Georgicks of Virgil, the ſatires and epiſtles of Horace, the Iliad and Odyſſey of Homer, and the nine books of Herodotus.

But it was not in the mere whim of unproductive paradox, that the fertile imagination and ſtern diſpoſition of Hardouin was employed; finding in the holy ſcriptures many paſſages wholly incompatible with the tenets of the catholic church, what could not be overcome by argument, he wiſhed to demoliſh by calling it fabrication.

And it muſt be confeſſed that he proceeds with conſiderable art; like a ſkilful barriſter he attempts to invalidate evidence which tells ſtrongly againſt him.

He gives it as his opinion that the monks of the fourteenth century, in their cells, 'thoſe ſtore-houſes of atheiſm and hereſy,' that they fabricated the Æneis of Virgil, and the Odes of Horace, with ſeveral other productions, which we have been long taught to conſider as precious remains of the Auguſtan age.

Had the learned Jeſuit been able to eſtabliſh this poſition, his inference was natural; that men hackneyed in forgeries, and who had been long employed in impoſing on mankind in matters of taſte and ſcience, would not be *very* ſcrupulous in their management of the ſcriptures, reſpecting articles of faith.

His argument, is like the reaſoning of a man who having recently loſt his watch, ſhould ſeize a fellow he met in the ſtreet, becauſe he had picked his pocket a year or two before.

"They had" he obſerves, ſpeaking of the poor monks, who I believe were otherwiſe employed, "they had artificers in every ſtile who exerciſed their *nefarious* pens with ſkill; but they all fall ſhort of *Latinitas Pliniana*, the claſſical purity of Pliny; an author whom he conſiders as the touchſtone of originality.

"What

"What they could not find in the Holy Scriptures, to anſwer their *atheiſtical* purpoſes, they created by forgery and interpolation. In the Goſpel of St. Matthew, and in the Epiſtles of Saint Paul, they ſcattered the ſeeds of hereſy, which, in copies artfully diſperſed in the libraries of convents, before printing was known, have ſince ſprung up, and produced ſuch *baneful* doctrines. So elaborate were theſe *atrocious reaſoners* in the cauſe of atheiſm."

Hardouin, as an arthodox catholic, eargerly embraces the opportunity of reviling his old enemies, St. Auſtin, St. Ambroſe, Luther, Wicliffe, Calvin, and the Janſeniſts, that *wicked crew*, impia cohors.

It is curious, and almoſt laughable, to obſerve, how this Antæus of literary doubt, when he touches the ſandy ground of eccleſiaſticcal tradition, dwindles into the mere dwarf of papiſtical infatuation, and blind credulity.

After ſtraining at gnats, he ſwallows elephants; ſome of the nobleſt monuments of our holy religion, and the moſt pleaſing relics of claſſical literature, are to be ſtigmatized as impoſtures, for the purpoſe of ſupporting the errors and impoſitions of the catholic church.

Like a true ſon of Ignatius Loyola, the author has introduced into a work which excited attention by its ſingularity, the fundamental doctrines of popery, where a general reader would not have expected to meet with them: he has ingeniouſly handled, ſet in new points of view, and cloathed in good Latin, the jargon, the ſoleciſms, and abſurdities of Mariana and Bellarmine.

"Chriſtum credimus in Euchariſta eſſe," ſays John Hardouin, "panis deſtructa ſubſtantia, Deum verum intelligimus hujus miraculi effectorem, hoc enim natura præſtare non poteſt.

"*Secta impia* tranſmutationem hanc docet in mente credentium fieri pia cogitatione, quam vocant operationem ſancti ſpiritus, quia credit deum non ullum eſſe."

We believe, ſays Hardouin, that Chriſt actually exiſts in the Euchariſt, and conſider it as a miracle wrought by God, for it is not reconcilable to the laws of nature and reaſon; but *theſe impious ſectaries*, explain it away, as a mental operation produced by the holy ghoſt, becauſe they do not believe there *is* a God.

The crafty Jeſuit, like other reaſoners, is no ſtranger to begging the queſtion *(petitio propoſiti)* and to another propenſity, equally common, but not quite ſo harmleſs, thinking for other people

people, and then abuſing them for their thoughts: yet, it cannot be denied, that the ſentiments of the fathers, tread cloſely on the heels of the ſupporters of this doctrine; and our church catechiſm, ſpeaking of the body and blood of Chriſt, is ſtrongly and peculiarly worded; *which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful, in the Lord's ſupper.*

Dr. Warburton was compared, by one of his controverſial adverſaries, to Hardouin, which provoked the prelate extremely; he called the compariſon inſolent and injurious; yet, in harſh language, polemic pride, and predominating ſpirit, there certainly is a ſtriking reſemblance. How different was their fate; the Jeſuit, who had forgotten more than I ever read, died unnoticed and unrewarded, whilſt the editor of Pope, and the humble correſpondent of Concannen, became a dignified clergyman, married a wealthy heireſs, and was elevated to an epiſcopal throne.

HARRINGTON, BARNABAS, a native of Appleby in Weſtmoreland, and in every ſenſe of the word, a licentious poet; little more is known of him, than his being author of a ſtrange farrago of lewd humour and diſorderly metre, which he publiſhed under the title of Drunken Barnaby's Journal.

The firſt impreſſion is without date or place mentioned; I have ſeen an edition in 12mo. with *cuts*, ſell at an auction for a guinea; this extravagant price, was, I believe, produced rather by the eagerneſs of competition, than by the ſuperior judgment of the purchaſer, or the intrinſic value of the book.

The work is Latin in one page, and on the oppoſite ſide, the ſame in Engliſh, *both in rhyme*; but it is impoſſible for any reader, of a correct taſte, to peruſe it with comfort or ſatisfaction. The author, who is ſaid to have been a graduate of Queen's college, Oxford, exhibits, occaſionally, flaſhes of learning, wit, facetiouſneſs, and pleaſantry, but they are lamentably debaſed by the alloys I have before mentioned.

A paſſage from Barnabas Harrington, had the honor to be quoted in the houſe of commons, by a gentleman, who often ſoftens the violence of political debate, by humorous anecdote; it was during the diſcuſſion of a bill for the more effectual obſervance of the Chriſtian Sabbath.

To Banb'ry came I, O profane one,
Where I ſaw a puritane one,
Hang-

Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouſe on Sunday.

Many parts of the world have a legend attached to them, or a piece of local hiſtory, ſometimes miraculous, but placed at a period, ſufficiently far back to exerciſe faith, and evade detection.

Some of my readers who have travelled to the north, have perhaps ſmiled over their tea, at the Wansford Bridge ſtory, of which, I know not how correctly, Mr. Harrington makes himſelf the original hero; the paſſage on this ſubject, affords a fair ſpecimen of his poetry, his Latinity, his rhyme, and his metre.

Veni Wansford Briggs, immanem
Vidi amnem, alnum, anum;
Amnem latum, anum lautam,
Comptam, cultam, caſtam cautam."
Inde prato per-amæni
Dormiens temulente fœni;
Rivus ſurgit et me rapit
Et in flumen alte capit.
" Quorſum," clamant " Nuper erro,
A Wansford Briggs in Angliterro."

Thence to Wansford Briggs, a river
And a wife, will live for ever;
River broad, an old wife jolly,
Comely, ſeemly, free from folly.
On a haycock, ſleeping ſoundly,
The river roſe, and took me roundly
Down the current; people cry'd,
As on the ſtream, I ſleeping hy'd;
" Where away, good ſir; from Greenland?
" No, from Wansford Briggs, in England."

In the word briggs, I have retained the provincial ſpelling and pronunciation:—To conclude, Mr. Harrington, with good parts, reſpectable acquirements, and a ſtrong turn for ſatirical humour, appears to have been one of *thoſe moſt diſintereſted of all characters*, who, provided they can ſet the table in a roar, and provide merriment for the gay, the thoughtleſs, and the vicious, are wholly regardleſs of their own fortunes and proſpects; who take no thought for the morrow, and bring a world of cares on themſelves, in their endeavours to drown the cares of others.

A life thus miſ-ſpent, and talents thus perverted, led to the uſual termination; after the education and probabilities of a gentleman, he lapſed into low diſtreſs and pecuniary embarraſſment;

ment; he followed the buſineſs of a horſe-jockey, an occupation which it is extremely difficult to exerciſe with integrity, ſatisfaction, or repute.

HARRIS, JAMES, a learned man, a native of Saliſbury, father of the preſent Earl of Malmſbury, and nephew of the literary Earl of Shafteſbury.

This worthy and reſpectable character, is mentioned as an inſtance of deep erudition, and claſſical acumen miſapplied; it is not eaſy to conceive, how a man of ſo much good ſenſe, could ſuppoſe, that in the eighteenth century, any perſon poſſeſſing common reſources, ſocial, corporal, or intellectual, could be prevailed on to peruſe a diſſertation concerning *the Categories or Predicaments of Ariſtotle and the Old Scholiaſts*, which is, in fact, the buſineſs of his Philoſophical Arrangements.

Indeed, Mr. Harris appears to have ſuſpected, that the literary path he had choſen, would not be much frequented by his cotemporaries; "It were to be wiſhed," he obſerves in one part of his work, "it were to be wiſhed, that thoſe who either read or write, would employ their leiſure in ſtudying the finiſhed models of Grecian literature, and not waſte thoſe hours, which they cannot recall, on the fungous growth, and mean productions of the moderns, which afford neither rational pleaſure, nor ſolid improvement.

"Tis ſurely as eaſy to become a ſcholar as a gameſter, the ſame application which leads to the one, will, if properly perſevered in, as compleatly fit us for the other; and as to thoſe who tell us, *that it is men, not books we ſhould ſtudy*, I have ever conſidered it as the general conſolation, and common-place language of dunces or of fools."

Yet, it is to be feared, that the wiſhes of Mr. Harris, ſo far as they concern his own books, were not accompliſhed; the general readers of his and the preſent day, turning from the ſolid nouriſhment afforded in *his* pages, will too often be found regaling on the whipt ſyllabubs, and muſhroom productions, he ſo ſeverely cenſures. His Hermes, and his Philoſophical Arrangements, the work of many a laborious hour, profuſe of learning, induſtry, and acuteneſs, will probably repoſe undiſturbed; while the frivolous productions of ſuperficial vanity, will be peruſed with tranſport and avidity.

The enthuſiam of this venerable writer for every thing Grecian, was

was unbounded. "The Greeks," in his opinion, "were the braveſt, (I ſuppoſe he excepted thoſe who conquered them) the politeſt, and the wiſeſt of mankind; in the ſhort ſpace of little more than a hundred years, they produced ſuch ſtateſmen, warriors, philoſophers, orators, artiſts and poets, as the world had never before ſeen; their language, like their genius, was tranſcendant and univerſal.

"When ſhall we ſee any approaches made, to the exquiſite humour of Ariſtophanes, the amorus ſtrains of Sappho, or the rural lays of Theocritus? How ſublime are the conceptions of Sophocles and Homer? What torrents of irreſiſtible eloquence burſt forth from Demoſthenes? How methodic the ſubtlety, how pregnant the brevity of Ariſtotle: Xenophon is a pattern of perfect, yet dignified ſimplicity; and Plato, though copious, figurative, and majeſtic, is, at times, facetious and ſatirical; in a word, the Greek language is made for all that is great, and all that is beautiful in life."

HARRISON, JOHN, an eminent mechanic, raiſed to fame and independence, by his celebrated time-piece, which he produced to the world, as an unerring inſtrument for finding the longitude.

"The longitude of any place, is its diſtance, eaſt or weſt, from any other given point, and what we want, is a method of finding out at ſea, how far we are got to the eaſtward or weſtward of the place from which we ſailed.

"The application of a time-keeper to this diſcovery, is founded upon the following principles: The ſurface of the earth is divided, for the purpoſe of calculation, into three hundred and ſixty equal parts, (by imaginary lines, drawn from north to ſouth) which are called degrees of longitude, and the daily revolution of the earth, eaſtward, round its own axis, is performed in twenty-four hours; conſequently, in that period, each of theſe imaginary lines, or degrees, becomes ſucceſſively oppoſite to the ſun, which makes the noon, or preciſe middle of the day, at each of thoſe degrees.

"It follows, that from the time any one of thoſe lines paſſes the ſun, till the next paſſes, muſt be exactly four minutes; for the number of minutes contained in twenty-four hours, being divided by three hundred and ſixty, will give preciſely that quantity; ſo that for every degree of longitude, that we ſail weſtward, it will

will be noon with us four minutes later; and for every degree eaſtward, four minutes ſooner, and ſo in proportion for any greater or leſs quantity.

"Now the exact time of the day, at the place where we are, can be aſcertained by well-known and eaſy obſervations of the ſun, if viſible for a few minutes, at almoſt any period of his progreſs; provided it is ten degrees above the place of his riſing or ſetting, or not within an hour of its meridian.

"If therefore, at any time, when ſuch obſervation is made, a time-keeper tells what o'clock it is at the place from which we ſailed, our longitude is clearly diſcovered.

"To do this, it is not neceſſary that a watch ſhould perform its revolutions, preciſely in that ſpace of time, which the earth takes to perform hers; it is only required that it ſhould invariably perform it, and with regularity, *in ſome known time.*"

Such were the avowed merits of Mr. Harriſon's time-piece, but he was not content without attempting to diſplay his literary qualifications, HE WOULD BE AN AUTHOR.

Deaf to the intreaties of friendſhip and affection, and apparently ſtimulated by a jealous fear that others would aſſume the merit of *his* ingenuity, he publiſhed "A deſcription concerning ſuch mechaniſm as will afford a true menſuration of time;" a work, which at once technically obſcure, grammatically erroneous, and elaborately unintelligible, expoſed its author, otherwiſe, a reſpectable character, to ridicule and reproach.

Many *admired*, but none could read the book; his family ſighed, and his patron bluſhed; they ſaw with concern, that Mr. Harriſon, with all his merits, was incapable of committing his ideas to paper; that he was not able to explain his own inventions; the critics attempted a *tranſlation*, ſome of them accuſed him of wilfully and ſelfiſhly wrapping up in myſtery and darkneſs, important communications, which the public had a right to have clearly and candidly explained, as a ſmall return for the ſplendid reward he had received.

From this charge of equivocation and diſhoneſty, I am inclined to acquit him, although it cannot be denied that on the moſt important points, his information is ſcanty and unſatisfactory, and that not a ſingle drawing of the *eſcapements* or *palets* of which he boaſted ſo much, accompanied his publication.

The bounty beſtowed on him was

TWENTY

TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS; whether the benefits produced by the perfection of his time-keepers, were adequate to ſuch a reward, I am not qualified to determine; yet he declared that *he never met with ſuitable encouragement*; an aſſertion not very creditable to his gratitude or his good ſenſe.

If ſuch were the prevalent impreſſions on his mind, we cannot be ſurprized at Mr. Harriſon, and the commiſſioners of longitude, meeting with reſerve, and parting with diſguſt.

I am informed by a friend engaged in purſuits collaterally connected with the object of Mr. Harriſon's ſtudies, that his time-pieces were carried to the higheſt pitch of mechanic perfection; but from the intentional, or accidental obſcurity of his explanations, that general ſcience, and practical utility, will be *very little* improved; for, that the conſtruction of theſe admirable pieces of mechaniſm, is ſo nice and complicated, that they require the conſtant attention of an artiſt, equal in ſkill and experience to the original inventor.

HASTINGS, WARREN, Governor General of Bengal, at a criſis when thick clouds, and apparently, inevitable ruin, hung over our Eaſt India poſſeſſions.

The name of this gentleman is not introduced for the purpoſe of diſplaying his eminent, his indiſputable merits, or to exaggerate the acknowledged faults of his adminiſtration; faults, which clearly originated from an oppreſſive, but conſiſtent ſyſtem of policy; from his conſidering the intereſts of his Leadenhall ſovereigns, more than the calls of juſtice and humanity.

Yet, whatever were his motives or his means, it cannot be denied, that he employed them with efficacy and ſpirit, and that the effects of his ſuperintendence have conſiderably tended to the firm eſtabliſhment and improvement of our territory and revenue in Aſia: for theſe, and other important ſervices, he has been amply rewarded by his munificent maſters, and has retired with a ſplendid independence.

For, to this opinion, which has been ſo aſſidiouſly and ſo ſtrongly controverted, preciſely to this opinion I ſtill adhere, notwithſtanding the frowns and ſolemn avowals of the intrepid major.

On this ſubject, had any additional proof been wanting to confirm my former aſſertions, they were placed beyond a doubt, only

only a few months previous to my laſt edition, by *certain unwelcome diſcoveries*, made, in conſequence of the derangements of a conſiderable banking-houſe on the Continent: it *came out* by this undeſirable diſcloſure, that a man may poſſeſs little more than a bare maintenance himſelf, while his wife and his friend, may be enormouſly rich.

But the buſineſs of my preſent page, muſt not be forgotten, it is to aſk, in as calm and temperate a manner as I am able, the various defenders of Mr. Haſtings, from his acute advocates in gowns and tie wigs, and his indefatigable military partizan, down to thoſe more humble diurnal light troops, who, at a certain period, were ſo aſſiduous in playing off their literary crackers, ſquibs, and paragraphs, not forgetting his unwearied champion, in *Anſleyan Rhyme*; I would wiſh cooly to aſk them, in the name of truth, decency, and common ſenſe, which they ſo often violated, what there was hard, unreaſonable, or unjuſtifiable, in the impeachment of Mr. Haſtings?

I rejoice at his acquittal; I ſee, with pleaſure, a highly endowed public functionary, a munificent patron of arts and learning, reſtored, with unſullied honor, to public opinion, and enjoying the fruits of a conſiderable portion of his life devoted to the ſervice of his country.

But it is a ſource of comfort and ſatisfaction, to every reflecting and diſintereſted man, that Mr. Haſtings was tried; it had become neceſſary and expedient, to impreſs a maxim on the minds of military, as well as civil officers, which, when ten thouſand miles from Weſtminſter-hall, they are too apt to forget, THAT NO INDIVIDUAL, HOWEVER EMINENT FOR TALENT, OR MERITORIOUS FOR PUBLIC SERVICE, IS ABOVE LAW; AND, THAT THE HAPPINESS OF THOSE GOVERNED, AND NOT THE INTEREST OF THOSE WHO GOVERN, IS, AND MUST BE THE PARAMOUNT DUTY OF EVERY ADMINISTRATION.

Whatever differences of opinion may formerly have exiſted on the ſubject of Mr. Haſtings, now, that the rage of party, and the fury of diſappointed ambition, have cooled and ſubſided, it is generally confeſſed and underſtood, that there was ample and ſufficient cauſe for inveſtigating the conduct of the governor general.

Some of his proceedings had been ſuſpicious, and others, violent; ſeveral of the articles of the impeachment, were proved, and

ſolemnly

ſolemnly declared by the chancellor, then Lord Loughborough, and many other peers; but, on the whole aggregate of facts, he was honorably acquitted—*vivat et valeat*, I hope, hereafter, to hear no more of the *cruel* and *injurious* treatment he experienced.

It cannot be denied, that there was ſomething peculiarly harraſſing and vexatious, to a man of ſpirit, who had once executed, with energy and good ſenſe, the duties of an exalted poſt, to be chained down for many hours, many days, and many years, without being permitted to reply to, or refute, the animated invective, and flowery miſrepreſentations of Mr. Burke; the high-wrought, deluſive, fatiguing pathos of Mr. Sheridan; and the unvaried monotony of Mr. Anſtruther; but the offender, ſupported by the popularity he enjoyed, and the brilliant ſucceſs of his general adminiſtration, was ſupported under, and ultimately extricated, from all his difficulties.

HAWKINS, SIR JOHN, an hiſtorian of muſic without taſte, and a biographer of Dr. Johnſon, without the neceſſary information, but uſeful as a juſtice of peace, and reſpectable as chairman at a quarter ſeſſions.

Not content with the poſſeſſion of ſuch merits, this aſpiring magiſtrate, eſſayed to twine the laurel round his civic crown; an attempt in which he failed, and attaching ridicule to the ſolemn pedantry of his character, was unmercifully laſhed by the wits and poets of his day.

Sir John conſiders *all* modern muſic as abſurd and unnatural, and, in what he calls a hiſtory of that ſcience, after neglecting, or ſlightly mentioning, perſons and circumſtances, obviouſly intereſting and important, devotes large portions of his heavy quarto volumes, to the petty detail of obſcure clubs, alehouſe biography, and chimney-corner anecdote, which he relates with the minute preciſion, and frequently the technical phraſe of a conveyancer.

The honor of knighthood conferred upon him by King George the third, and the more ſubſtantial comfort of keeping a coach, are circumſtances which appear to have generally predominated in his mind, and are frequently mentioned by him with conſiderable triumph, and evident ſatisfaction.

Long and tedious harangues againſt the looſe morals and extravagancies of the age, were alſo favorite ſubjects of declamation with him; theſe, in a

man who preſided over the police of Weſtminſter, although trying to the patience of a hearer or a reader, might be endured; but it was ſtrangely inconſiſtent with the character of a ſevere moraliſt, to preſerve, in his *weighty* books, indecent ballads and obſcene ſongs, from that oblivion to which they would otherwiſe have been conſigned.

It has been obſerved, of the knight's Life of Dr. Johnſon, that the writer knows, and relates more, of every perſon he mentions, than of the man whoſe life he profeſſes to deſcribe; there is, however, a conſiderable portion of general information and literary anecdote.

Sir John Hawkins was a raker together of antiquarian fragments, a ſcavenger among duſty ſhelves, and obſolete chronicles; a diligent collector of the rubbiſh of other times; and he, who, like the editor of this collection, ſhall wade through the five oppreſſive maſſy volumes on muſic, will *ſometimes* meet with *ſomething* to enliven the gloom; if theſe occur but ſeldom, let him not deſpair, he will, at all events, be entitled to the praiſe of diligence, patience, and indefatigable reſolution.

HAYLEY, WILLIAM, a ſenſible writer, and harmonious verſifier, the poet of rational liberty, who exhibited, early in life, every appearance of idiotiſm, but, the clouds of fatuity being gradually diſpelled, he has attained conſiderable literary eminence.

The notes to ſome of his poetical epiſtles, are pleaſant reading, and convey uſeful information; they confirm an opinion given in my firſt edition, that, although Mr. Hayley's imagination may not be highly creative, his judgment is critically exact; he is a candid writer, a gentleman as well as an author.

The gratitude he expreſſes, to THAT FIRST OF CHARACTERS, A GOOD MOTHER, for her unceaſing care and anxiety, during his infancy and childhood, is poetic, elegant and intereſting.

'Twas thine with conſtant love, through ling'ring years,
To bathe an ideot orphan with thy tears:
—— —— thy child from powers above,
Receiv'd the ſenſe to feel, and bleſs thy love.

A ſatirical writer, who, in a fictitious vacancy of the poſt of poet laureate, makes Mr. Hayley one of the candidates, has pronounced the following ſentence on him, I think, with more ſeverity

ſeverity than juſtice, but not without *ſome truth* in many of the remarks.

The poliſh'd period, the ſmooth-flowing line,
And faultleſs texture, all muſt own are thine;
For theſe thy rank, thou ſhalt unenvied keep,
While all muſt praiſe, but while they praiſe, they ſleep;
No flames of genius, through thy verſes burn,
Languor and ſweetneſs take their place by turn;
Nor force nor vigor there ——

—— —— —— ——

Select in phraſe, in ripen'd judgment cool,
Deep haſt thou ſtudy'd the Italian ſchool:
Correctly cold, thy wiſhes here are vain.

Yet who can read without emotion his deſcription, or rather his picture, for a picture it ſurely is, and painted in glowing colours, of the death-bed of Chatterton, where the unhappy ſuicide drains the laſt dregs of the poiſoned phial, tears the ſtrings from his once loved harp, and, in the phrenzy of deſpair, expires.

In peruſing the Triumphs of Temper, which Tom Warton uſed to call a *fine* poem, I have been amuſed by thoſe cantos which carry on the narrative; the charming but *faultleſs* Serena, juſt between the woman and the child, a ſhort, a tranſitory, period, when every female, whatever her perſon, rank, or accompliſhment, is *irreſiſtible*; the maiden aunt, with nothing remaining but the ghoſt of her beauty, who ſcolds her niece for reading a novel, and pockets it for her own peruſal; and the whig of the houſe of commons, *turned to a tory in his elbow chair*, are happily conceived, and well introduced.

But thoſe elaborate alternate cantos, on which the author muſt have beſtowed conſiderable toil, and which deſcribe the ſubterraneous voyages of the heroine, fatigued and confuſed me; I confeſs that they exhibit much genuine poetry, and that many of the great moral truths, are inculcated by apt and elegant allegory: but, what play and poem makers ought never to loſe ſight of, the buſineſs of the piece ſeems to *lag*.

Mr. Hayley's compliment to ancient virgins, is happy, applicable to life, and uſeful in counteracting a ſtrange vulgar prejudice againſt old maids, many of

whom are the pleaſanteſt and worthieſt women I know.

'Twas their's to preſs, all ſelfiſh views above,
A ſiſter's offspring with parental love.

His admonitions on the ſubject of ſweetmeats, preſerves, *liqueurs*, &c. was well timed, when our faſhionable circles were ſinking into the groſs and indelicate habit of, what I once called, a gin-ſhop in maſquerade.

The figure of the fiend Ennui is good, although bordering on caricature; but the odious ſimile however juſt, of the ſerpent, which by a nauſeous proceſs, ſwallows animals larger than itſelf, is ſhocking and ought not to have been introduced; like Spencer's deſcription of *envy chewing a toad* it is diſguſting and offenſive; in poetry as in real life, the whole truth is not on every occaſion to be told; a judicious ſelection of pleaſing objects, of appropriate but agreeable reſemblances is the criterion of good writing and correct taſte.

HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY

It is the complaint of a late writer, that claſſical learning, and the perpetual uſe and contemplation of the fabulous objects of antiquity, had taken entire poſſeſſion of the imaginations and memories, not only of our artiſts, painters, poets, and ſtatuaries, but of the majority of our Engliſh divines; that from our theatres and academies, our parks, fountains, public buildings and pleaſure grounds, the gods of Greece and Rome, had at laſt crept into our pulpits; this conduct in Chriſtians, he pronounced as abſurd, as if the antients had adorned their temples with the ſtatues of Moſes and Aaron.

Theſe extravagant fears excited ridicule from the critics; yet the author, who was a ſerious, devout, and well-meaning man, was earneſt; had not zeal heated his fancy and warped his judgment, he muſt have perceived, that a fondneſs for virtù, and an attachment to the precious remains of antient ſuperſtition, is wholly a matter of taſte, and cannot poſſibly have any tendency to pervert us from the worſhip of the true God.

A connoiſſeur may contemplate the ſtatue of the Venus de Medicis, or Apollo Belvidere, with admiration and exquiſite pleaſure; but it does not at all follow, that in conſequence of the moſt enthuſiaſtic impreſſions, he will allow to either of them the attributes or worſhip of a diety.

When Chineſe architecture, zig-zag, bells and dragons, were a few

a few years ſince the prevalent faſhion, we heard of no converts to Chineſe idolatry; among the numerous admirers of Gothic and Arabeſque architecture, it would be difficult to produce a ſingle inſtance of one, whoſe Chriſtian principles ſunk, in proportion as his buildings roſe; and although Strawberry hill, a reſidence of the late Horace Walpole, is totally of that conſtruction, I believe no one ever ſuſpected its pleaſant proprietor of being a muſſulman.

To argue againſt ſuch opinions ſeems abſurd, yet within theſe twenty years, a ſerious and elaborate defence of paganiſm, has been publiſhed by a writer of conſiderable learning. With every appearance of anxious ſincerity, he laments the downfal of Jupiter, Mercury, and Apollo, and attempts by every means in his power, to perſuade mankind, that they ought to reſtore the gods of antiquity to their altars, their worſhip, and their temples.

As if the preſent age was to witneſs extravagant zeal on *every* ſide of a queſtion, another author warmly oppoſing literary ornaments, poliſhed periods and claſſical alluſion, thus gives utterance to the violence of an exaſperated ſpirit.

"In the preſent times alas, the tree of life is hiſſed at as the food of viſionary enthuſiaſts, and the tree of death, in other words, the tree of knowledge of good and evil, has the eyes, hands and hearts of prieſt and people; that tree, to which we are indebted for death and corruption, is now looked up to, as the tree of light, and is well watered with every foul and muddy ſtream, that can be drawn to it.

"THE GOSPEL, LOVELY FOR SIMPLICITY AND TRUTH, can pleaſe no longer, without the tawdry and adventitious ornaments of claſſical literature; Cicero, Ariſtotle, Longinus, and Quintilian have taken poſſeſſion of our pulpits; the conſequences which follow are natural, we exhibit the atheiſm of Ariſtotle, the pride and diſſimulation of Cicero, and the refined as well as the more groſs vices of Greece and Rome.

"In all this glory of learning, A GOSPEL CHRISTIAN is rarely to be found; nor ought we to wonder; it would be abſurd to expect that wit, rhetoric, and the pride of human reaſon can increaſe the effect of, or are at all neceſſary towards inculcating the plain, ſimple, and obvious doctrine of CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

"What groſs ignorance, and extravagant preſumption, to expect that Greek and Latin can

teach

teach us *to put off the old man*; that pagan poets, and heathen orators, can enable us to imitate the purity, mildneſs, and humility of our bleſſed Redeemer.

"It is from miſtakes like theſe, we have ſo many CICERONIAN GOSPELLERS, ſo few GOSPEL PENITENTS; inſtead of being contrite, ſubmiſſive and repentant, like the publican who went up to the temple to pray, and who could only exclaim, God be merciful to me a ſinner; we have high-bred men of letters, who glory *that they are not as other men are*; we have your POLISHED LITERATI, whom you may hear ſermon after ſermon, ſtalking in heroics, without ſuppoſing or even gueſſing, if you have not heard their texts, that you were liſtening to a miniſter of the Chriſtian religion.

"Loſing ſight of the practice and doctrine of their maſter, who plainly tells them, that THE WISDOM OF THIS WORLD IS FOOLISHNESS WITH GOD, they are only ambitious of the character of elegant rhetoricians, and connoiſſeurs in variety of ſtyle; now flying on the unfeathered wings of high ſounding words, or tranſported on the *enormous ſublime* of a Milton; at other times converting the houſe of God into a theatre, by vanity and dramatic chit-chat.

"We may fancy that by ſuch means we ſhall reach heaven; but with all our pains, the brick and mortar of human wiſdom produces only THAT TOWER OF BABEL SELF EXALTATION, which inſtead of reaching the throne of grace, leads only to confuſion, divine wrath, and diſmay.

"Strong parts, glittering acquirements, a flighty imagination and pompous pretenſions to learning, are labourers employed by *that cunning maſter builder pride*, in her endeavours to rereſt this tower in the heart of man; and the reſult is, when human wiſdom attempts to explain away ſcripture truths, the ſame as in days of old, CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

"It is from ſuch errors, and too often wilful from perverſion, that CLASSIC GOSPELLERS, LINGUIST-CRITICS, SCRIPTURE-LOGICIANS, SALVATION-ORATORS and GRAMMATISTS in Greek and Latin phraſes, idioms, tropes and figures, fancy themſelves and try to perſuade others that they are *the little children*, to whom the kingdom of God is expreſsly ſaid to belong."

This probably is enough for my readers, of an author, who perhaps would be for burning all books but the bible, and like other men of furious zeal, injures the cauſe he means to defend, and

and *ſome* of the palpable truths he wiſhes to ſupport, by overſtepping the modeſty of nature, propriety, good ſenſe, and moderation.

In concluding the preſent article, I cannot refuſe the praiſe of well-timed admonition to the following addreſs of a Scotch ſynod.

" In conſequence of a ſuggeſtion from their committee, the ſynod cautions miniſters againſt affectation in their ſtyle, language, and pronunciation, and againſt all attempts at modernizing the plain but convincing ſimplicity of the Goſpel; leſt, in endeavouring to accommodate the *manner*, they ſhould alſo proceed to accommodate the matter to the taſte of a corrupt and carnal generation.

" And as mending the morals, and convincing the underſtanding, is or ought to be the firſt object, with every faithful ſervant of God, they further warn their brethren, againſt all obſcurities and improprieties of ſpeech, technical and philoſophical, and againſt all learned terms and phraſes, not commonly underſtood.

HEIDIGGER, a clergyman's ſon of Zurich in Switzerland, who, flying from the embarraſſments of a love intrigue, and after trying various expedients, as a domeſtic and an humble companion, in different parts of Europe, was warmly patronized in England, and appointed ſuperintendant of maſquerades, operas, and other entertainments, to King George the Second.

With a countenance ſo ugly as to attract the notice and diſguſt of all who met him; with ghaſtly features which puzzled even Hogarth to repreſent, and with the habits of an epicure, he is ſaid to have poſſeſſed a conſiderable portion of taſte and judgment, in a ſpecies of amuſement, to which without accurately examining the juſtice of our deciſion, the terms elegant and refined have been given.

Yet a ſtern moraliſt, at my elbow, demurs at theſe definitions: " Can that be elegant," he demands in an elevated tone, " which is abſurd; how can that be refined which leads to exceſs and groſs ſenſuality?"

The expediency of depoſiting, on ſuch occaſions our ſenſe and reaſon with our guineas, it is not my buſineſs to diſcuſs; yet a few viſits to that ſcene of ſin and inſipidity, a modern maſquerade, will ſufficiently convince us, that as we cloſe up the avenues of ſhame and feeling, in the ſame proportion, we ſhut out the livelineſs of wit, and the eaſy cheerfulneſs of ſocial merriment; while

while the dull monotony of "*Do you know me*" is only interrupted, by the roar of intoxication, and the whiſper of obſcenity.

Heidigger was fond of ſtyling himſelf *Intendant de menus plaiſirs chez le Roi*, in plain Engliſh, as maſter of the revels, he aſſiſted his Majeſty and the Counteſs of Yarmouth, in ſpending their pocket money; this buſineſs he executed with ſkill and rapidity, for the expences incurred by the efforts of his genius, were enormous.

Our fortunate adventurer gave ſuch general ſatisfaction, and was ſo much careſſed by the nobility and gentry, that an aſſembly, ball, or indeed any public feſtival, was thought incomplete unleſs Mr. Heidigger condeſcended to preſide.

It was in the high tide of proſperity and faſhion, that he reſided in the manſion at Barn Elms, now occupied by Mr. Hoare the banker, where he was called Count Eager by the poor, to whom he was liberally charitable.

At this place he had the honor of giving a public entertainment to his royal maſter, with illuminations, muſic, and a ſupper fit for a king; by theſe and other modes he ſupported his popularity many years, levying great contributions on the court and the public at large; but although his income was conſiderable, he never accumulated a fortune, ſpending the whole of his money in eating, drinking, and convivial hilarity.

Si bene qui vivit, bene cænat, if feaſting and carouſing were the only buſineſs of life, the path trodden by Heidigger was well choſen; but man is a creature with moral energies, which he *ſhould* exert, and with important duties which he *ought* to perform, if he expects to live with ſatisfaction, and to die undiſturbed.

At a gala once given by the ſubject of this article to a large company, it was debated which nation in Europe had the beſt founded claim to ingenuity; after much had been ſaid, being called on for his opinion he aſſerted the ſuperiority of the Swiſs, and produced himſelf as a living proof of it, in the following words:

"I was born a Swiſs, in a country, where had I continued to tread in the footſteps of my worthy fore-fathers, thirty pounds a year would have been the utmoſt that art or induſtry could have procured.

"With an empty purſe, a ſolitary coat on my back, and *almoſt* two ſhirts, I arrived in England; where I confeſs my ſituation, at firſt was difficult and un-

unpromiſing, but every thing yields to patience and perſeverance; my humble merits were gradually acknowledged, and I am at length amply rewarded by the munificence of a generous prince, and the liberality of a wealthy nation.

"I am now at the head of a table covered with the delicacies of the ſeaſon, in their higheſt perfection; with a ſide board of plate, and wines from different quarters of the globe, and of the beſt vintage. I am honored with the company, and enjoy the approbation of the firſt perſonages in this kingdom, WITH AN INCOME OF FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR.

"Now I defy any individual of any country in the world, how highly ſo ever he may be gifted to go to Switzerland, and *raiſe* ſuch a ſum there, or even to *ſpend* it in that country."

Theſe words, which Heidigger would ſcarcely have had reſolution to utter, but from the impulſe of wine and good fellowſhip, may be conſidered as the panegyric of gratitude, or the keen ſatire of a ſucceſsful adventurer, ridiculing his dupes.

The glaſs circulated, and he continued a routine of pleaſure and profit, till the year ſeventeen hundred and forty nine, when he died at the advanced age of ninety.

HELOISE DE MONTMORENCY, for this I find was her name, the apt ſcholar, the accompliſhed miſtreſs, and laſtly, the unfortunate wife of Abelard.

For a vindication of the principles on which ſhe acted, but not of the conduct of this extraordinary woman, who has been ſtrangely miſrepreſented, ſee the article POPE.

HENLEY, JOHN, a native of Melton Mowbray in the county of Leiceſter, where he officiated ſeveral years as curate, and conducted a grammar ſchool.

"Feeling or fancying, that a genius like his ought not to be buried in ſo obſcure a ſituation, having been long convinced, that many groſs errors, and impoſtures prevailed in the various inſtitutions and eſtabliſhments of mankind, being alſo ambitious of reſtoring antient eloquence, but as his enemies aſſerted, to avoid the ſcandalous embarraſſments of illicit love, he repaired to the metropolis, and for a ſhort time performed clerical functions, at St. John's chapel near Bedford Row, with the proſpect of ſucceeding to the lectureſhip of

of an adjoining pariſh, which ſoon became vacant.

Several candidates offering for this ſituation, a warm conteſt enſued, *probation ſermons* were preached, and Henley's predominating vanity made him expect an eaſy victory.

We may gueſs at his diſappointment when this diſciple of Demoſthenes and Cicero, was informed that the congregation had no objection to his language or his doctrine, *but that he threw himſelf about too much in the pulpit*, and that another perſon was choſen.

Loſing his temper as well as his election, he ruſhed into a room where the principal pariſhioners were aſſembled, and thus addreſſed them, in all the vehemence of outrageous paſſion.

"Blockheads! are *you* qualified to judge of the degree of action, neceſſary for a preacher of God's word? Were you able to read, or had you ſufficient ſenſe, you ſorry knaves, to underſtand the moſt renowned orator of antiquity, he would tell you that the great, almoſt the only requiſite for a public ſpeaker, was action, action, action.

"But I deſpiſe and defy you, provoco ad populum, the public ſhall decide between us." He then haſtily retired, and to vindicate his injured fame, publiſhed the probationary diſcourſe he had delivered.

Thus diſappointed in the regular routine of his profeſſion, he became, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, a quack divine; for this character he was eminently qualified, poſſeſſing a ſtrong voice, fluent language, an impoſing magiſterial air, and a countenance, which no violation of propriety, reproach or ſelf-correction, was ever known to embarraſs or diſcompoſe.

If the tribunal, to which Henley thus confidently appealed had been bleſſed with taſte and judgment, the determination would have been decidedly againſt the veſtry critics; for, according to the theory of counting men, like cattle, *by the head*, the majority was clearly in his favor.

On the ſpur of the occaſion, and indignant at rejection, he immediately advertized, that he ſhould hold forth, publicly, two days in the week, and hired for this purpoſe, a large room in or near Newport market, which he called THE ORATORY; but previous to the commencement of his "academical diſcourſes" he choſe to conſult Mr. Whiſton, a learned clergyman of conſiderable mathematical

matical and aſtronomical reſearch, but who had rendered himſelf remarkable, by eccentric ſimplicity of heart, and the whimſical heterodoxy of his creed.

In a letter to this gentleman he deſired to be informed, whether he ſhould incur any legal penalties, by officiating as a ſeparatiſt from the church of England: Mr. Whiſton did not encourage Henley's project, and a correſpondence took place, which ending in virulence and ill language, produced, a few years after, the following letter.

To Mr. William Whiſton.

Take notice, that I give you warning not to enter my room in Newport market, at your peril.

JOHN HENLEY.

Whether the Cambridge profeſſor, for I believe Mr. Whiſton ſucceeded to the chair of Sir Iſaac Newton, whether he eclipſed his adverſary by the obvious ſuperiority of his qualifications, or diſturbed him by whiſpering critical remarks, I am not able to ſay; this however is certain, that he poſſeſſed diffidence and modeſty, of which Henley had not a grain.

As tickets of admiſſion to thoſe who ſubſcribed to Henley's lectures, medals were iſſued, with the ſun for a device, and a motto expreſſive of the man, as well as the motives on which he acted; *Inveniam viam aut faciam*, which might be thus tranſlated, if bread is denied me in one path, I will try to find it in another.

A ſyllabus of the lectures was alſo publiſhed, containing a long liſt of the various topics, religious, political, and miſcellaneous, which he meant to handle: to play round the ſurface of a ſubject without puzzling his hearers by deep argument, ſolid learning or abſtruſe ſpeculation; to excite curioſity by ſingularity and extravaganza; to provoke mirth ſometimes by broad humour, and occaſionally by bare faced impudence; to treat public men and public meaſures, with ſarcaſm, perſonality, ſatire and buffoonery, were the chief merits of Henley.

By theſe and other means, he generally filled his room, the price of admiſſion being ſixpence; but *ſubſcribers* for whom commodious ſeats were allotted, had an opportunity of teſtifying their generoſity to Mr. Henley, and their opinion of his abilities by liberal preſents.

Sometimes, *one of his old Bloomſbury friends*, caught the ſpeakers eye; on theſe occaſions, he could not reſiſt the temptation to gratify his vanity and reſentment: after a ſhort pauſe he would addreſs the unfortunate interloper

interloper in words to the following effect: "You ſee, Sir, all mankind are not exactly of your opinion; there are you perceive *a few ſenſible people in the world*, who conſider me as not wholly unqualified for the office I have undertaken."

His abaſhed and confounded adverſaries, thus attacked; in a public company, a moſt awkward ſpecies of diſtreſs, were glad to retire precipitately, and ſometimes were puſhed out of the room by Henley's partizans, who in all probablity had been previouſly inſtructed.

On the Chriſtian ſabbath, he generally read part of the liturgy of the church of England, and ſometimes uſed extempore prayer,

That the efforts of his oratory might be aſſiſted by its handmaid, the preſs, Mr Henley ſoon commenced author; the following ſubjects, ſome of them printed in pamphlets, on a black letter type, prove that he entertained no mean opinion of himſelf.

The origin of evil.

The means of forming a correct taſte.

A comparative view of antient and modern learning.

Thoughts on the ſcriptural narrative of a confuſion of tongues.

A defence of Chriſtianity.

He alſo publiſhed an edition of Montfauçon's antiquities, and conducted the Hyp-Doctor, a periodical paper, for which he is ſaid to have received a pecuniary reward from Sir Robert Walpole.

As Henley's popularity increaſed, the place where he amuſed and inſtructed his friends being found not ſufficiently capacious, he procured a larger and more commodious receptacle, near the catholic chapel in Duke Street, Lincolns Inn Fields.

In a fit of humorous caprice, or in the hope of enticing ſome of the frequenters of that place of worſhip, to viſit him, he called his new room in ſome of his advertiſements *the little catholic chapel*; if at any time the frequenters of the GREAT CHAPEL, accidentally dropped in, after maſs, Henley was ſtudious to pay them particular attention, and would in ſome way introduce, a recommendation of univerſal philanthropy, and religious toleration.

On one of theſe occaſions, he made uſe of the following words: "After all this outcry about the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, who, and what is this bugbear, this monſter, this Pope, whom we ſo much dread? He is only a man like ourſelves, the eccle-

eccleſiaſtical ſovereign of Rome, the father and head of the catholic church."

When the lecture was concluded, he advanced towards a leading man among the catholics, ſhook him heartily by the hand, and thus addreſſed him: "God bleſs you, I love you all, I love you all; we are all Chriſtians alike, from the ſame ſtock, divided only *by a few non-eſſentials.*"

Whether this proceeding was dictated by Chriſtian charity, by indifference, by any latent papiſtical propenſity, or merely for the purpoſe of inviting cuſtomers of all perſuaſions to his ſhop, muſt be determined by conſidering the character and general conduct of Henley.

He adopted the ſame *fraternal* language to the baptiſts and independents, who received his advances with coldneſs and ſuſpicion; on this occaſion, being diſſatisfied with the conduct of Dr. Chandler, an eminent diſſenting teacher, he attacked him in a pamphlet under the following title, "Samuel Sleeping in the Wilderneſs."

Having acquired, or aſſumed, the name of ORATOR HENLEY, it became the faſhion for ladies and gentlemen, to make parties to hear his lectures: he attracted the notice, and excited the reſentment of Mr. Pope, who has laſhed him in his Dunciad; but calling him *a zany* is not a correct deſcription of the man.

Henley was impudent, inſolent, and conceited, a vain-glorious boaſter, determined, at all events, and at all riſks, to excite public attention; but he exhibited, at times, a quaint ſhrewdneſs, a farcical humour, and an acuteneſs far beyond the powers of a fool; he came rather under the denomination of a theological and political buffoon; a character, I conceive, very culpable; treating with levity and profane mirth, ſubjects, which no man ſhould ever approach, but with ſolemnity, awe, and devotion.

In coarſeneſs of irony, vulgar raillery, and the unbounded licentiouſneſs with which he ſcattered the arrows of ridicule, cenſure, and miſrepreſentation, he frequently reminds me of a political incendiary of the preſent day, famous in his way, Thomas Paine; and, like him, the orator having incurred the diſpleaſure of government, was ſeveral days in the cuſtody of a king's meſſenger.

Lord Cheſterfield, at that time ſecretary of ſtate, amuſed himſelf, and his aſſociates in office, by ſporting with the hopes and fears of our reſtorer of ancient eloquence: during his examination before the

the privy council, he requeſted permiſſion to ſit, on account of a real, or, as it was ſuppoſed, a pretended rheumatiſm. Occaſioning conſiderable merriment by his eccentric anſwers, and ſometimes by the oddity of his queſtions, he was obſerved to join heartily and loudly in the laugh he had himſelf created.

The earl having expoſtulated with him, on the impropriety of ridiculing the exertions of his native country, at the moment, rebellion raged in the heart of the kingdom, Henley replied, "I thought there was no harm, my lord, in *cracking a joke on a red herring*; alluding to the worthy primate of that name, who propoſed, and, I believe, had actually commenced, arming and arraying the clergy.

Many diſreſpectful and unwarrantable expreſſions he had applied to perſons high in office, being mentioned to him, he anſwered without embarraſſment, "My lords, I *muſt* live."

"I ſee no kind of reaſon for that," ſaid Lord Cheſterfield, "but many againſt it." The council were pleaſed and laughed at the retort; the priſoner, ſomewhat irritated, obſerved, "That is a good thing, but it has been ſaid before."

A few days after, being reprimanded for his improper conduct, and cautioned againſt repeating it, he was diſmiſſed, as an impudent but entertaining fellow.

The following hand-bill was circulated by Henley in October, 1726.

"Having been threatened by various anonymous letters, that, if I do not drop the oratory, a minute account of my life and character ſhall be publiſhed; I take this method of informing thoſe, who propoſe undertaking it that they muſt be ſpeedy, or their market will be ſpoiled, as I am writing it myſelf.

J. Henley."

I conclude with a letter addreſſed, by the ſubject of our preſent article, to Mr. Whiſton; it is a good ſpecimen of the ſtyle he adopted, and of the ſpirit in which he wrote, but truth and juſtice, oblige me to obſerve, that the charges of diſſimulation and hypocriſy, brought by Henley againſt Mr. Whiſton, are wholly unfounded; that they are inconſiſtent with the whole tenor of his life, in which his principles and profeſſions were at war with his intereſt. Whiſton might be, and, probably, *was* wrong in his religious tenets; but the important ſacrifices he made, and the *obſtinacy* of which his adverſary accuſed him,

prove

prove him no time-ſerver; he often was miſtaken, but, in my opinion, always was honeſt.

Henley's letter to Mr. Whiſton.

SIR,

You have no right to catechize me concerning the cauſes of my leaving Melton; I took that ſtep, contrary to the wiſhes of the whole neighbourhood; and the numerous letters of recommendation I brought with me to town, ſufficiently clear me from your ſcandalous inſinuations.

You are invidious, malicious, partial, and uncharitable; I ſuſpect *you*, as much as you do St. Athanaſius; your paſſions blind your judgment, your language is ſcurrilous, and, if you perſiſt in repeating it, inſtead of my pen, you ſhall have an anſwer from a weapon of a different kind.

I am ſincere and ſerious in my religious profeſſions, but I conſider your's as a jeſt, who communicate and worſhip with a church, which you call idolatrous. I quitted my appointments in the country, which brought in a ſure income, for certain labor and uncertain gains; you talk idly of my being a news-writer for government, it is an employment I never ſolicited.

I taught ſpeaking and action at my ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, long before I had ſeen a London theatre, and *thoſe who are judges*, know that my action is as different from the dramatic, as a playhouſe is from a church.

Your miſapplication of various texts from the Pſalms, is a ſtrong proof of your ignorance, or your diſhoneſty; the pſalms are poetical compoſitions, for the moſt part, devotional, and no man in his ſenſes, ever thought they were regarded as laws by the Jews; but, allowing your own ſtatement of facts, David, though an adulterer, prayed, and Hoſea, *who took two wives of whoredom*, preached.

What you call diſcipline in religion, is ſo far from being primitive, that it is contrary to the Goſpel, and, if I miſtake not, nearly approaches to high treaſon.

You accuſe me of vanity, who are yourſelf the moſt vain, arrogant, pretending, ill-bred man alive, and a great diſſembler; you loſt your place at Cambridge by whim, obſtinacy and pride: your threatenings and yourſelf I deſpiſe, if you go on in your villainy againſt me, I ſhall make you ſmart for it.

You will repent of your vile, unchriſtian, and *ungenteel* uſage of me; you will wiſh that you had

had not been ſo abſurd a wretch, and ſhall find to your coſt, that my ſpirit riſes ſuperior to all your efforts, and that MY FORTUNE WILL CRUSH ALL OPPOSITION.

J. HENLEY.

HENNUYER, JOHN, a native of St. Quintin, confeſſor to Henry the ſecond, King of France, and appointed Biſhop of Lizieux, by Francis the ſecond.

This worthy eccleſiaſtic, has been frequently celebrated for nobly, and ſucceſsfully reſiſting the mandate which had been iſſued, for carrying into execution, in his dioceſe, the St. Bartholomew maſſacre.

On this occaſion an obſervation has been made, by a catholic writer, which it is of the higheſt importance to authenticate; but the taſk, at this period, would be extremely difficult; it is, "that in every part of France, where the aſſaſſinations took place, *hereſy* ſtill continued to ſpring up with unabated obſtinacy; while in the diſtrict which experienced the philanthropy and toleration of our excellent prelate, the proteſtants were ſo affected by his goodneſs and care, that men, women, and children, returned, without a ſingle exception, to the boſom of the catholic church, and heterodoxy was extinguiſhed without blood-ſhed through the whole of his biſhopric.

This author *may* be correct as to fact, but it is not ſo certain that he is right as to motive: while thouſands were inhumanly butchered in various quarters of the kingdom, becauſe they would not conform to the eſtabliſhed religion of their country, it ſurely is no violation, either of experience or probability, to attribute the conduct of theſe *occaſional conformiſts*, to the impulſe of genuine fear.

A dramatic piece, not ill written, and founded on the humane interpoſition of John Hennuyer, was publiſhed in France thirty years ago, attributed by ſome, without ſufficient proof, to Voltaire, and tranſlated into Engliſh by *a perſon who was unequal to the taſk*.

HENRY THE FIFTH, King of England, the hero of Shakeſpear, the companion of many a Falſtaff; a character, which, although proved in juſtice to a worthy man of the ſame name, to be fictitious, will be found to exiſt in every reign, where the heir apparent is a bon-vivant.

Henry, I ſpeak of the king of that

that name, united the keen reliſh for pleaſure, and convivial diſpoſitions of Charles the ſecond, with the courage and military talents of our warlike Edward, ſirnamed, from the colour of his armour, the Black Prince; yet, when Henry mounted the throne, he did not ſuffer amuſement to entice him from duty; but ſhook off the degrading ſociety of pot-valiant ſwaggerers, rake-hells, drunkards, and buffoons, as a lion ſhakes from his mane the morning dew, and finiſhed a ſhort, but brilliant reign, with glory and ſucceſs.

THE PRIDE OF ENGLAND AND THE SCOURGE OF FRANCE, is mentioned in this place, for the purpoſe of remarking, a prepoſterous and fatal miſtake, ſometimes made by young men placed near the pinnacle of power and dominion.

Perceiving that all the illuſtrious characters upon record, *except one*, have had ſome drawback from their merits, ſome darling infatuation, weakneſs, or criminal indulgence; their miſtaken imitators, without aiming at the virtues, have been ambitious only of outſtripping the Tudors and Plantagenets, in the moſt exceptionable parts of their character.

Julius Cæſar is ſaid to have been the huſband of every wife in Rome, and Frederic the Great, King of Pruſſia, was culpably notorious for virulent ſcepticiſm; yet, he who fancies himſelf equal to the Roman Dictator, becauſe of his flagitious amours, or to the philoſopher of Sans Souci, in a barefaced defiance of God and man, adds folly to his crimes, and cannot be reprobated too ſeverely.

I have obſerved, with conſiderable pleaſure, that the hero who adorns my preſent page, is cenſured by cotemporary hiſtorians, for want of generoſity: war, which exhauſts conquerors, as well as thoſe whom they defeat, probably prevented the exerciſe of his bounty on *every* occaſion.

But there is abundant reaſon to conclude from Henry's quick conception, and, in general, his juſt mode of thinking, that he conſidered profuſion in kings, under whatever name it may be diſguiſed, as little better than robbery and plunder, from the induſtrious and more meritorious claſſes of their ſubjects.

It is not my wiſh to recommend that niggardly ſpecies of bad economy which would tie up the hands of our ſovereign from rewarding thoſe who have ſerved their country, and deſtroyed its enemies; my intention is, I hope, without giving offence, to remind

remind kings, their deſcendants, and the more elevated claſſes of ſociety, that it is their duty TO BE JUST BEFORE THEY ARE GENEROUS; that a wanton expenditure on articles of luxurious ſuperfluity, while the labourer, the artizan, and the furniſher of the neceſſaries of life, remain unpaid, is cruel, fraudulent, and unfeeling.

I remember one of the pleaſanteſt and kindeſt gentlemen in this county, ordering *three* very expenſive ſeals, and all alike, while his baker, almoſt at the next door, was arreſted for a ſum leſs than a quarter of the bill due for the ſuperfluous, unneceſſary appendage.

The circumſtance being mentioned to a third man, he praiſed the proceeding, and in ſtrong language, as an act of rigid and impartial juſtice. "Pray explain your paradox," ſaid a by-ſtander, "Nothing eaſier," was the reply, "all are employed, and all unpaid." The moral of this anecdote, is ſhort and palpable, *pay for your loaf before you think of purchaſing a ſeal.*

An inſtance, in which King Henry the fifth, when Prince of Wales, ſubmitted, without reſiſtance, to reproof and puniſhment, may be ſeen, by referring to the article GASCOIGNE.

HENRY THE EIGHTH, King of England, a man of bad taſte, as well as a tyrant; a ſubverter of the papal authority in this kingdom: himſelf, of all eccleſiaſtical deſpots, the moſt arbitrary and abſolute.

"I have other letters of Henry to Anna Bullen," ſays a late editor of an ancient hiſtorian, "but their obſcenity renders my publiſhing them improper."

That any man ſhould be ſo indecorouſly abſurd, as to ſully the mind of a woman he meant to make the friend and companion of his life; that he ſhould attempt to render muddy and turbid, that ſtream which he meant for his future beverage, would ſeem ſtrange and incredible, did we not daily ſee huſbands miſtaking indecency for wit, and when they have put their wives out of countenance by ſallies of lewdneſs, calling it *good fun.*

This conduct in Henry, and the effects it produced, may account for the familiarity with which his unfortunate queen addreſſed the grooms of her chamber, and probably laid the foundation for a charge of unfaithfulneſs, produced, and in my opinion, created by the monſter, againſt an unhappy woman, whom he had determined to deſtroy.

HERESY.

HERESY, an abominable ſpecies of, diſcovered at Orleans in the early part of the eleventh century, and during the reign of Robert the ſecond, King of France.

The miſcreants who formed this infernal cabal, if the teſtimony of their enemies is to be relied on, (and we have no other extant) held nocturnal meetings, in which they actually addreſſed regular forms of prayer to the devil; theſe they did not ceaſe repeating, ſays my authority, till Satan actually appeared among them in the ſhape of a ſtrange beaſt; this addition to their company, was conſidered as a ſignal for putting out the lights, when they proceeded to other abominations, with which I will not defile my page.

Theſe, and other crimes, having been proved againſt the offenders, one of whom was no leſs a perſon than the queen's confeſſor, the court being then at Orleans, a council was called (Aurelianenſe 1022) to prevent the ſpreading of ſuch opinions and practices, and to determine on the puniſhment of what was conſidered as a ſpecies of Manichæiſm: yet, the unhallowed and impure practices attributed to the followers of Manes, in the third century of the Chriſtian æra, are now generally conſidered, by learned men, as unfounded calumnies, fabricated by their triumphant enemies.

The heretics, who are the ſubject of the preſent article, were condemned to be burnt alive; this ſentence was put in execution *in the preſence of the king and queen*, and the aſhes of the ſinners were ſcattered in the air.

It is conſoling to a mind too apt to ſelect the calamities and enormities of paſt times, it is pleaſing to record, that the ſame ſtrange errors and abominations, breaking out, not long after, at Arras; the good biſhop of that city, cauſed the wretches to be privately apprehended, viſited them in priſon, and expoſtulated with them, in a ſtrain of ſuch pathetic exhortation, and paternal tenderneſs, that they confeſſed their crimes with lamentations, tears, and other marks of contrition.

The miſerable creatures earneſtly entreated that their lives might be conditionally ſpared, but that the ſentence of the law, ſtill hanging over their heads, they might be pardoned or puniſhed, according to the tenor of their future conduct; this requeſt was granted, and they proved themſelves worthy of the

mild and merciful treatment they had experienced.

HERVEY, ASTON, a military man, and a gentleman, who, poſſeſſing and exemplifying the higheſt, the moſt ſcrupulous, and delicate ſenſe of honor, united with it, a conſiderable portion of conſtitutional irritability.

The life of a man, ſo formed, muſt have been a continual ſtruggle, between his head and his heart, between ardent paſſions, and cool judgment.

In the year ſeventeen hundred and ninety-eight, his generous warmth, in favor of a brother officer, who had been ill uſed, involved him in a perſonal rencounter at the Cape of Good Hope, which, unfortunately for his friends, and ſtill more ſo for the public, terminated fatally.

It is not my wiſh to enter into a minute detail of the circumſtances of this unfortunate diſpute in which, as to the merit and good conduct of Colonel Aſton, I never heard but one opinion.

But his behaviour at the moment of death, the laſt act of his life, deſerves to be recorded.

Having received the deadly ſhot, of which, neither his antagoniſt nor the ſeconds were aware, Colonel Aſton, deliberately and ſteadily preſented his piſtol, then leiſurely withdrew it, and laying it acroſs his breaſt, declared himſelf "mortally wounded, but that he would not return the fire, being reſolved, that a life which he hoped had been honorably and uſefully ſpent, ſhould not cloſe with an act of revenge."

With theſe words, commiting himſelf to the mercy of God, and the mediation of a Redeemer, poor Hervey expired, under ſalutary, and Chriſtian impreſſions, to his friends, ſo cheering and comfortable.

To a man, who, with ſome peculiarities, exhibited many eſtimable and deſirable qualities, I render this laſt tribute of juſtice and friendſhip, becauſe, both before, and ſince his death, he was, and has been attacked by the coarſe declamation, and clumſy invective of *certain perſons*, cunning as ſerpents, but not harmleſs as doves, although ſuch they profeſs to be.

My opinion will be thought uncharitable, but it really and undiſguiſedly is this; that the baſe and unworthy reptiles I ſpeak of, with all their cant, and preciſely in the ſituation of Colonel Aſton, would, in the agonies of death, have deſtroyed that enemy

enemy who had given them a mortal wound.

This article, written not long after the melancholy news reached England, and depoſited ſo ſafely, as to elude diligent ſearch, after a long interval, preſented itſelf, accidentally and unſought; —as I was folding it for my printer, a gentleman preſent, remarkable for a dexterous uſe of his fiſt, a piſtol, or the ſword, deſired to ſee it, and, after a peruſal, aſſures me, that in the buſineſs which deprived Hervey Aſton of his life, his conduct was not only generous and juſtifiable, but perfectly correct in every point of view.

HIGHWAYMAN, Anecdote of, founded on fact.

A clergyman returning from London, to the pariſh in which he reſided, within twenty miles of the metropolis, as the evening was cloſing, overtook a traveller on horſeback, and, as the road had been notorious for robbery and murder, begged leave to join company, which was agreed to.

The appearance of the ſtranger, half-ſuppreſſed ſighs, and a rooted melancholy ſtamped on his countenance, intereſted the old gentleman in his favor: they converſed on various ſubjects, and that unſocial reſerve, which has ſometimes been conſidered as the characteriſtic mark of an Engliſhman, was gradually diſſipated; politics, weather, and the danger of travelling near London at night, were among the extemporaneous topics of new acquaintance.

"I am ſurprized," ſaid the eccleſiaſtic, "that any reaſonable being ſhould expoſe himſelf to the infamy and deſtruction, which ſoon or late, always follow the deſperate adventures of a highwayman. My aſtoniſhment increaſes, when I recollect ſeveral inſtances, in which the offenders were men of ſound intellect, and, previous to this fatal obliquity, of ſober life and converſation.

"They muſt have known, that in this our Chriſtian country, there were inexhauſtible reſources of pity and relief, in the hands and hearts of the charitable and humane, many of whom make it the buſineſs of their lives, to ſeek for, and aſſiſt real diſtreſs, in every ſhape, and every rank."

"I agree to the truth of your deſcription of Engliſh benevolence, and Britiſh hoſpitality," ſaid the traveller, "*generally ſpeaking*; but, there *is* a ſpecies of ſuffering, which, ſhrinking from public notice, often eſcapes the benignant, but ſuperficial glance of modern charity.

"There are ſpirits, ſir," continued the ſtranger, in an elevated

vated tone of voice, his eyes flaſhing at the moment with ferocious pride, and tortured ſenſibility, "there *are* individuals who would rather periſh than attempt to awaken the generoſity, or expoſe themſelves to the pity and contempt of mankind.

"They would not heſitate a moment, in flying for refuge to death, to conclude *their own* miſeries; but of what materials, ſir, muſt his heart be formed, who could ſee a wife, a child, or a parent, deficient in the neceſſaries of life, without reſolving, at any riſk, to procure them.

"There *is* a ſpecies of diſtreſs, which does not always ſtrike the wealthy, and which prudent men, when they *do* ſee it, only laugh at and revile; they tell the ſufferer, that he is poor and miſerable, only becauſe he deſerves to be ſo; that while he has legs to ſupport him, and arms able to work, he has no right to relief; that it would be injuſtice and bad policy, to beſtow, on refined indolence, on morbid and culpable affectation, that help which ought only to be afforded to indigent infirmity, and irretrievable calamity.

"Your appearance, ſir, from the moment you approached me, and your converſation ſince, have ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed me in your favor, and I am reſolved, without fear or reſerve, to inform you of a ſecret, which I never thought would have paſſed my lips; it will account for that dark cloud of anxiety and dejection, which is always hanging over me, and cannot have eſcaped your obſervation.

"I am a wretched being, of that claſs, which, as I juſt now ſaid, the gay overlook, the prudent cenſure, and the ignorant deſpiſe; I was reduced, by a union of folly and misfortune, from eaſe and affluence, to a total deprivation of the means of ſubſiſtence.

"I cannot dig, I am aſhamed to beg; but this is not the trying part of my poſition, as I would not only willingly, but eagerly *have procured a diſmiſſion* from the evils I endure; but, alas, I have aſſociates in affliction, a wife, a parent, and children.

"So ſituated, and thus ſtimulated, after a long ſtruggle between pride and principle, inſtead of appealing to the humanity, I reſolved to work on the fears of mankind, and have, for ſeveral months, ſupported myſelf and family by force of arms; I confeſs, without ſcruple, that to procure a purſe, is the buſineſs of my preſent journey.

"Be

"Be not alarmed, ſir, at this avowal," cried the ſtranger, obſerving the clergyman ſomewhat terrified at his words, "be not alarmed, I would cut off my right hand, rather than abuſe the confidence you have placed in me.

"It is on individuals of a very different deſcription, that I mean to raiſe contributions; on the luxurious, the wealthy, and the indolent, who, parting with a little looſe caſh, are deprived of only a minute portion of that ſuperfluity, which they diſſipate in folly and vice."

The divine, recovering a little from his embarraſſment, now ventured to ſpeak: "I wholly diſagree with you in the arguments you uſe, and the unwarrantable deductions you draw; as a miniſter of God's word, I warn you againſt the labyrinth of deſtruction into which you have entered.

"You hinted at ſuicide, as a ſtep you would have taken, had you not been a father and a huſband.

"On what principle of religion, reaſon, or policy, are you authorized, raſh and miſtaken man, to deſert the poſt in which Providence has placed you, and, at the firſt appearance of difficulty or diſaſter, inſolently to ruſh into the preſence of your Creator; in defiance of that firſt principle, ſelf-preſervation, which he has ſo wiſely and ſo mercifully implanted in your breaſt, and with murder moſt foul, vile, and unnatural, branded on your cheek.

"Your want of confidence in the benevolence of your fellow-creatures, is as inexcuſable, as your non-reliance on a ſuperintending Providence is impious and irrational; your theory is unſupported by fact, and contradicted by experience; there is no ſpecies of diſtreſs, however it may recede from public view, or bury itſelf in obſcurity, that can eſcape the ſharp-ſighted optics of Engliſh humanity.

"Without waiting to be aſked, it is one of the prominent features of the preſent day, to form ſocieties for the expreſs purpoſe of exploring the darkeſt receſſes of human miſery; to entice, and ſometimes to drag forth, youthful delinquency, from the contaminating haunts of vice and impurity, to provide for the ſalvation of their ſouls, and the comfort of their bodies; to meliorate the condition, and reform the manners of the poor. No real grievance, properly explained, and well authenticated, is ſuffered to go unredreſſed; remove all

all poſſibility of impoſition, and to know calamity in England, is to remove it."

The good man would have proceeded, but he was interrupted by his companion who hearing the noiſe of wheels, turned on his horſe, and ſaw, as the moon ſhone through the parting clouds a poſt chaiſe juſt beginning to aceſend the hill behind them.

"To know of misfortune, is to relieve it, if I rightly underſtand, ſir, is one of the poſitions you maintain." "It is." "An opportunity for putting to the teſt, the truth of your aſſertion, now preſents itſelf; the carriage, ſlowly coming up the hill, is in fact what I had for ſeveral hours been expecting, before you overtook me.

"The owner of it, is a rich man, and, if my information be correct, has a conſiderable ſum of money with him: I will without exaggeration or reſerve, explain my ſituation, and according to your honorable, but in my opinion unfounded doctrine, he will afford aſſiſtance; my appeal ſhall be made to his reaſon and his feelings, before I proceed to *other means*; if you will have the goodneſs to continue that confidence, which you have hitherto placed in me, proceed leiſurely on, and you ſhall quickly be informed of the reſult."

The trier of this dangerous and unlawful experiment, immediately turned his horſe, and deſcending the hill, ſoon met the gentleman's carriage: requeſting the driver to ſtop, he advanced to the door, without any appearance of violence, and in a gentle tone, with head uncovered, thus addreſſed the perſon in it.

"Sir, the urgency of want muſt be my apology for this abrupt application: myſelf, a wife, and an infant family, are in want of ſupport, our cuſtomary reſources have vaniſhed; you are plentifully ſupplied with the means, have you the inclination effectually to ſerve me?

The gentleman conſidering what he ſaid, as the commonplace cant of mendicant impoſture, by which the hearts of the frequenters of London, are ſo naturally, but too indiſcriminately hardened, but not able wholly to reſiſt ſo impreſſive an addreſs, twiſted all his looſe ſilver in a paper, and giving it to the petitioner, ordered the poſt-boy to drive on.

"This trifle, I am ſorry to ſay," obſerved the highwayman, as he looked over the contents of the paper, "this trifle is not at all adequate to the preſſure I feel, it will ſcarcely provide food for my family, ten days.

"A fifty pound bank note, which

which will not be miſſed, in your abundance, would remove all my difficulties, and give me time to apply to a wealthy relation, in a neighbouring kingdom.

"If you can prevail on yourſelf to afford me this aſſiſtance, you ſhall have my name and addreſs; this will enable you to have poſitive ocular proof, that you have not been impoſed upon, and I ſhall endeavour by diligence and friends, to recover my place in ſociety."

"You are troubleſome, ungrateful and impertinent," ſaid the gentleman, ſomewhat irritated, "can you ſuppoſe I am to be duped by ſo ſhallow an artifice? can you expect me to give ſo ſerious a ſum, to a man whoſe face I never ſaw before, and probably, ſhall never ſee again; I will do no ſuch thing, you are miſtaken in your man; poſt-boy, I inſiſt on it that you drive on directly."

"Let him do it at his peril," cried the robber in a menacing voice, and drawing forth from the long ſide pocket of his ſurtout, a double barrelled horſe piſtol, "ſtir not an inch, driver, if you value your ſafety. Before we part, ſir," he added, turning to the gentleman in the chaiſe, "I muſt have your money or your life; neither delay nor trifling will be endured.

"There is in your portmanteau that which will relieve all my wants, deliver me inſtantly the key; your pocket-book, which I ſee you have dropped under your feet, muſt, with its contents, be alſo ſurrendered.

"Poſt-boy alight this moment, throw aſide your whip, ſtand ſteadily at the head of your horſes, with your back to the carriage, and unleſs you wiſh for a brace of ſlugs through your head, take not the leaſt notice of what is paſſing."

The key of the portmanteau was produced, the cord and ſtraps divided by a knife, and three hundred guineas, in two yellow canvas bags, were conveyed to the pockets of the highwayman.

Having thus amply ſupplied himſelf, he did not neglect the neceſſary means for inſuring his own ſafety; cutting pieces from the cord with which the baggage had been ſecured, he tied the hands and feet of the gentleman and driver, placed them in the chaiſe, then taking the harneſs from the horſes, he let them looſe on the heath, re-mounted his own gelding, and in leſs than twenty minutes, was again in company with the clergyman, to whom he gave a circumſtantial account of the whole tranſaction; declared himſelf confirmed

in

in his marauding ſyſtem, ſpurred his horſe, and wiſhing him a good night, galloped in a different direction, and by a leſs frequented path, acroſs the heath.

The old gentleman ſoon reached his houſe, reflecting with a heavy heart on what had paſſed; a young, and in other reſpects, an amiable man, pleaſing in his perſon, apparently well educated, and of vigorous intellect, thus obſtinately perſiſting in a practice as well as a theory, oppoſite to all laws, human and divine, and defending plunder by argument, diſordered his feelings and kept him awake the greater part of the night.

Riſing early in the morning, diſturbed and unrefreſhed, he repaired to the houſe of his brother, a magiſtrate who reſided in a neighbouring village, whom he informed of this ſingular adventure; having conſulted together, they reſolved, with the aſſiſtance of a gentleman who preſided at one of the public offices, to whom the clergyman immediately wrote, to watch the progreſs of the unhappy man, whoſe deſtruction they ſaw was certain.

What they dreaded and expected, ſoon came to paſs; in a few poſts, a letter was received from London, informing them, that by means of one of the bank notes in the gentleman's pocket book, the robber had been traced and taken into cuſtody.

So vigorous indeed were the means purſued, and ſo rapid the march of juſtice, in conſequence of the judges of aſſize being ſitting at the moment of the offender's apprehenſion; that an indictment was prepared, a bill found, and the culprit actually arraigned at the bar, by the time that the eccleſiaſtic was able to reach the place where he was tried.

He hurried into court, anxious to know, whether the priſoner at the bar was the ſame perſon who had been the companion of his nocturnal journey, and in whoſe fate, he felt himſelf ſtrongly intereſted.

Preſſing with ſome difficulty through the crowd, he inſtantly recognized him; to add to the deep regret and ſorrow he felt, a verdict of GUILTY, on evidence which it was impoſſible to reſiſt, was pronounced againſt the culprit, at the moment he viewed him.

The worthy prieſt was not able to conceal the emotion he felt, on contemplating one who might have been an ornament to his country, the delight and ſolace of his family, thus cut off in the prime of life; reſting his head on his boſom, tears, ſuch as angels ſhed, guſhed from his eyes;

eyes; the criminal, after warm interceſſions, ſuffered an ignominious death.

But the feelings of the clergyman did not overpower his ſenſe of duty; conſidering virtue as ſomething more than a well turned period of harmonious words; and recollecting that the deceaſed had left a mother, a widow, and children, he haſtened to them, and became a parent and a friend, promoting and largely contributing to a ſubſcription for their ſupport and education.

In exerciſing the benevolent office he had undertaken, further information was procured concerning the unhappy man.

He was the ſon of an induſtrious and ſucceſsful mechanic, who had realized a ſmall fortune, by frugality and perſeverance; but inſtigated by the fooliſh vanity of his wife, and perhaps glad to make that an excuſe for indulging his own, he had yielded, in an unlucky moment, to a common but ruinous infatuation; HE EDUCATED HIS ELDEST SON GENTEELLY AND EXPENSIVELY, THAT PERNICIOUS WEAKNESS IN LARGE FAMILIES OF SMALL PROPERTY.

He thus taught his child to deſpiſe that humble but honeſt art, which had raiſed *him* from indigence, the ſeparate fabrication of ſome one part of the complex machinery of a watch; in the formation of which human induſtry is divided into ſo many diſtinct branches, while the putting the whole together, and ſuperintending its movements, conſtitutes another reputable employment.

Inſtead of treading in the footſteps of his father which would have led him to health, peace, and competence, he became that moſt wretched of all human beings, *an accompliſhed gentleman, without fortune, and without poſſeſſing any one ſpecies of knowledge, profeſſional, intellectual, or manual which would enable him to procure one.*

He had been taught to ſpend, and actually had ſpent, thouſands, but had not been initiated in the more neceſſary art of earning a dinner.

But this was not the whole of the evil; in frivolous or vicious purſuits, ſuch was the fatal, the falſe, the infatuating fondneſs of his father, in frivolous or vicious purſuits, he had diſſipated a large portion of that property, which at his parent's death ought to have been divided among the ſurviving family.

The miſerable old man, felt, when it was too late the effects of his injudicious partiality; in the decline of life, he was deprived

prived of thoſe little indulgences, thoſe ſweet reliefs of age and pain, to which honeſt induſtry is fairly entitled, and ſunk into the grave under a complicated preſſure of vexation, diſeaſe, and age.

This error, by ſome, *but not by me*, conſidered as venial; in its effects diſtreſſing and highly culpable, deſtroyed the happineſs of a family, and entailed on the victim of it a diſgraceful death in this world, and everlaſting perdition in that which is to come.

HILL, JOHN, an unſucceſsful actor, an apothecary in Saint Martin's lane, and laſtly a phyſician, of that claſs who prepare and *recommend* their own medicines.

As a botanical and periodic writer, he attained, and might have enjoyed undiſturbed, emolument and fame, but by vanity and preſumption and irritated by real or ſuppoſed injuries, he became A LITERARY DRAWCANSIR, attacking indiſcriminately, and without reſpect of perſons, all his cotemporaries, many of them ſuperior to him in capacity and attainment.

Conceited and ſatirical men have been frequently compared to a prize-fighter, aſcending a ſtage, with ſome part of his body or limbs notoriouſly and conſpicuouſly injured or weakened, to which every antagoniſt will not fail directing his blows.

Yet Dr. Hill, *with many tender places about him*, was the AT-ALL of his day; players, poets and philoſophers, phyſicians, antiquaries, critics, commentators, free-thinkers and divines, were alternately the objects of his ſatire, ridicule, miſrepreſentation or invective.

Such indeed was the verſatility of his genius, that the name of PROTEUS, and afterwards BARDANA HILL were beſtowed on him; there being ſcarcely a department of literature in which he had not tried his ſtrength; from a guinea quarto on God and Nature, written profeſſedly againſt the ſcepticiſm of Bolingbroke; a ponderous Naval Hiſtory, and his ſtupendous Vegetable Syſtem in twenty-ſix volumes folio, *down* to a pamphlet on Betty Canning; *a wipe* at the royal ſociety, who had ſhut their doors againſt him, or *an eighteen penny touch*, at Valerian ſnuff taking, or Balſam of Honey; he had alſo exerciſed his pen on the virtues of Sage, and the efficacy of Polypody of the Oak.

Such intervals as were not occupied by *authorſhip*, he employed in his medical practice; in places of public amuſement, all

all of which he regularly viſited, and in his ſelf-choſen office of inſpector, a title under which he conducted for ſeveral years a weekly publication.

The poet Smart, confeſſedly a man of genius, which ſo often leads, and in his caſe actually did lead to mental derangement; Churchill, a ſatiriſt, poſſeſſing a ſtrong mind, but debaſed by party malice, and by ſenſuality; Garrick, the firſt of actors, and the pleaſanteſt of men; and Woodward a good natured lively inoffenſive player, were at different times attacked by Hill.

But whether his weapon was deficient in keenneſs, his hand in ſtrength, or, that truth and juſtice were wanting, the blows aimed at his adverſaries, frequently recoiled on himſelf.

In theſe literary ſkirmiſhes, it is not eaſy to determine, which party gave the firſt offence: Hill was ready on moſt occaſions to provoke as well as reſent, and in the heat of diſpute is ſaid to have been, not very delicate in the language he uſed, nor ſtrictly correct in his ſtatements; a conduct in which many of his antagoniſts appear to have imitated him.

Poſſeſſing, or fancying that he poſſeſſed certain qualifications, he conſidered them as apt inſtruments for exciting public notice, and forwarding the ſale of his preparations; but in effecting this purpoſe, he obſerved neither modeſty nor moderation; puſhing through the crowd of competition, and forgetting that many others were travelling on the ſame road, he rudely joſtled, or careleſsly trod on the toes of every man in his way.

Such a method of getting on, naturally produced enmity and oppoſition; in anſwer to the general reſentment of his opponents, the reply which Dr. Hill has been actually and frequently heard to make is ſtrongly expreſſive of his aſſurance, affectation and ſelf opinion: "The dull rogues are envious of the flattering reception which *merit like mine*, inſures from a generous and diſcerning public; the ill-natured fools cannot bear to ſee me enjoy with taſte and ſatisfaction, a ſplendid equipage, a retinue of ſervants, a town and country houſe, a well-earned literary reputation; the acquaintance, approbation and patronage of the firſt characters in church and ſtate; my enemies cannot endure that I ſhould monopolize wholly to myſelf the ſmiles and good-will of all that is beautiful, witty, and elegant in the beau monde."

Such intolerable ſelf-ſufficiency naturally produced indignation

nation and contempt in the rational and ſober part of mankind, but the majority, not being exactly of that deſcription, Hill knew and felt that it was his only method of ſucceeding with the million.

They heard the name of Sir John Hill, for he was latterly ſo diſtinguiſhed by the King of Sweden, as a compliment to his ſkill in botany, or in return for a preſent of his Vegetable Syſtem ſplendidly bound; they often heard his name, and ſaw perpetually in print the wonderful effects of his Eſſence of Waterdock, his Balſam of Honey and other medicines, properly blazoned.

Not in the habit of thinking for themſelves, they took it for granted, that he muſt of courſe be the ſurpriſing man he deſcribed himſelf, and that his Tincture of Sage was a ſovereign remedy for almoſt every complaint to which the human frame is ſubject; they heard his declarations with implicit confidence, and ſwallowed his medicines with avidity.

By theſe means, and a briſk trade with the bookſellers, his income at a certain period, muſt have been reſpectable; he appeared in public with the general accompaniments of genteel life, and decorated with ſome ribbon as part of the inſignia of that order of knighthood which had been conferred on him.

He lived in Saint James's ſtreet, his villa and garden at Bayſwater were calculated to impreſs a favourable opinion of the nature of thoſe ſtudies which occupied his hours of retirement; he was patronized by the Earl of Bute, as a botaniſt, but not as a political writer.

As editor and conductor of the Inſpector, he diſplayed himſelf in his own opinion to moſt advantage; yet theſe papers are neither remarkable for originality of thought, nor conſpicuous for critical acuteneſs; with his uſual flouriſh of ſelf-importance, and in a peculiar ſtrain of pert vivacity, he freely communicates his ſentiments on common-place topics, and on any temporary ſubject which occupied general attention.

His guinea quarto, he uſed to boaſt *had demoliſhed poor Lord Bolingbroke*.

In the impoſture of Betty Canning, which is related at large in another part of this collection, under the article Squires, Dr. Hill, with conſiderable acuteneſs and good ſenſe, oppoſed the current of popular opinion, and was applauded by the diſcerning few who had eſcaped that ſtrange infatuation: one of his opponents in this controverſy,

troverſy, was Henry Fielding, whoſe honeſt heart and unſuſpecting nature made him the dupe of female artifice.

Having occaſion in his Inſpector, to mention a riotous diſturbance which had taken place at the theatre, in which he experienced perſonal violence, and in which Woodward the comedian was a party, in a petulant and ill-natured way he added, that a player was the meaneſt of all characters.

The knight forgot, or did not wiſh others to remember, that he had himſelf been a candidate for theatrical fame, in the various parts of Harlequin, Oronooko, Blandford, Conſtant, Lothario, and the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet; "in all which," ſaid Woodward, in reply to the illiberal cenſures of Hill, "in all of which you groſsly failed, *except the laſt*; although your aſſociate in ſome of the characters, the lovely Peggy Woffington, might have called forth the powers of any man, who really poſſeſſed them.

Woodward ſtimulated and aſſiſted by the numerous enemies of Hill, afterwards attacked him in a ſpirited pamphlet which recalled many unpropitious paſſages of the Inſpector's life to public notice.

In this publication, the following imitation of the ſtyle and manner of H[illegible]ing, an indi- more than ſagacity, be conſidered as a literary oſity, a *fac ſimile* of his ha writing.

"Epictetus ſomewhere ſays, that a man of wit ſhould riſe early in the morning, and Ariſtotle confirms this opinion: I do not pretend to learning, and yet if I did pretend to that character, the public has given me ſufficient foundation for the pretence.

"I roſe the other morning and rung my bell, my valet preſently appeared, and I ordered him to buckle my ſhoes.

"It is fit the reader ſhould know that I have lately purchaſed a new pair of buckles, it is fit he ſhould know I bought them of Mr. Deard; I do not, I need not ſay, that Deard has ſince informed me, he has ſold ſeveral dozen pair of the ſame pattern; the deſire of imitating a man, whoſe taſte is faſhionable, is natural, is common, I will add, it is decent.

"When I was dreſſed, I ſtepped into my chariot, and bid my footman order my coachman to drive to the Bedford; here I diverted myſelf till dinner with ſome of the firſt wits of the age.

"At ſeven, I retired from Cham-

Champaigne and toaſting Lady **** to a box at Drury lane; I do not name the lady, I will not name her; the world without my naming her will gueſs; I am not aſhamed that they ſhould, the lady is not aſhamed.

"Between dozing and chatting to three or four women of faſhion I *whiled* away the idle hours till ten; idleneſs is the privilege of buſineſs; few know this, fewer know the reaſon of it; but I know both, though I will tell neither.

"At a route I finiſhed the evening where brag and fortune, deprived me of fifty guineas; I loſt them with unconcern; I have fifty more at home.

"At one in the morning I returned to my own houſe, in my own chariot, drawn by my own horſes, driven by my own coachman, attended by my own footman; ſuch circumſtances in the hiſtories of *ſome* men are immaterial, in *mine* they are otherwiſe; the public is deſirous of knowing every particular in my life, they have obliged me and ſhall be obliged, they are my readers, I am their humble ſervant.

"One ſervant knocked at my door, a ſecond opened it, and a third lighted me up ſtairs; above, I found the charming Amanda; under that name I ſhall diſguiſe, a woman of the higheſt quality, for there is an indelicacy in diſcovering too much; there being in man an inconceivable delight in diſplaying the amiably decent, the elegantly lovely; as in thoſe pictures of Venus, where there is ſomething undiſcloſed to the eye; ſomething which I will not expreſs; this ſomething engages the ſagacious and diſcerning faculties of the mind in the moſt agreeable purſuit.

"At breakfaſt my valet brought me cards of invitation to dinners, ſuppers, routes, and drums."

This humorous imitation produced conſiderable mirth at the doctor's expence, and he is ſaid to have joined heartily in the laugh himſelf; but his conſtitutional tendency to find fault, and the flippancy of his pen ſometimes carried him out of his depth in criticiſm and claſſical literature.

There was at Button's coffeehouſe a good carving of a lion's head, its mouth ſerved as a conveyance for letters addreſſed to the Inſpector, as it formerly had done for thoſe of the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian.

A latin motto under it excited the pert petulance of Hill.

"It is very ſtrange," he obſerved, in a large company, and with an air of importance, "it is very ſtrange that Addiſon and Steele,

MY

MY predeceſſors, men of ſuch genius, taſte, and knowledge, ſhould have put bad Latin under MY lion, but I ſhall give them *a wipe* for it next week."

The Latin which he pronounced bad, and intended *to wipe*, was a quotation from Martial.

Servantur magnis iſti cervicibus ungues,
Non niſi delecta paſcitur ille fera.

The crying ſin of Sir John Hill, my readers need not be told, was vanity, if this propenſity, ſo teazing to others, and in its effects ſo generally vexatious to thoſe who poſſeſs it, if it can be excuſed in any one, ſomething may be ſaid for Bardana Hill.

From obſcurity and inſignificance, he had been the artificer of his own fortune, and had raiſed himſelf to competence and fame; he had mixed in gay circles, and under certain reſerves, aſſociated with the elegant, the witty, and the polite; he was patronized by the prime miniſter of his own country, and honorably diſtinguiſhed by the ſovereign prince of another.

He had effected that purpoſe, for which millions are toiling in vain: and the man who was able to ſucceed where ſuch numbers fail, could not but conſider himſelf as a ſuperior being, an individual endowed with more than a common ſhare of ſagacity, judgment, and dexterity.

HOT WELLS ANECDOTE.

A conſumptive patient, on whom ſentence had been paſſed; one of the million who fall a ſacrifice to that cruel diſeaſe, after exhauſting the patience of his phyſician, and the gallypots of his apothecary, was hurried away to Briſtol, according to the cuſtomary routine which ſucceeds, perhaps, once in ten thouſand inſtances.

The unfortunate gentleman of whom I am ſpeaking, would not permit lodgings to be taken previous to his arrival, but, after reclining an hour or two on a ſofa, to recover from the fatigues of his journey, walked with his mother and ſiſters, found apartments he liked, and conditionally engaged them.

As the party deſcended from the firſt floor, the ladies remarked that the ſituation was pleaſant, the houſe and furniture in good condition: "The baluſtrade and the ſtucco on the ſtair caſe," ſaid the ſick man's mother, "are the only exceptions to the praiſe I was beſtowing."

"Your obſervation is juſt,"

replied Mrs. *****, "but I have had the places in queſtion, repaired ſo often, that I am tired of the trouble, expence, and dirt; the miſchief you ſee, is occaſioned BY CONVEYING COFFINS UP AND DOWN STAIRS; this circumſtance occurs ſo often, and the undertakers' men are ſo careleſs, that I really thought it labour in vain to have it repaired, when, perhaps, I might have it to do again in another fortnight."

The trembling valetudinarian haſtily quitted the houſe, and could not be prevailed on again to enter it; another lodging was taken, and, in leſs than a month, he was carried down ſtairs himſelf.

Wit, beauty, and accompliſhment, are thus daily torn from our arms, whilſt medical art, and human ſagacity, confeſs their impotence with a ſigh; for, after all the pompous miſrepreſentations of impudent empiriciſm, emptying the pockets, and exaſperating the diſeaſe of the miſerable victim, there is no well authenticated inſtance of that diſeaſe, generally denominated a conſumption, being radically cured, where it was clearly and inconteſtibly proved to be ſuch by ſcientific diſintereſted perſons.

I do not deny, that coughs, that colds, and many alarming complaints, reſembling a decline, have been, and may be, alleviated and removed; but a confirmed pthiſis or atrophy, in its earlier or later ſtages, has, in my opinion, never been cured.

If a releaſe from life, in this form, is to be my lot, as medical friends tell me is not very improbable, I am reſolved on the plan I will purſue, as long as I have reaſon to guide, and ſtrength to execute my purpoſe.

While any probability of receiving relief remains, I will try every reſource which experience, ſound judgment, and *qualified* profeſſors, can point out; but, once convinced that my diſeaſe is a confirmed conſumption, I will fly from quackery as a peſt, and the apothecary as a uſeleſs appendage.

Not poſſeſſing a ſufficient fortune to carry a ſhip load of friends with me to Liſbon, I would ſubmit without repining to the circumſtances of my ſituation, abſtain wholly from medicine, and moderately indulging in whatever food my ſtomach would take, paſs the little that remained of life, in the boſom of my family.

For the circumſtances of death are ſurely much aggravated, by diſmiſſing a man to cough his heart out in a ſolitary gravel pit,

or

or exhauſting the lamp of life, by a long journey to Clifton; while ghaſtly undertakers welcome his arrival, by thruſting their cards of *funerals performed* into the poſt-chaiſe; apothecaries throwing up their rattling ſaſh windows as he approaches, and anticipating, nitre powders, ſpermaceti drafts, ſilk hat-bands, and long bills; carpenters apprentices, in the mean time, taking meaſure with their eye, of the poor ſkeleton as he walks the ſtreets, and *wondering the gentleman remains ſo long.*

HOW TO GROW RICH, an anecdote founded on fact.

A phyſician of the Britiſh metropolis, accidentally calling on a brother of the profeſſion, in the courſe of converſation, aſked him the following queſtion: How is it *******, the world ſays you accumulate and grow rich; what is your ſecret, for with all poſſible management, and a practice, as you know, on our occaſionally comparing notes, fully equal to yours, I find that I can do little more than make my receipt adequate to my outgoing.

"Step into the entrance hall with me, and I will explain this matter," was the anſwer. They adjourned to that place, where ******* ſhewed his friend the whole of his ſecret; it was his hat, cane, and gloves, lying on a table oppoſite the ſtreet door.

"I underſtand you," ſaid the medical friend, laughed, and wiſhed him a good morning.

Some of my readers may probably wiſh for an explanation: the moment a rat tat was heard, the firſt object which preſented itſelf, on opening the door, was ****** with his hat thrown careleſsly on, his cane under his arm, and drawing on his gloves: "We are come to dine and take a bottle of port with you," was ſometimes the ſalutation. "Nothing could be more unlucky," replied the wary economiſt, "I have not yet ſeen half my patients, and am this moment ſent for to a conſultation on *a bad liver caſe*, which will require conſiderable time and attention; it is I aſſure you a great diſappointment, but buſineſs *muſt* be minded; and I hope to have the pleaſure of your company another day."

With theſe words, he moved forwards, and wiſhed them a good morning; a repetition of almoſt the ſame ſtory to every viſitor *at that hour*, ſoon cleared his houſe of dinner company; he accumulated a handſome fortune, collected pictures, purchaſed

chaſed ſcarce books, and at the moment I write, is erecting a villa.

HOUSE-BREAKERS.

Not more than thirty years have elapſed ſince the following addreſs, to a gang of this deſcription, appeared in the Daily Advertiſer.

"Mr. R***** of Stanhope-ſtreet preſents his reſpectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honor of eating a couple of roaſted chickens, drinking ſundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of old Madeira, at his houſe on Monday night.

"*In their haſte* they took away the tankard, to which they are heartily welcome; to the table ſpoons, and the light guineas which were in an old Morocco pocket book, *they are alſo heartily welcome*; but in the pocket book there were ſeveral looſe papers, private memorandums, receipts, &c. which can be of no uſe to his *kind* and *friendly* viſitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes, they will be ſo polite, as to take ſome opportunity of returning them.

"For an old family watch, which was in the ſame drawer, he cannot aſk on the ſame terms; but, if any could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaſer."

In leſs than a week after this advertiſement appeared, a packet, with the following letter incloſed, was dropped into the area of the houſe which had been plundered.

SIR,

You are quite a gemman:——not being uſed to your Madeira, it got into our upper works, or we never ſhould have cribbed your papers; they be all marched back again with the red book.

Your ale was mortal good; the tankard and ſpoons were made into *white ſoup*, in Duke's Place, two hours before day lite; the old family watch-caſe was, at the ſame time, made into *brown gravy*, and the inſide *new Chriſtened*, is on its voyage to Holland.

If it had not been *tranſported*, you ſhould have had it again, for you are quite the gemman: but you know, as it has got a new name, it would be no longer your *old family watch*.

And ſo, ſir, we have nothing more to ſay, but that we are much obliged to you, and ſhall be glad to ſarve and viſit you by nite or by day, and are your humble ſervants to command.

HODGES, NICHOLAS, a London phyſician of benevolence and intrepidity, who, when his brethren were flying in all directions from the plague of ſixteen hundred and ſixty-five, glorioufly perſevered in a conſcientious and ſtrict performance of his profeſſional duties.

Hodges is ſaid to have protected himſelf againſt the malignancy of peſtilential contagion, under the providence of God, by the conſtant and copious uſe of tobacco, under every form in which it has been uſually adminiſtered, by ſmoaking, by chewing, and by ſnuff taking.

My readers will hear with concern, that this worthy man, with all his Chriſtian philanthropy, and all his well-timed firmneſs, drew his laſt breath in a jail; how, and where the wretch who confined him there, drew *his* laſt breath, I ſhould like very much to know.

The life and death of Dr. Hodges, were frequently mentioned by Dr. Johnſon with ſympathy, and ſometimes with tears; a circumſtance produced by his Biographer, as a proof, that the heart of our great moraliſt, was not compoſed of ſuch unfeeling materials, as it has ſometimes been deſcribed by his enemies.

Other inſtances might be given, in which the ſtern temperament of the Rambler, exhibited a conſiderable portion of ſenſibility; expoſed early in life to adverſity, diſeaſe, and diſappointment, he felt experimentally for the ſick, the forſaken, and the poor; he was always charitable, and, as his circumſtances improved, frequently generous; perhaps a more than common ſtimulus, an object peculiarly hopeleſs and forlorn, was neceſſary to make the requiſite impreſſion.

Parcere ſubjectis, debellare ſuperbos; to ſpare the humble and attack the proud, appears to have been a prevailing ſentiment in his intercourſe with mankind; a dormouſe, or a dove in diſtreſs, might have claimed, and would have received ſolace and help; but a lion, had that lion affected ſuperiority, would have provoked oppoſition, and probably have invited attack.

Johnſon, like other men, ſometimes affected a ſavageneſs of manners which was not his natural diſpoſition, in order to ward off, and counteract, the inſidious deſigns of ſelfiſhneſs and cunning; it is on this principle, that I account for thoſe temporary ſuppreſſions of kindneſs and mercy which often ſurprize, and ſometimes ſhock us, in perſons whom we generally conſider as liberal and humane.

Were I inveſted with the attri-

butes

butes of omnipotence, I know not a taſk in which I ſhould more readily engage, than in ſoothing calamity and removing diſtreſs, but thoſe inſtances, in which they were fraudulently aſſumed, I would puniſh with many ſtripes.

HORSE, a noble animial, alternately careſſed and abuſed, by the avarice, the cruelty, the unſkilfulneſs and caprice of mankind; deſcribed with animation by Buffon, who, catching fire from his ſubject, blends poetic enthuſiaſm and philoſophy with the beauties of natural hiſtory.

I would pay a juſt tribute of applauſe to the gratitude, or the quick-ſighted ſelf-intereſt of the age, which has endeavoured to reſcue the much-injured generous ſteed from the hands of ignorant, unfeeling pretenders; conſidering the various obſtacles which preſent themſelves in the treatment of ſuch patients, I acknowledge that conſiderable improvements have been made.

Yet, in my rural wanderings, when I have ſometimes ventured to ſpeak in behalf of a diſeaſed or a wounded horſe, the obſtinacy and oppoſition I have met with, are almoſt incredible.

I have occaſionally ventured to obſerve, that aloes, diapente, and grains of Paradiſe, ingredients ſeldom omitted in the preſcriptions of a country farrier, could not, in *every* inſtance, be proper remedies; that the famous horſe-balls, bought at a neighbouring market town, *might* be injurious, as they were recommended and given in affections of the moſt oppoſite nature; that hot meſſes, cloſed up ſtables, and double body-cloths, *might* be injurious to an exhauſted feveriſh creature, who, by every indication, and almoſt by ſpeech, proved how earneſtly he was longing for cool drink, green-meat, gentle exerciſe, and freſh air.

In moſt inſtances, theſe and other ſuggeſtions, have been laughed at or neglected, and were ſometimes repaid, by the coarſe language of irritated brutality, or the cant of inſulting impoſture.

The editor of theſe pages, has been informed from a moſt reſpectable quarter, that his Strictures, in a former edition, on the mode of conveying the mail, on the uſage of the horſes, and the conduct of thoſe concerned, gave offence; and that the evils he there lamented, either did not, or, that *now*, they no longer exiſt; that the rapid movements, ſo cruelly injurious to cattle, and

ſo

ſo dangerous to the public, are neither inſiſted on nor practiſed.

If this information be correct, which a ſick room, and remote poſition *now* prevent my aſcertaining, I heartily rejoice; exult in the poſſibility that I have contributed, in a very minute proportion to ſo deſirable a change, and willingly drop the language of cenſure, for that of approbation.

Yet, it ſeems unaccountable, how, man, a creature endowed with ſympathy, reaſon, and moral perception, ſhould deduce to *himſelf* any merit from the painful exertions of a moſt uſeful animal, whipped and ſpurred almoſt to death; on ſuch occaſions, and to ſuch perſons, I cannot help addreſſing the following lines of a ſatirical poet.

Say, dear Hypolitus, whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition, is a Chriſtmas tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend receiv'd, with thump upon the back;
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground;
Is this *thy* praiſe, let Ringwood's praiſe alone;
Juſt Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypſy you commit,
And ſhake the clumſy bench with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the jeſt you made.

I fear that country 'ſquires, who drink ale, and laugh at their own ſtories, are almoſt vaniſhed from amongſt us; that port wine, Hoyle, and the Racing Calendar, have baniſhed winter gambols; that inſtead of ſhaking the clumſy bench by country wit, our modern 'ſquires will be found lounging at the ſubſcription houſe, or galloping in Rotten-row; bawling for the queſtion, or eating beef-ſteaks at Weſtminſter, and finiſhing the night, or themſelves, in Pall-Mall or St. James's-ſtreet.

HOWARD, JOHN, a benevolent reformer of hoſpitals and priſons, who perſonally, and minutely inſpected, moſt of the lazarettos and places of confinement in Europe.

"His plan was original, as full of genius, as it was of humanity;

manity; he travelled, not to ſurvey the ſumptuouſneſs of palaces, the ſtatelineſs of temples, and the remains of ancient grandeur; not to collect medals, and collate manuſcripts;——but to dive into dungeons; to viſit infected hoſpitals, to ſurvey the manſions of poverty, ſorrow, and diſtreſs; to take the dimenſions of miſery, depreſſion, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, and adminiſter to the forſaken; to compare and collate the calamities of all men, in all countries."

Solitude, labour, and moral inſtruction, with a ſcrupulous attention to cleanlineſs, warmth, and ventilation, are his great principles of reform; to mitigate human ſufferings, to check vice, to ſubdue the refractory, and ſoothe the repentant; to reclaim, rather than puniſh, were the darling objects of his wiſhes.

But while the public, as well as individuals, are purifying the abodes of guilt, and diſpenſing comfort to the unfortunate, it is much to be wiſhed, that ſome of Mr. Howard's ſuggeſtions were to be attended to in the conſtruction and alteration of our places of worſhip, and public amuſement; that burying grounds, ſtagnant waters, and all trades and manufactories, in which putrid, noiſome, and poiſonous effluvia ariſe, were removed from the metropolis, and, indeed, from all populous cities and large towns.

Neglecting or diſregarding theſe important objects, we incur the hazard of damp walls, injurious currents of air, peſtilential vapour, and deleterious contagion, in our hours of amuſement and devotion.

In an interview with Joſeph the ſecond, Emperor of Germany, and the ſubject of an article in this collection, Mr. Howard deſcribes, with conſiderable energy, the comfortleſs and unwholeſome ſtate of the Auſtrian and Hungarian dungeons, and the little attention paid to the priſoners.

His imperial majeſty, was rather irritated by Howard's ſtrictures, as he had taken great pains to amend his penal code, conſidering it as far more merciful, and leſs ſanguinary, than that of England.

"I do not uſe them worſe than you do in Great Britain, where you hang them up by dozens at a time," was his reply.

"Your obſervation is true, but permit me to aſſure your majeſty, that I had rather be *hanged* in

in England than *live* in your German priſons," he ſoon after took leave. "In truth," ſaid the emperor, "this little Engliſhman is no flatterer."

Marriage, which, in moſt inſtances, takes place from mental attachment, avarice, or deſire, in the caſe of Mr. Howard, was the ſpontaneous effect of gratitude and juſtice, undebaſed by ſelfiſhneſs or carnal appetite.

At an early period of his life, a dangerous and lingering diſeaſe had reduced him to the loweſt ſtate of languor and dejection; the current of life was propelled with difficulty, error or neglect would have been certain death; and he who was afterwards inſtrumental in diſpenſing health and comfort to thouſands, owed his exiſtence to good nurſing.

On this occaſion, the woman in whoſe houſe he occupied an apartment, exhibited ſo much unceaſing care and vigilant attention, that he conſidered her as the preſerver of his life; and conceiving that ſhe muſt have ſome affection for a man in whoſe behalf ſhe had ſo warmly and ſo aſſiduouſly intereſted herſelf; after his recovery, he married her, although twenty years older than himſelf, and not very attractive in her perſon.

Mr. Howard probably thought the debt ſo large, and the obligation ſo great, that it could not be repaid in any other way; with a mixture of benevolence and harmleſs vanity, he ſuppoſed he could not beſtow on her a more valuable compenſation than himſelf:—a huſband, a good and a wealthy huſband, being conſidered, in moſt inſtances of common life, as the ſummit of female felicity.

The actual and perſonal inſpection of priſons by Mr. Howard, was productive of evident and immediate advantage, but ſince his death, in two parts of England, occaſionally viſited by the editor, he has ſeen the parliamentary regulations groſsly neglected.

As it is one of the profeſſed purpoſes of this collection, to ſtimulate to amendment, and, if poſſible, without injury to individuals, it is ſubmitted to the conſideration of Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr. Eaſt, and other public-ſpirited members of parliament, how far it would be proper or expedient, to make it part of the duty of the ſheriff of each county, to do that *in his diſtrict*, which Mr. Howard individually performed twice over the whole kingdom.

No previous notice ſhould be given of his viſits, he might be accompanied by his under-ſheriff, and a medical man; and his report

port, taken from an *inſide* ſurvey ſhould be regularly delivered to the judges of aſſize, on every circuit.

In any inſtance of groſs malverſation, a public reprimand, in open court from the bench, would be an efficacious, mild, and ſalutary puniſhment.

Hoc opus hoc ſtudium parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, ſi nobis vivere chari.

HUMAN INGENUITY.

At the time this article was firſt publiſhed, there lived at Durſley in the county of Glouceſter, William Hopkins, who with no other education than that of being taught to read and write very indifferently, was, at the uſual age apprenticed to a miller.

At the end of two years, he ſurprized his maſter, by ſaying that he thought he could make a fiddle; he was laughed at, and told he might try: in ſpite of bad materials and unhandy tools, he perſevered and ſucceeded, fixed ſtrings to his inſtrument, tuned it, and taught himſelf to play.

Gratified by notice and by praiſe, he proceeded to conſtruct a barrel organ, which, by a mechaniſm of his own contrivance, and wholly unaſſiſted, he connected with the works of the mill, ſo that whenever the latter were in motion, muſic accompanied them.

Obſerving that roaſting the meat, from ſome fault in his miſtreſſes jack, was awkward and troubleſome, he therefore reſolved to render the mill-wheel, ſubſervient to this domeſtic operation, and to uſe his own words, had muſic and roaſt meat together.

Having thus, in ſome degree eſtabliſhed his reputation, he was employed to build an organ for the new chapel at Durſley, which he completed; it has been admired for the fulneſs of its tones, and pronounced equal to any ſold by the beſt makers, excepting external ornaments:—Such was William Hopkins, without exaggeration, a ſelf-taught genius.

The ſeeds of excellence, and a pre-diſpoſition to certain arts, have been ſuppoſed by ſome writers to be planted in the human breaſt, independent of education or culture. Yet, although there muſt be fire, or the component parts of fire in a flint, before we can illicit or draw it forth, it may ſlumber in the ſilicious particles millions of years, till it comes in contact with ſteel.

I am inclined to think that the powers of William Hopkins, the ſubject of our preſent article, would

would not have burſt forth ſo ſuddenly, had not his occupation, ſomewhat collaterally connected with a pre-diſpoſition for mechaniſm and machinery touched the right ſtring. Had he been buried in the noiſome ſuffocation of ſoot, as a chimney ſweeper, or been doomed to the diſcipline of a drill-ſerjeant, or a boat-ſwain; it is not improbable, that under ſuch unpropitious circumſtances, he would have been pronounced, and perhaps have actually been rendered *a thick-headed dog* for the reſt of his life.

HUMBLE RHYMES. The following, are the production of an unaſſuming verſe-maker, "Who is not ambitious of the fame of a poet, but only occaſionally *tags a rhyme* for the amuſement of himſelf and friends;" he is, if I miſtake not, one of the craft he deſcribes.

In a ſnug corner of yon narrow lane,
A low built habitation you may ſee,
It's paper window boaſts no chryſtal pane,
O free from taxes may it ever be.

There lives a merry wight unknown to fame,
Reputed honeſt tho' he be obſcure,
An artiſt he whom we a cobler name,
For ever cheerful and for ever poor.

At early morn he rouzes from his bed,
And ſcarce awake doth to his cell repair,
Leaves a warm ſpouſe, tho' lately to her wed,
For chilling damps, thick fogs and morning air.
He rubs his hands awile, then down he ſits
Prepares his thread, the wax along it flies,
Then to the ſhoe the well ſav'd piece he fits,
The awl and briſtle, cunningly he plies.

Mean time his buſy moments are beguil'd,
In harmleſs chatting with ſome neighbour's laſs,
Or elſe ſome merry ſong he chanteth wild,
Or whiſtles as he works, the time to paſs.
At eight and twelve, he takes his humble meal,
The well ſwept hearth and boiling kettle, bright,
The butter'd role, nice tea, or nut brown ale,
Proffer'd by love, he ſwallows with delight.

How

How happy he; far from his humble door,
Vexation flies, diſeaſe, and waſting ſorrow,
To DAY IS HIS, that he enjoys ſecure,
And to the care of heav'n leaves to-morrow.
When winter comes, by well-trim'd wick and oil
He works and ſings. Ah cruel bitter froſt,
And roguiſh boys, ah ſpare his honeſt toil,
Forbear, nor let his handy work be croſt.

Forbear, ye wags, with ſquirts and 'bacco ſmoke,
A poor inclos'd artificer to choak.

HUNGRY POET, the following lines written by one, have been thought no bad deſcription of a certain claſs of men who ſometimes *flouriſh* about the town.

"I oft, thank God, when in the ſquares ſo fine,
That none I meet, know when or where I dine;
Not one can tell by action, word, or look,
My *very ſlight acquaintance* with a cook;
Whether abroad for nice ragouts I roam,
Or dreſs and eat my mutton-chop at home."

Thus ſung a bard, in health and ſpirits gay,
As down the mall he bent his noon-tide way,
When by good luck a noble lord he ſees,
Stretch'd on a bench, beneath the ſpreading trees.
With joy he heard the worthy peer exclaim,
"'Tis ſure an age, ſir, ſince you left your name!
At ——— houſe, —— Jack, Charles and many more
My table grace, pray be with us at four;
And if you can, a ſonnet let us ſee,
To pleaſe the ladies as they take their tea.
The poet bow'd and home directly ran,
To ſeek a ſonnet and his opera fan.

(*Not a certain uſeful female appendage, gentle reader, but a gentleman's hat of a certain enormous ſpecies ſo called, which I would not wear, if Mr. Mouys would give me one.*)

The man of verſe kept his time to a ſecond, and did complete juſtice to fiſh, fleſh, and fowl; the ſoup was excellent, the port was good, the deſert was —— in a word, like every thing Lord—— ſays or does, preciſely what it ought to be.

After

After enough wine to make a man pleaſant to himſelf, but not troubleſome to others, the party adjourns to the drawing room, where, the ſubject of our preſent article, *but no longer hungry* produced what he called

A SONNET
IN PRAISE OF GOOD EATING,
WRITTEN BY
A HUNGRY POET.

What is the bliſs of metre or of rhyme?
What are the joys that women can afford,
Compar'd to thoſe we feel at dinner time,
When dainty viands ſmoke upon the board.
At hoary age, the ſmiling graces frown,
The god of love from wrinkles flies away,
But without teeth we ſoups can ſwallow down,
And eat nice haſhes though our hairs are grey.
If ſuch the pleaſures that good cheer affords,
Wou'd I were chaplain to a ſcore of lords.

HUNTER, JOHN, an eminent ſurgeon, and, if it will be any gratification to his unmerciful biographer, who has ſtamped this piece of information with the word *certainly*, firſt educated as a joiner, boat-builder, or wheelwright, but *as certainly* a man of genius, who faſcinated by the ardor of his reſearches in natural hiſtory, loſt ſight of that pecuniary accumulation, which his reputation, practice and official ſituation might eaſily have inſured.

He became a collector, and formed a muſeum at an expence of time, labor, money and intellect, which would have ſecured a handſome independency to his family, but for which I fear the unpropitious complexion of the times will prevent their receiving any adequate compenſation.

This circumſtance is regretted by every man of ſcience and liberality in the kingdom, but not the ſhadow of blame attaches to the miniſter and adminiſtration of Great Britain; on the contrary, conſiderable praiſe for a ſcrupulous attention to economy, at a moment and under circumſtances which ſo loudly call for frugality and retrenchment in every department of the ſtate, *except that which is eſſentially neceſſary for our preſervation.*

The preſent article was produced in conſequence of my receiving a check from a moſt reſpectable friend, for lamenting that any profeſſional perſon ſhould be a man of genius; the fol-

following reflection was added to the mild reprehenſion beſtowed upon me.

"With what propriety can you lament the preſence of that heaven-born quality, which inſpires, animates, and exalts every thing delectable and every thing uſeful in life; which diffuſes a lively ray of comfort and ſometimes of triumph over the ſolitary hours of the ſecluded projector, and beſtows the meed of conſcious worth on many a happy individual, wholly independent of the ſmiles or the frowns of the world.

"Inſtead of depreciating that which is generally uſeful to the public and frequently beneficial to the perſon who poſſeſſes it, you ought rather to have *lamented* that prudence does not always accompany it, more eſpecially when you ſee the envy it excites, and how very eager the world is, to remark and proclaim its failures; forgetting that a man of genius is made of the ſame fleſh, blood, and nerves as his neighbours. Indeed worldly prudence and ſuperior intellect ſo rarely accompany each other, that if it were not for a few remarkable inſtances on record, I ſhould be almoſt tempted to conſider them as incompatible with each other."

To this gentleman whoſe opinions I highly reſpect, from whoſe cenſures, I have at different periods of my life received ineſtimable advantages, and to whom I am indebted for the few *unſpoilt comforts* which remain; I made the following reply.

"Permit me to explain myſelf, I was once under the care of John Hunter for a complaint generally underſtood, and for the moſt part eaſily remedied, but unfortunately one of his fits of theoretic chimœra ſeized him, and in ſpite of *his* good ſenſe and *my* remonſtrances, led him aſtray from the beaten path of common practice. It is not neceſſary to deſcribe *his* ingenuity or *my* ſufferings; the complaint increaſed, and in a moment of ſplenetic irritation, I applied to another ſurgeon, one of his aſſociates well known to many of my readers, a plain matter of fact man, with ſcarcely three ideas beyond a cutting gorget, a compound fracture, and the blue pills; as much inferior to John in natural abilities and acquirements, as an advertiſing quack to Percival Pott. I perfectly recovered in ten days."

My friend ſaw the concluſion to which my argument led, and ſmiling at *the caſe in point*, concluded with wiſhing that future men of genius would add prudence, patience and application to lively ima-

imaginations and rapidity of conception.

I ſee with conſiderable ſatisfaction, that the memory of John Hunter has met with a ſpirited and able vindicator, againſt his poſthumous aſſailants.

HUNTER, WILLIAM, a phyſician and a teacher of anatomy, poſſeſſing a conſiderable ſhare of that ſagacity peculiar to the inhabitants of North Britain, where, learning being more eaſily and cheaply procured, it is more generally diffuſed.

This circumſtance is ſaid to enable Scotchmen to avail themſelves, on every occaſion, of thoſe fortunate contingencies, which at one time or other are ſuppoſed to preſent themſelves to every man, but which the illiterate, the dull, the indolent or the ſenſual, either cannot or will not take the benefit of.

William Hunter, elder brother of the ſubject of my preceding article, came to London with no other reſources than indefatigable application, and profeſſional knowledge, but he found them ample and ſufficient; as a reader of lectures, and an accoucheur, he gradually advanced into notice, and aſſiſted by the ingenious Mr. Hewſon, made conſiderable and uſeful diſcoveries in the *lymphatics*, an important ſyſtem of veſſels in the animal economy, with which the antients were not acquainted.

He alſo publiſhed a ſeries of copperplates on ſubjects connected with his own particular branch of practice; a ſplendid and expenſive work, whoſe accuracy of delineation, he always ſpoke of with unaſſuming but well founded exultation.

On theſe occaſions, he lamented and ſeverely cenſured thoſe anatomical plates, ſo generally and ſervilely copied with all their errors from former writers; a moſt criminal ſpecies of indolence, to ſave the trouble of diſſecting;—*but what is the crime that a love of eaſe will not tempt us to commit.*

Hunter was a ſingle man, and in a houſe and muſeum which coſt him a princely fortune, lived with a frugality which was laudable, becauſe without it, he could not have accompliſhed the various and important undertakings in which he engaged. I have dined with him on cold beef; I believe on the very day that he had given ſeven thouſand guineas for a cabinet of coins.

His books, his medals, his preparations were the admiration of the world; no foreign traveller quitted London without making his bow in Windmill-ſtreet.

Was it Count Orloff or Prince Roman-

Romanzow, who on being ſhewn a preparation, which, diſtended by injection appeared to an Engliſhman *enormous*, coolly replied and in French, "Reſpectable." A hearty laugh followed, and the doctor congratulated his excellency.

Previous to building his houſe, anatomical theatre and muſeum, he had applied by letter, to one of the ſecretaries of ſtate, I believe Lord Hillſborough, to aſk if a piece of ground on a convenient ſpot could be granted him by government; as the object he had in view was national.

But miniſters have other things to attend to, and Dr. Hunter's letter was forgotten in the hurry of American negociations, and the buſtle of a conteſted election.

Conſcious of the eminence on which he ſtood as a benefactor to mankind, and conſidering neglect as inſult, he took fire at the treatment, and addreſſed a letter to the noble lord, animated and manly, but reſpectful; told him he was not aſking a favor but conferring one, and that he would give his lordſhip no further trouble on the ſubject, being reſolved to rely rather on his own private reſources, than on public generoſity.

Reſentment firſt excited on this occaſion, and gratitude to Glaſgow for an early and well-timed favor probably induced him to leave the contents of his muſeum to the univerſity of that city, after a period of thirty years.

A happy, a peculiar art of communicating inſtruction was the diſtinct characteriſtic merit of Dr. Hunter; clear, conciſe and patient, he amuſed the volatile, while he fixed their attention; the dull of comprehenſion, and the timid, he led by the hand, with the anxiety and tenderneſs of a parent; the diligent, the curious, the ardent, he intereſted, he gratified, he rewarded.

Few men ſent pupils into the world with greater obligations to their profeſſor: "Be induſtrious, be attentive, deſerve well and you *muſt* ſucceed was his animating advice to young men.

I have ſeen lines on his death, in which this didactic excellence is adverted to:

Cold is that hand which nature's paths diſplay'd,
Dead are thoſe lips on which inſtruction hung;
Fix'd are thoſe eyes, enliv'ning all he ſaid;
For ever mute is that perſuaſive tongue!
When a *dry* ſubject claim'd the winter's eve,
With uſeful knowledge he the pleaſing mix'd,

Fati-

Fatigu'd attention, he would oft' relieve,
While ſtriking anecdotes his doctrines fix'd.
When paſſions, fancy, oft' will lead aſtray,
Bleſt be that art which guides our youthful hours,
To eminence, helps up the arduous way,
And ſtrews inſtruction's rugged path with flow'rs.
The wreath of myrtle for his tomb prepare,
Fold round his urn the philoſophic robe,
Let fame and gratitude be ſculptur'd there,
He health and ſcience ſpread o'er half the globe.

It has been juſtly obſerved by a writer, ſpeaking of Dr. Hunter, that we do not often meet with a liberality of diſpoſition equal to his, in collectors; that they are not, generally ſpeaking, always eager as he was, to communicate their ſtores, and to diffuſe a taſte for ſcience, as well as the means of gratifying it.

Contented with their own enjoyments, or the limited applauſe of a narrow circle, they deſire no more; to collect with ſuch perſons, is only to hide.

On this point the doctor was conſpicuouſly generous and acceſſible; yet, ſo rarely are we permitted to taſte of praiſe, that delicious beverage, unembittered; the conduct of Hunter, in this reſpect ſo different from many of his cotemporaries, did not always enſure applauſe, and the man, whom the cynics could not cenſure as illiberal, they deſpiſed as vain.

Dr. Hunter has alſo been accuſed of affectation in his laſt moments, thoſe awful deciſive moments which commonly ſtrip from human vanity, every diſguiſe. "Had I a pen," ſaid the anatomiſt, only half an hour before his death, "and were I able to write, I would deſcribe how eaſy and pleaſant a thing it is to die."

This well authenticated fact, ſeems as if he wiſhed to exhibit himſelf as exempted from the ſalutary fears ſo common to us all; but let us remember, that few men could boaſt, as he could, of a life wholly devoted to well directed efforts, and uſeful purſuits; this conſideration, at *ſuch* a time, muſt rob the king of terrors of half his frowns.

HUNTINGDON, LATE COUNTESS OF.

"How do you reconcile," ſaid Lord Bolingbroke, the free-thinker, to this worthy woman, "How do you reconcile prayers to God for particular bleſſings, with that abſolute reſignation to

the divine will, which you deſcribe as the firſt duty of every Chriſtian?"

"Nothing is eaſier" replied the lady, "were I to offer a petition to an earthly monarch, of whoſe kindneſs and wiſdom I have the higheſt opinion, my language would naturally be ſomething to the following purpoſe.

"I wiſh you to beſtow on me ſuch a favor, but your Majeſty knows better than I, how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itſelf to grant me what I aſk: I therefore content myſelf, with humbly preſenting my petition, and leave the event of it entirely to you."

HUTTON, ULRIC, a furious aſſailant of Popiſh impoſture, a cotemporary and adherent of Luther, to whom he proved, as other partizans, who have more zeal than good ſenſe, ſometimes prove, often uſeful, and ſometimes troubleſome.

Ulric is the reputed author of *Epiſtolæ Obſcurorum Virorum*, a publication which laſhing the monks and catholic prieſts in a laughable vein of humor and ironical ſatire, but too often diſgraced by profaneneſs and obſcenity, is ſaid to have conſiderably aſſiſted the proteſtant cauſe.

The Latinity of Hochſtraten and other *poor ſcholars* is well managed; but the ſpirit in which the letters are written, the coarſeneſs of their merriment, and the indecorous levity with which the author ſpeaks of the moſt ſacred ſubjects, cannot be defended.

He was a turbulent hot-headed young man, not without merit as a writer, but much lower in the literary ſcale, than ſome of his late outrageous panegyriſts have deſcribed him.

Being of too reſtleſs a diſpoſition for monaſtic ſecluſion, to which his education had been directed, he quitted his friends clandeſtinely, and ſerved as a private ſoldier in the army of Maximilian the firſt, Emperor of Germany, when that prince in the year fifteen hundred and eight, commenced an unſucceſsful war for the purpoſe of confirming his title as Emperor of the Romans.

It was during his campaigns in Italy, that Ulric received a wound more to be dreaded than the ſwords of his Venetian and Milaneſe foes; a wound, the ſcourge of unlawful love, for which at that time, no remedy was known, and under which he ſunk a miſerable and loathſome ſpectacle, after a long courſe of nauſeous and ineffectual palliatives.

His

His attention being powerfully called to the diſeaſe under which he ſuffered, he naturally deſired to find a remedy; under theſe painful impreſſions he compoſed his treatiſe, which with the antipathies and prejudices of an honeſt German, he entitled "De morbo Gallico," while the French writers of that period reſenting the implied ignominy, are anxious to ſhift the origin of this diſorder on the inhabitants of Naples.

The theory and practical deductions of this *experienced* writer, and his great ſheet anchor Guaiacum, are ſuperſeded by modern practice, and the diſcovery of a certain ſpecific, extracted from the bowels of the earth.

The miſerable condition to which Ulric was reduced did not eſcape the notice and ridicule of that hoſt of enemies whom his violent ſpirit and rude attacks on eſtabliſhed opinions had created: theſe, and other circumſtances conſiderably diminiſhed the eſteem which Luther once entertained for him.

Exaſperated by the famous bull of Pope Leo the Tenth, (John de Medicis) commencing with the words *Surge Domine*, he poured forth a torrent of abuſe and execration on him, and vowed with a ſolemn oath, that he would repair to Rome for the purpoſe of aſſaſſinating the head of the catholic church.

On this occaſion he received a mild reprehenſion from the reformer of Wittemburg; "I hope and believe that your zeal ariſes from good motives, but the furious paſſions to which you give way are highly criminal; be aſſured that the Goſpel of Chriſt can never be propagated by fire and ſword; it would be imitating the unwarrantable conduct of our enemies."

Luther, like other leaders, had raiſed a ferment which he found it difficult to moderate or cool; half a dozen men of the temperament of Ulric, would ſet the world on fire; he did not however live to execute his threats: worn down by diſeaſe, and quarrelling with every one about him, he died miſerably poor at Zurich, in the cottage of a hoſpitable curate, with whom he was ſcarcely acquainted.

Death, in this inſtance, was a happy releaſe, he ſeems to have arrived at that unhappy ſtate of morbid irritability, in which he could not be eaſy himſelf, nor ſuffer others to be ſo; a ſituation to which the *philoſopher* Rouſſeau, was reduced, during the latter part of his life.

If ſuch are the evils attendant on ſuperior intellect, if

ſuch the penalties attached to eminent attainment, the humble man may look up with thankfulneſs to Providence, for bleſſing him with content; the ignorant may alſo ceaſe to lament the abſence of thoſe dangerous qualifications, which ſo often render learned men troubleſome to their neighbours, diſſatisfied with, and uncomfortable in themſelves: *nullum numen abeſt ſi ſit prudentia.* By what means does it happen that one and all we are ſo fond of ridiculing and depreciating prudence, a quality ſo eſſential to human happineſs; ſurely it cannot be from our wiſhing others to ſuffer, becauſe we have been puniſhed for a want of it ourſelves.

IDENTITY OF STATUES.

It perhaps may not be generally known, that one of the equeſtrian ſtatues which ornament the Britiſh metropolis, was originally deſigned for King William the Third; but from a change of times, politics, convenience or inclination, the unoffending trunk of the great Naſſau, was mutilated, and the head of King George the Second as it now preſents itſelf, grafted on the neck of our deliverer.

In ſuch caſes it probably is not eſſential that there ſhould be any very accurate reſemblance in height and bulk, if the caſt of countenance, and form of features are alike: otherwiſe, I apprehend there was as much difference between the emaciated body of the Friezlander, and the plump rotundity of the Hanoverian, as between the deep policy, phlegmatic coldneſs, and ſilent reſerve of one, the warm feelings, honeſt nature, and blunt expreſſion of the other.

Moſt perſons have heard or have read, that the ſpot of ground now occupied by the Manſion Houſe of the chief magiſtrate of the city of London, was originally Stock's market, and that in the year ſixteen hundred and ſeventy-five, an equeſtrian ſtatue of King Charles the ſecond, was placed there, the gift of Sir Robert Vyner, at that time Lord Mayor.

Proſtrate under the royal horſeman, and trampled on by his warlike ſteed, a figure was ſeen in Turkiſh drapery, which puzzled enquiring connoiſſeurs; they aſked, and aſked with reaſon, on what grounds of propriety or truth, our Engliſh king, whoſe warfare ſeldom extended beyond women and wine, could be graced with the trophy of a Turkiſh captive.

Time, which unveils other myſteries, ſoon produced an explanation of this unappropriate accom-

accompaniment; the zeal of the loyal citizen, was greater than his diſcernment; the ſtatue which he purchaſed at a conſiderable expence, and erected in honor of a King of England, had been originally made to repreſent John Sobieſki, King of Poland, who is mentioned in an article of this collection, as the ſaviour of Europe, at the ſiege of Vienna, and to whoſe ſtatue a ſubdued Muſſulman was a proper companion.

This image of the conqueror of the Turks, I underſtand, was a few years ſince given to a deſcendant of the worthy baronet by whom it was erected, in conſequence of a petition he preſented to the court of aldermen; whether it ſtill exiſts, or was deſtroyed by the gentleman in queſtion, as a poſtumous reflection on the judgment of his anceſtor, I am not able to ſay.

The following ſong was circulated and ſung through the ſtreets, when the ſtatue was taken down in ſeventeen hundred and thirty-eight.

THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION OF THE HORSE AT STOCK'S MARKET.

Ye whimſical people of London fair town,
Who one day put up what you next day pull down;
Full ſixty-one years have I ſtood in this place,
And never till now met with any diſgrace.
What affront to crown'd heads could you offer more bare,
Than to pull down a king to make room for a may'r.
The great Sobieſki on horſe with long tail
I firſt repreſented, when ſet up to ſale;
A Turk as you ſee was plac'd under my feet,
To prove o'er the ſultan my conqueſt compleat.
Next, when againſt monarchy all were combin'd,
I for your protector, Old Noll, was deſign'd.
When the king was reſtor'd, you then in a trice,
Call'd me Charly the Second, and by way of device,
Said the old whiſker'd Turk had Oliver's face,
Tho' you know, to be conquer'd he ne'er felt the diſgrace.
Three ſuch perſons as theſe on one horſe to ride,
A hero, uſurper, and king, all aſtride:
Such honors were mine; tho' now forc'd to retire,
Perhaps my next change may be ſtill ſomething higher;

From

From a fruitwoman's market, I may leap to a ſpire.
As the market is mov'd I'm oblig'd to retreat,
I cou'd ſtay there no longer when I'd nothing to eat:
Now the herbs and the greens are all carry'd away,
I muſt trot unto thoſe who will find me in hay.

It ſeems no improper addition to this article to obſerve, that in the church of Saint Mark, at Naples, a ſuperb tomb of the poet Sanazarius is exhibited, decorated with two figures originally executed for, and meant to repreſent Apollo and Minerva; but as it appeared indecorous to admit heathen divinities into a Chriſtian church; and the figures were thought too excellent to be removed, the perſon who ſhews the church is inſtructed to call them David and Judith: "You miſtake" ſaid a ſly rogue who was one of a party ſurveying the curioſities, "the figures are *St. George and the Queen of Egypt's Daughter.*" The demonſtrator made a low bow and thanked him.

IDLENESS, a ſevere remedy for.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, John, Duke of Bourbon, diſpatched an eſpecial meſſenger to England, with the following ſingular challenge. "That he would at an appointed day, accompanied by ſixteen knights, equally indifferent to life or death as himſelf, meet as many Engliſh chevaliers, and fight it out with them, till all on one ſide or other were defeated and deſtroyed; IN ORDER TO AVOID IDLENESS, and merit the good graces of his miſtreſs."

ILL-TIMED MERRIMENT.

The cuſtom of introducing humorous epilogue, farce, and buffoonery, after the mind has been agitated, ſoftened or ſublimed by tragic ſcenes, has been often objected to.

It hath been ſaid in its favor, that five long acts, is a portion of time ſufficiently long to keep the attention fixed on melancholy objects; that human life has enough of real, without calling in the aid of artificial diſtreſs; that it is cruel to ſend home an audience with all the affecting impreſſions of a deep tragedy on their minds.

In reply, it has been obſerved, that it is degrading and untrue, to deſcribe the human ſpecies, as incapable of receiving gratification only from comic ſcenes; that *there is a luxury in woe*, independent of its purifying the boſom,

boſom and ſuppreſſing the more ignoble paſſions.

The ſupporters of this opinion have alſo added, that there is a ſpecies of depravity, in endeavouring by ludicrous mummery to efface the ſalutary effects of pathetic, virtuous, and vigorous ſentiments; that it is ſporting with the ſympathies of our nature, repugnant to correct taſte, and counteracting moral utility.

This violation of the law of gentle and gradual contraſts, has been felt and complained of by moſt frequenters of a modern theatre, and well authenticated inſtances have been produced, of guilty men retiring from a well written and well acted play, to repentance and melioration.

An epilogue has been compoſed by Mr. Sheridan, in ſupport of theſe opinions, ſuperior in pathos, poetry and practical deduction to any I ever read: it was originally ſpoken by Mrs. Yates, after the performance of Semiramis, a tragedy, tranſlated from the French.

Diſhevell'd ſtill like Aſia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jeſts deride the tragic ſcene?
No, beauteous mourners! from whoſe down-caſt eyes,
The muſe has drawn her nobleſt ſacrifice;
Whoſe gentle boſoms, pity's altars, bear
The chryſtal incenſe of each falling tear!
There lives the poet's praiſe, no critic art,
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!

When general plaudits ſpeak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before;
Tho' ruder ſpirits love the accuſtom'd jeſt,
Which chaſes ſorrow from the vulgar breaſt;
Still hearts refin'd their ſadden'd tints retain——
The ſigh gives pleaſure, and the jeſt is pain:
Scarce have they ſmiles to honor, grace or wit,
Tho' Roſcius ſpoke the verſe himſelf had writ.

Thus, through the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful ſhow'rs that hang on April's eve;
Tho' ev'ry courſer ſtem of foreſt birth
Throws with the morning beam it's dews to earth,
Ne'er does the gentle roſe revive ſo ſoon,
But bath'd in nature's tears it droops till noon.

O cou'd the muſe one ſimple moral teach,

From

From ſcenes like theſe which all
who hear might reach;
Thou child of ſympathy who e'er
thou art,
Who with Aſſyria's queen haſt
wept thy part;
Go ſearch where keener woes de-
mand relief,
Go, while thy heart yet beats with
fancy'd grief;
Thy breaſt, ſtill conſcious of the
recent ſigh,
The graceful tear ſtill ling'ring on
the eye;
Go, and on real miſery beſtow,
The bleſt effuſion of fictitious
woe.
So ſhall our muſe ſupreme of all
the nine,
Deſerve indeed the title of di-
vine;
Virtue ſhall own her favor'd from
above,
And pity greet her with a ſiſter's
love.

IMPERIAL GERMAN ETIQUETTE, which it is not eaſy to ſpeak of without a ſmile or a ſigh.

Moſt general readers know that in the year ſixteen hundred and eighty-three of the Chriſtian æra, and near the city of Vienna, John Sobieſki, King of Poland, with an inferior army, defeated two hundred thouſand Turks.

But hiſtory bluſhes to relate that the emperor of that day, Leopold, I believe the firſt of his name, called a council ſoon after the battle, to deliberate on the manner in which an elected king ſhould be received by an emperor: "In your arms," ſaid the Duke of Lorrain, with an honeſt warmth, "for he has preſerved Europe, and ſaved the empire from deſtruction."

This advice was not received with approbation by the purple ideot, I mean the purple emperor, for where pride and vanity were out of the queſtion, he was not deficient in intellect or feeling, and diſmiſſed his miniſter Zinzindorf for adviſing him not to be preſent in the engagement.

After a long conſultation, Leopold ordered his chancellor to tell the King of Poland, that it was not conſiſtent with the dignity of an Emperor of Germany, to offer him his hand when they met.

In this and other ceremonious arrangements, the conqueror was too indulgent to the whims of a puppy whom he had ſaved; Leopold, with a ſtudied indecorum, appeared in a looſe undreſs, and during the whole interview, continually ſpoke of the vaſt benefits he and his anceſtors had conferred on the Poliſh nation.

Sobieſki, in all the native dignity of perſonal worth, but with an

an ironical coolneſs, replied, "I am glad that the Poles have been able to render you a trifling ſervice in return."——With theſe words, and a ſlight bow, he quitted the unfeeling emperor.

Few circumſtances would have pleaſed me better, than to have had it in my power to relate, that the gallant Pole had bound his ungrateful ally, hand and foot, and ſent him, packed in a hamper, as a preſent to the grand ſeignior, for the amuſement of the ladies of the ſeraglio.

IMPRESSIVE LESSON; and almoſt the laſt words of a gentleman exalted in rank as well as literary reputation, who died a few years ſince.

"I have lived fifty years, have paſſed through various ſituations in life, and have, for the moſt part, kept what is generally called good company; I have aſſociated with kings, and the companions of kings; I have been generally eſteemed a fortunate man, and, as you all know, have had my ſhare of honor, profit, and enjoyment; I have not, as *ſome* of you know, been without my afflictions.

"But of all my pleaſures and comforts, none have been ſo durable, ſatisfactory, and unalloyed, as thoſe derived from religion; in all my pains and diſappointments, nothing has given ſo much inward ſupport as Chriſtian conſolation; even now, at that awful moment, which ſooner or later you muſt all experience, when I am on the point of being called into the preſence of my Maker, I feel that nothing but the ſtrong aſſurance of a bleſſed Mediator and Advocate, could enable me to bear up under the terrors of death.

"Let theſe thoughts, my dear young friends, be never wholly abſent from your minds; whenever any raſh man, whether a free-thinker, a reformer, or a modern philoſopher, ſhall endeavour to ſhake your belief on theſe points, by argument, by ſneer, or by laughter, reply to them as I have frequently had occaſion to do:

"Sir, I acknowledge the ſtrength of ſome of your poſitions, and the ingenuity with which you ſupport them; I do not, I will not deny, that the ſyſtem to which I profeſs myſelf a devoted pupil, has its difficulties; but, as it is the buſineſs of a Chriſtian humbly to adore, rather than to call in queſtion the unfathomable depths of Providence, let me aſk if *your Hypotheſis* is wholly free from difficulty?

"But, whether I am miſtaken or not, is now wholly out of the

the queſtion, I have made up my mind, and am reſolved to truſt my preſent and future ſalvation on Chriſtianity; I find it replete with ſuch excellent doctrines, ſo powerful in its effects in correcting our conduct, and purifying our hearts, and ſuch an unfailing ſupport in the various and ſevere trials of human life, that I am reſolved never to part from it.

"Under ſuch ſoothing convictions, you have too much humanity as a man of feeling, and too much politeneſs as a well-bred gentleman, to perſevere in your attempts to deprive me of that which I value beyond all the treaſures on earth."

IMPROVED RENTS: Good ſometimes ſprings from evil, and one advantage has been produced by the enormous price of wheat during a late ſcarcity; gentlemen, at a time when their burthens from every quarter are multiplying, have been enabled to increaſe their incomes, and to receive from the farmer, a price proportionate to his profit on the produce.

But this, like other good things, may be carried too far, and I mean the preſent article as A SOLEMN APPEAL TO GENTLEMEN OF LANDED PROPERTY.

Having, ſince my firſt edition, been called to diſtant and various parts of the kingdom, and having, for a good part of the time, mixed with land-holders, ſtewards, country gentlemen, farmers, and ſurveyors, I endeavoured to gather information on the ſubject.

It is true that I had little elſe to do but liſten; yet, my taſk was not without difficulties; to hear long ſtories, neither directly nor collaterally connected with the point in queſtion; to tranſlate provincial dialects, to the full, as ſtrange to my ear as Gaſcon French; to make large allowances for the ſuſpicious cant of ſelfiſh timidity, the miſrepreſentations of fraud, and the prejudices of ignorance.

In the diſtricts I viſited, it had happened that the old leaſes had, for the moſt part, expired, at, or ſoon after, the year of ſcarcity, and had, as was natural to expect, been conſiderably *improved*, to uſe the ſurveyors favorite expreſſion; the majority of the lands to double, and ſome to treble the amount of their former rents.

The reſult of the enquiries I have made, and the opinions I have aſked, is, THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, IN THE COUNTRIES I SPEAK OF, THAT THE TENANTS CAN PAY THEIR RENT.

I agree that at the price corn bore,

bore, at a certain time, no rent could be high; but, if it continues at the average price of the three or four laſt years, there muſt be a general bankruptcy of land occupiers.

Perhaps it will be aſked, how is the country gentleman to ſtand his ground, at the preſent advanced price of the general articles *he* conſumes, if *his* hands are to be tied up from profiting of the only means of increaſing his income, which *his* ſituation and circumſtances afford.

Is the opulent land occupier to purchaſe eſtates, while the great and reſpectable body of country gentlemen live retired in penurious obſcurity?

It is far from the wiſh of any one, to prevent the proprietors of eſtates from making the moſt of them, at ſeaſons when their tenants are reaping golden harveſts:——What is then to be done?

Adopt the ſafe and wiſe practice of receiving *corn rents*, as is the cuſtom with eccleſiaſtic and collegiate proprietors; a mode lately adopted by the editor of this collection, in letting a little paternal farm, the rent of which will almoſt pay half the intereſt of his ſiſter's fortune.

"You tell me," I ſaid to the tenant, "that you are ready to take a new leaſe at a reaſonable advance; as you are an honeſt pains-taking man, and are not ambitious of making your daughters fine ladies, or qualifying your ſons for Newmarket, I certainly give you the preference, but no ſettled preciſe ſum of money ſhall be mentioned as the annual rent.

"Fifty years ago, my grandfather let this eſtate at a rent, which in thoſe days, was the market price of——quarters of wheat; and, for the future, you muſt pay ſo much money annually, as will purchaſe the ſame quantity annually, be the price what it may; the time of the year when this is to be fixed, muſt be ſettled by proper judges."

Although tillers of the ground in general are not fond of novelty, after taking time, and raiſing many objections, he gave a tardy conſent; not being willing to quit a ſpot in which he had grown rich as well as grey.

IMPULSE OF THE MOMENT.

A remarkable example of what may be called unpremeditated inſtinct, is ſaid, on good authority, to have been exhibited at a public entertainment, given more than twenty

twenty years ago by the king of Naples.

During this ſcene of general feſtivity and mirth, the ſky was ſuddenly overcaſt, the lightning flaſhed, and a violent thunder ſtorm ſucceeded, which, burſting on the palace, ſhattered the roof, and filled with ſulphureous ſmoke the royal ſaloon, in which were aſſembled a large company, of whom Prince Orloff, Cardinal Salviati, and the late Lord Tylney formed a part.

Before the alarm naturally produced by ſuch a circumſtance, had ſubſided, it was obſerved that the hand of the prince was on his ſword, but his countenance unchanged; that the cardinal was on his knees, earneſtly engaged in devotion; whilſt the Iriſh peer, trembling and in tears, exhibited an abject ſpectacle of terror and diſmay.

This anecdote was related at the table of a gentleman, whoſe wit and wine are genuine and unadulterated, but his comment on it, which I will not repeat, like much of his converſation after the ſecond bottle, was not very edifying.

The unfeeling iron temperament of a Ruſſian, whoſe miſtreſs, after the maſſacres and exterminations of Iſmail and Warſaw, inſulted her Creator with a Te Deum, it is not my buſineſs to palliate or account for: but, againſt the ridicule ſo indecently poured forth againſt the conduct of Salviati, I entered, and again repeat an emphatic proteſt.

In a wreck of nature, a war of elements and a cruſh of worlds, whom, at ſuch an hour, ſhould a creature like man look up to and adore? REASON AND RELIGION INSTANTLY POINT OUT THE ALMIGHTY CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE.

That in the third unworthy inſtance, fire poured down from heaven on a wretch who had long provoked it, neither excites wonder nor deſerves examination.

INCLOSING COMMONS,

and what have been called *waſte* lands.

I would wiſh to do juſtice to the motives of all parties concerned in theſe undertakings, and believe that, *generally ſpeaking*, they have been beneficial; but the nature of the ſoil, and the wants of the inhabitants, ſhould alſo be conſidered.

Within a few miles of the ſequeſtered ſpot where I now am ſitting, conſiderable tracts of land have been encloſed, which, in the eye of an agriculturiſt and an improver, were conſidered as unproductive, but they yielded a plen-

plentiful and cheap ſupply of fuel to the labouring claſſes of ſociety; this circumſtance appears to have eſcaped the notice of the commiſſioners and their attorney, who is, all things conſidered, a well-diſpoſed, but *daſhing* young man, keen after buſineſs, ambitious of *ſoliciting* a bill in parliament, and too fond of a journey to London.

The wiſhed for object was at length attained, the act paſſed, meetings were announced, advertiſements, ſurveys, jolly dinners, loyal and conſtitutional toaſts, repeated *three times three*; allotments, diviſions, roads marked out, fences, embankments, and a ſale of part to pay the lawyer's bill.

Then came the reck'ning, when the feaſt was o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning, and they ſmil'd no more.

The occupiers of the *new land* confeſs with regret, that every crop, ſince the two firſt years, has been unprofitable; in the mean time, fuel, that article ſo eſſential to convenience, to comfort, and even to life, is raiſed treble in price, and is not to be procured, even at that rate, without difficulty.

I do not wiſh to attach blame or intereſted views, *wholly* to any of the parties, I would only adviſe the ſanguine promoters of ſuch bills, to recollect, that corn is not the *only* neceſſary of life; that a certain, and a very conſiderable proportion of the waſtes in this kingdom, is wholly unfit for agriculture; that it is calculated and wanted for purpoſes equally important; and laſtly, that land occupiers, and *thoſe who profeſs to teach them*, would act much wiſer, to make a proper uſe of good land already encloſed, of which thoſe who lived before us were good judges, than by *daſhing* wildly acroſs the country, procuring ſignatures, and after their hard earned object is attained, frequently injuring every one concerned, except the ſolicitor, the ſurveyor, and their town agent.

INDOLENT HABITS, and a recluſe life.

"Shake off your ſedentary propenſities, lock up your book-room, and mix with the world," has been the language held, for time immemorial, to book-worms and unſociable ſolitaires: "You may yield to theſe tendencies till you degenerate into a hermit, a cynic, and a madman."

There is, I believe, much of truth and reaſon in the advice; yet, the conduct recommended by theſe counſellors, who have the opinion of the majority in their

their favor; muſt, like the directions of *other counſellors*, be followed with ſome degree of precautionary diſcretion.

I have no doubt, that nine out of ten of mankind, would be, and are, the better and happier themſelves, and far more uſeful to others, when they can prevail on themſelves to *ruſh out of their dens*, mix in the buſtle, and partake of the active duties of ſocial life; indeed, this path, ſo wiſely doth Providence ſuperintend all that concerns us, this path moſt men are compelled by ſalutary neceſſity to take.

But I am clearly of opinion, that there *are* frames and diſpoſitions of a peculiar texture; nerves deranged by misfortune, diſeaſed irritability, and the latent ſeeds of inſanity, or a ſuppreſſed hereditary gout, who would injure and diſgrace themſelves and others, by the experiment, and in ſome caſes be hurried into an irrecoverable ſtate of confuſion and mental derangement.

For tempers and conſtitutions of *ſuch* a caſt, it is ſurely far wiſer to retire from the croud, to keep imbecility of ſpirit and infirm intellect, on the back ground.

It has been accounted a valuable ſpecies of ſubordinate wiſdom, in men of inferior capacity, to avoid exhibiting their folly, and we cannot reaſonably blame that inſignificance which flies to obſcurity as a refuge from contempt.

How many unfortunate individuals, ſome of them alas, too nearly allied to the man who laments their fate, how many unfortunate individuals, *miſtaking their element*, have expoſed themſelves to ruin and deriſion, who, in the boſom of their families, and in the arms of friendſhip and affection, might have been uſeful, reſpectable, and happy.

Many years ago, a gentleman well-known in his day, but devoted to literary and domeſtic retirement, was inceſſantly teazed by his friends, and told that he was qualified to move in a more exalted ſphere; it was in vain he aſſured them, *that the life he led was the life of his choice*, that he preferred it to any thing they could recommend.

Theſe well-meaning gentlemen would not allow that he was qualified to decide on the ſubject, but perſiſting in their clamours, inſiſted that *they* knew beſt what would make *him* happy.

To ſatisfy them, he made the experiment for a ſhort time, but ſoon returned to the life he loved, and ſilenced his perſecutors by a poetic effuſion to the following purport:

QUID

QUID ROMÆ FACIAM?

"Mix with the world, the poliſh'd world," you cry,
"Nor waſte your prime in dull obſcurity;
Go join aſſemblies of the great and gay,
Your worth, your wit, your genius there diſplay;
In cities, courts, the road to greatneſs find,
Improve your manners, and enlarge your mind."

"Hold, hold, my friends, and firſt conſult with care,
What ſuits my genius, what my ſtrength will bear;
To education we our manners owe,
And as the twig is bent, the tree will grow;
The mind once form'd, diſtort it how you will,
Plain ſimple nature, will be nature ſtill.
How wou'd they laugh, ſhou'd I ruſh up to town;
A mongrel beau, engrafted on a clown.
Shall I, an enemy to noiſe and ſtrife,
Who cannot reliſh turtle for my life,
Who ſleep at midnight, and by daylight dine,
WHO HATE FRENCH MANNERS, and abhor French wine,
To routs, to Ranelagh, to cards, a foe,
Who on my dreſs, but little care beſtow;
Shall I with faſhion through her follies range,
Ape all her forms, and as ſhe changes, change?
Forbid it prudence! common ſenſe forbid!
My ruſtic manners, never can be hid.
Once, and but once, by vanity betray'd,
And hopes ambitious, in full dreſs array'd,
Like David in Saul's armour, I a beau,
Among the courtly crowd, eſſay'd to go.
Oh, had you ſeen me, with diſtreſsful air,
As fully conſcious, I'd no buſ'neſs there,
On the cov'd cieling, and the paintings pore,
With many a wiſhful look towards the door;
Amidſt ſurrounding multitudes alone,
Of all I ſaw unknowing and unknown;
Formal and grave, without one ſingle word;
With frequent ſtumbles o'er my dangling ſword.

You

You muſt have pitied the bewilder'd ſquire,
And ſoftly whiſper'd, 'My good ſir, retire.'
Eſcap'd at length, for haſte I bilk'd my chair,
Ran to my lodgings, and in ſafety there
Sigh'd for my old blue coat, thick ſhoes, and country air.
In vain I plead; you cry, 'Get into life;
Gain wealth, connections, an heireſs for your wife.'
This then your rule, whatever ills betide,
All, all are cancell'd by a wealthy bride;
Ill-natur'd, ugly, old, it matters not,
The money'd dame is free from ev'ry blot.
Shall I pronounce a vow I never mean't,
And give my hand, without my heart's conſent?
Forbid it virtue, honeſty, and love,
Far from my mind the hateful thought remove.
No, dear lov'd Laura! till my lateſt age,
No fair but thee, ſhall e're my mind engage,
'Tho' adverſe fortune keep our hands apart,
Thine are my thoughts, my wiſhes, and my heart.

For you my friends, who labour to remove,
This ſtrong attachment to the life I love;
Vain is your reas'ning, vain your ſubtle ſkill,
My choice was early, I approve it ſtill;
With humble hopes and thankfully content,
With what the hand of Providence has ſent;
No dupe to fortune, and no ſlave to fame,
AND PROUD ALONE, BUT OF AN HONEST NAME;
In my thatch'd cot, may I contented live,
And taſte that bliſs which London cannot give.
Hail, tranquil pleaſure, literary eaſe,
Ye pleas'd me early, and ye ſtill can pleaſe;
Thanks to that fate, which kindly fix'd me down,
Almoſt a hundred miles from court and town.
Hail, peaceful valley, where my cottage ſtands,
Whoſe humble ſcite, no diſtant view commands,
Paternal ſhades! by ſloping hills confin'd,
May calm content ſtill ſooth your maſter's mind;

And

And as the ſtream his verdant meads divides,
Unſtain'd by torrents and unruffled, glides
Clear and ſerene, through all its winding ways;
Such be the peaceful tenor of his days.
Still may he live unknown, unenvied here,
And jocund health, attend him through the year.
In ſummers heat, the ſedgy vale I chuſe,
To fiſh, or wanton with the paſt'ral muſe;
In autumn, fruit I gather from my trees,
And brace my nerves, againſt the wint'ry breeze.
Still may ſome virtues, with the years roll round,
And at my door, warm charity be found;
May all who need it, ſhare my field's increaſe,
AND HEAV'N SO BLESS ME, AS I MEAN TO BLESS;
Thus let me live——————

——— ——— ——— ——— ———

For airs polite, moſt awkwardly unfit,
And much too dull for drollery and wit,
Thus through the world, ſteal quiet and unknown,
Save to my neighbours, and my friends alone;
Thus let me live, and live without a foe,
The world will ſpare the man it does not know.

INQUISITION; to *ſome* of my readers it may be uſeful to obſerve, that the holy office was originally founded in Spain, ſoon after the conqueſt of Granada.

Such of the Moors as conſented to be baptized, were permitted to remain in the country; but to prevent apoſtacy, and to detect intereſted impoſture, a certain number of friars, calling themſelves the court of inquiſition, was authorized to examine, to exhort, to reprove, and to puniſh.

In this ſociety, firſt inſtituted for laudable purpoſes, we may ſee ſtrongly exemplified, the danger of truſting in the hands of feeble mortals, the prerogative of omnipotence; to dive into the deep-ſeated ſpring of human actions, to decide in matters of conſcience, and read the human heart.

This power, at firſt perhaps, exerciſed with mercy and diſcretion, by degrees degenerated into deadly deſpotiſm; converted the precious balm of religion into poiſon, and made the moſt powerful of monarchs tremble on their thrones.

Thouſands of thoſe miſerable Moors, who had refuſed to be baptized, crowded into narrow veſſels, and devoted to deſtruction in a tempeſtuous ocean, periſhed by famine on a deſert coaſt, or fed the vultures and tygers of Africa; animals far more merciful than Ferdinand and Iſabella, or the bigots and monſters they reigned over.

INSANITY, a diſeaſe to which Engliſhmen have been deſcribed as peculiarly ſubject, and ſaid by the praiſers of *other times*, to be more frequent in the preſent day than at any former period.

This unhappy tendency they attribute to the profligacy and diſſipation which has pervaded every rank of ſociety; to late hours, cards and faro; to ſpirituous liquors and green tea; to the agitations of deep play; and laſtly, to too general and indiſcriminate a uſe of deleterious minerals, in the modern practice of phyſic.

That we are more wicked than our anceſtors, is not improbable, becauſe we are more wealthy; but whether a departure from moral purity can, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be called mental derangement, admits of a doubt; yet, for a creature who is ſuppoſed to act under the influence of reaſon, to riſk his everlaſting ſalvation for a momentary ſenſual gratification, is not very rational.

Without giving ſo vague and indeterminate a definition to madneſs, we know that inſane perſons, previous to their derangement, are frequently the moſt correct in conduct, temperate in life, and ſound in conſtitution; theſe facts prove that madneſs may ariſe from cauſes wholly independent of, and unconnected with, thoſe aſſigned.

I will not miſlead my readers, and loſe myſelf by exploring the remote cauſes of a claſs of diſeaſes which it is extremely difficult to inveſtigate with accuracy and preciſion; it was the hereditary nature of this dreadful malady, which firſt induced me to give it an article in this collection; and I addreſs myſelf with the ſerioufneſs which ſuch a ſubject demands, to every man, and to every woman, who is convinced by infallible evidence (and in ſuch a caſe, I would not be governed by ſlight proof) that the ſeeds of inſanity are in their family:—I ſolemnly call on them, to arreſt, as far as lies in their power, the diffuſion of diſeaſe which admits not of remedy, and the ſpreading of irreparable calamity. I earneſtly exhort

exhort them to live and die unmarried, and if poſſible without deſcendants.

It is, I confeſs, a hard ſentence, thus to lay a cruel embargo on the firſt great law of nature, and cloſe a legal avenue to domeſtic bliſs and enjoyment; but it is not more ſevere than thouſands and tens of thouſands have formerly impoſed on themſelves by monaſtic ſeclusion.

Reſolute ſelf-denial, on this, as on other occaſions, diſarms the temper; and he who wholly abſtains from, or has never commenced illicit ſenſual gratification, will enjoy the honor and advantage of victory without any conſiderable ſtruggle; it is eaſier to dam a brook than ſtop a torrent.

But at all events, I conſider entering into wedlock, under the circumſtances I have deſcribed, as a deadly ſin; and if the editor of theſe pages was convinced that he came under this deſcription, and found motives of religion, duty, and *an abſtemious vegetable diet*, that ſovereign remedy for all inordinate paſſions; if he found theſe not ſufficient to ſuppreſs the ſtimulating fury of deſire, he would not heſitate a moment, in preferring obſcene and bought embraces, with all their nauſeating and dangerous accompaniments, to the crime of entailing miſery and abhorrence on generations yet unborn.

The prohibition which I inculcate, falls very ſhort of the rigid regulations laid down in the Moſaic Code, concerning thoſe afflicted with leproſy.

"Let his clothes," ſays the inſpired legiſlator, "let his clothes be rent, his head be ſhaved, and a covering be fixed on his upper lip; HE SHALL LIVE ALONE, his habitation ſhall be without the camp."

The preſent article will perhaps not be reliſhed by a ſpecies of fortune hunter, which I think of late years has increaſed, and is ſtill thriving among us; deſperate adventurers, who, having diſſipated their property by folly or by vice, make it the buſineſs of their lives, to ſeek for and ſeize unfortunate females, rendered by unconquerable defects in perſon, temper, or underſtanding, unmarketable commodities, in the fair Smithfield Mart of modern matrimony.

Obtaining, by various arts, poſſeſſion of deformity and imbecility, of the ſick, the halt, the half-witted, the crazy, the libidinous, and the blind, they ruſh, with front undaunted, to the land of promiſe, profaning God's altar, converting a ſacred and ſerious ceremony into odious mockery, and rendering matri-

mony an inſtrument of baſe traffic, robbery, and colluſion.

In ſpeaking of inſanity, I think it my duty to ſuggeſt a hint to the friends of deranged perſons, who think they have diſcharged their duty to their unhappy relation, if they commit him to the care, and confine him in the houſe of a profeſſional man, and that all further claim on their attention ceaſes.

But there *are* circumſtances in ſuch caſes which ought never to be forgotten; and I mention them without wiſhing to offend the proprietors of places for their reception, ſeveral of whom I *know* to be reſpectable and worthy men.

The circumſtances to which I allude, are theſe; perſons ſo employed, we cannot expect will be influenced by the tender ſympathies of blood and affection; and *it is not their intereſt that the patient ſhould ever recover.*

I agree, that motives of ſo ſordid a nature, will not enter the mind of a conſcientious profeſſional man, a Chriſtian, and a gentleman; but, it is not ſo clear, that they will be wholly overlooked by the more humble appendages of ſuch receptacles, to whom, good and ſufficient meat, drink, and lodging, are important objects.

For theſe and other reaſons, a perſon deprived of his ſenſes, ſhould be detained under the eye and roof of his friends, in every inſtance where it is compatible with circumſtance and ſituation; but if this cannot be done, he ſhould never be more diſtant than a few hours ride.

He ought to be viſited at leaſt once or twice a week, not at fixed times, but at hours unknown to and unexpected by thoſe who take care of him; and at every viſit, unleſs there are urgent reaſons to the contrary, the keeper ſhould be abſent part of the time.

A thouſand little cares, neceſſary comforts, and ſoothing conſolations, will preſent themſelves to the fertile, anticipating, inquiſitive eye of zealous affection, which we cannot expect in a ſtranger who is hired.

And, if at any time lucid intervals *ſhould* interpoſe, which, in the moſt deſperate caſes, ſometimes occur, how ſhocking muſt be the ſcene, on firſt opening the mind's eye, and ſearching with ineffectual gaze, for ſympathy and commiſeration, through the gloom of a darkened room or a grated window, to ſee only ſurly ſtrangers; wearied, perhaps irritated by fatigue, trouble, and watching; to feel the benumbing cramp of a ſtraight waiſtcoat, perhaps to be chained and bolted to a floor.

In

In the mean time, the brother and ſiſter we once loved, the wife and child we once doated on, are diſſipating in heedleſs profuſion, that wealth for which we traverſed the globe, toiled in the counting houſe, or labored at the bar.

The ſoundeſt reaſon awakening to ſuch a ſcene, could ſcarcely ſtand proof, but would inſtantly ſink into deſpair and diſtraction; yet, with all its horrors, I had rather be the miſerable victim, than the negligent, the guilty relation, who had conſigned him to a dungeon, and then deſerted him in it.

INSCRIPTION, a ſingular one ſaid to have been formerly placed on the convent of the Cordeliers at Rheims.

"To God and St. Francis, who were both crucified."

It was formally attacked by a Monſieur de Thiers or Thyars; this gentleman had the laugh againſt him, in conſequence of an opponent, who inſiſted that no ſuch inſcription ever exiſted, of courſe that he was fighting with a monſter which only exiſted in his own imagination.

I am not qualified by local, direct, or collateral information, to ſpeak on either ſide of the queſtion.

IRISH ADVERTISEMENT copied from an Hibernian Journal, and inſerted in this place, becauſe the cenſure it conveys, is equally applicable to either ſide of the channel; and I hear with regret, that the grievance complained of by the honeſt Iriſhman, has conſiderably increaſed ſince my laſt publication.

TO THE PUBLIC.

As the time is now advancing when every man may call publicly for a redreſs of grievances, I take this opportunity of mentioning mine.

The firſt is BAD PAY; and I earneſtly beg of the country gentlemen about Belfaſt, to be more punctual in diſcharging their tradeſmens bills, as it is a great loſs to mechanics to ſend a man and horſe from ſix to twenty miles, and that too, three or four times, for a bill of, from forty ſhillings to ſix or ten pounds, and perhaps due two or three years.

I have of ſuch bills, nearly to the amount of five hundred pounds, which I hope will be paid on the firſt call, as I muſt be in England by New-Year's Day.

My ſecond grievance is THE ABUSE AND INDOLENCE OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS, which, if I may

may be allowed the expreſſion, ſeem calculated only for *picking the pockets of parents.*

I have five children whom I wiſh to educate for ſituations in active life; and, to avoid the injury of a public ſchool, I will give *any honeſt fellow,* properly qualified for that purpoſe, a good bed, ſuch victuals as I eat myſelf, and a fair ſalary by the year, if he will engage to make them fit for public buſineſs.

Although I was bred a ſeceder, I would prefer an Iriſh catholic, who ſpeaks his mother tongue, or a French outcaſt, *even if he were the brother of a king.*

I *will* be heard of by applying to James Martin, ſadler, Belfaſt.

IRONICAL SATIRE. A ſpecimen of this kind of literary compoſition, the production of a pen to which this collection is frequently indebted, has been thought worth preſerving.

"Averſhaw died laſt Monday; an amiable man, cut off in the prime of life, formed by nature, talents, and education, for a ſtateſman; he ſpoke in a way that was univerſally and quickly underſtood; he would, it muſt be confeſſed, ſometimes aſſert that which he could not prove, and what he could not prove, he would ſwear to.

"His converſation was copious, lively, and figurative; but, conſcious of the general tendency in mankind to doubt, he frequently appealed to heaven; on theſe occaſions, his oaths were ſolemn, his execrations marked by energy and indignant ſenſibility.

"His talents for finance were alone ſufficient to have raiſed him into conſequence; where perſuaſions was ineffectual, he employed force; what could not be done by direct means, he performed by circumvention; like other great financiers, he firſt *excited terror,* and by this method generally raiſed ſupplies with facility; but he always levied *his* contributions on the rich, and the tenacious.

"Of his ſincerity, had ſincerity been neceſſary in *his* vocation, we have no reaſon to doubt; but this, and his other virtues, he did not laviſh on trifling occaſions; what he did not profeſs, it would therefore be unjuſt to accuſe him of wanting; the circumſtances and ſituation in which *he* was placed, called for other qualifications.

"He had all the ambiguity of a prime miniſter; in his ſchemes he obſerved the profoundeſt ſecrecy; it was difficult to know what he meant, from what he ſaid; from his countenance little could be gathered, as in the execution of his darling ſchemes, he

he concealed it beneath a maſk, which at once preſerved his modeſty, and eluded obſervation.

He was a friend to war, and like other admirers of that ſcience, not averſe to depredation; ſo firm in his purpoſe, and ſo provident in his means, that he never undertook an expedition in which he failed.

"His courage was prudent rather than raſh; he took every poſſible advantage of his enemies, frequently making his attack when they were unprepared, unarmed, and ſometimes ſleeping, in the dead of night.

"In the common intercourſes of life, his manners were plain and unadorned, he did not oppreſs his inferiors, he ſcorned to flatter his equals, and ſubmitted reluctantly to his ſuperiors; he pretended not to virtues he did not poſſeſs; he prated not about conſcience, when it was his practice to violate its precepts.

"His diſpoſition was convivial, he loved a cheerful glaſs; yet, even in his cups, he was patriotic; he would not encourage foreign ſpirits, but was devoted to the productions of his native country.

"In his commercial tranſactions, his moderation was conſpicuous:——when inclined to part with any thing, he never received more than a third of its value; often adding with an oath, in order to increaſe confidence, that it was more than it coſt him.

"In his hours of recreation or reflection, he was fond of wandering over uncultivated heaths, commons, and unfrequented woods; from the fertility of his genius, he generally rendered theſe ſolitary excurſions productive.

"His ideas of property were not correct, his notions of the *meum* and *tuum* were ſomewhat confuſed; deeply engaged in the practice of raiſing caſh, he probably had neither inclination nor leiſure to attend to theory and Hypotheſis.

"He preferred the *monied intereſts*, and ſo peculiar was his mode of addreſs to men of that deſcription, that he always gained upon them.

"Of his religious opinions, little can be collected; he frequently ſpoke of hell, yet he never anticipated ſucceſs by faſting, nor ever before or after an engagement, compoſed a form of prayer; his extemporaneous effuſions were, however frequent and fervid, generally heard with fear, and often with impreſſion.

"Such was Averſhaw; he fell by a death glorious as his life, a death which hath alone been wanting to complete the characters

characters of many heroes and ſtateſmen, whoſe hiſtories would, in that caſe, have been peruſed with greater pleaſure and profit."

I have been told by *certain* readers of this article in my former edition, that I ought to have informed them, of what I thought was palpably evident, that the ſubject of it was a notorious highwayman, who ſuffered an ignominious death.

JACOBITE PUBLICAN.

In the early part of the preſent century, a perſon of this deſcription, on the Cheſter road, was highly provoked, at the auſpicious acceſſion of King George the firſt to the Engliſh throne.

Hearing that a white horſe, the ſign ſuſpended before his door, was part of the armorial bearing of the houſe of Hanover, in the ardor of toryiſm, he immediately changed the device, by which his dwelling was diſtinguiſhed, from the white horſe to the red lion.

As a further proof of his zeal or his folly, he ordered the following lines to be painted under his ſign; but, the new fixture, and every window in the houſe, were ſpeedily demoliſhed by the loyalty and indignation of his whig neighbours.

The horſe has inſulted the lion; in fine,
I cou'd not be eaſy till I alter'd my ſign.
And to ſhew that the Engliſh I wholly rely on,
I have pull'd down the horſe, and have put up the lion.

A wit of the day thought it worth cloathing in Latin.

Inſultabat equus generoſum calce leonem,
Indolui tantum ſœpe diuque nefas.
Mutatum ſpondet gratos inſigne penates
Anglis; inviſum jam leo pellit equum.

JEALOUSY FERTILE IN EXCUSES.

Thoſe who act under the impulſe of this paſſion, productive of ſuch terrible effects, often conſole, and ſometimes juſtify themſelves from the amiable motives which *firſt* produced it.

A perſon, above the middle rank of life, executed in a former reign for the murder of his wife, in conſequence of an unfounded ſuſpicion of infidelity; was reproached by the brother of the deceaſed, for offering violence to a woman, remarkable for a ſtrong attachment to her huſband,

husband, and an active performance of her domestic and maternal duties.

"That was the very rock on which I split," replied the merciless assassin, who had received a classical education, and was generally considered as a sensible man, "the first spark of jealousy lighted up in my breast, originated from humility and diffidence; from a sense of my own want of merit, and a mortifying consciousness that I did not deserve the jewel I possessed.

"This leaven which once produced, ferments in, and poisons the whole man, was augmented by the civilities and attentions *such a wife as mine*, deserved and received from every quarter, and by a thousand little accidental circumstances, which escape *unjaundiced eyes*.

"At length exasperated into savage fury, or most desperate insanity, I committed, fool, madman, and villain as I am, that shocking crime, which has irretrievably destroyed my happiness in this world, and deprived me of all prospect of felicity, in that which is to come."

JEFFREYS, GEORGE, a prerogative lawyer, the chancellor and favorite of King James the second, an able man, but misled by court influence to acts of cruelty and injustice.

The rapid progress he made to emolument and promotion is said to have been occasioned by the plague of sixteen hundred and sixty-six, which terrifying his associates in the law, and driving them in all directions, left him almost without a competitor.

Having addressed the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and being rejected by her father, he attempted to carry off his mistress clandestinely, but was detected and defeated.

In this intrigue he had been assisted by a female attendant of the young lady, whose father, immediately drove her from his service, and refused to give her a character; on this occasion the barrister with a mixture of justice, generosity, and pity, made her his wife; she lived to see him a chief justice, and gave her husband no reason to repent of his choice.

Jeffreys was knighted and became a King's counsel, a Welsh judge, chief justice of the King's Bench, and ultimately obtained the seals; in all these posts, he was criminally obsequious to the corrupt and unconstitutional proceedings of King James the second; but when court policy was out of the question, was said to have been an upright judge, and

and a ſound lawyer; after the revolution of ſixteen hundred and eighty-eight he finiſhed his days as a priſoner in the tower.

Wine, which like love, makes the wiſeſt of us fools, ſometimes enticed him to frolics, in which he forgot the dignity of a judge and the decorum of a gentleman; and not unfrequently on the bench he deſcended to a ſpecies of ironical ſarcaſm, wholly inexcuſeable.

The following is a ſpecimen of this degrading banter, delivered in his judicial capacity at Briſtol.

"I have brought a bruſh in my pocket, to rub off your dirt; I tell you I have brought a ſtout beſom, with which I will ſweep every man's door, within and without; for in good truth, you want rubbing; the dirt of your ditch is in your noſtrils.

"Where am I? In Briſtol, a city in which it ſeems you claim the privilege of hanging, drawing and quartering; a privilege you ought to enjoy, at leaſt once a month: I have a calendar of your city in my hands, and hope to hang one half of you at leaſt."

In a medical book publiſhed in ſixteen hundred and eighty-ſeven, by Dr. John Groenvelt, a dedication is addreſſed to Jeffreys, then chancellor, in which he is called Earl of Flint.

No evidence remaining of the patent or grant of ſuch a dignity, has occaſioned conſiderable ſpeculation; by ſome it has been thought an oblique ſatire on the ſanguinary obduracy of the lawyer's character; yet it is very improbable that a phyſician and a candidate for medical practice, ſhould addreſs in the language of ſatirical irony, a great officer of ſtate, who had the means of puniſhment in his power, as well as in his diſpoſition.

But whatever may have been the fact, the import of the title, and the temper of the perſon addreſſed, have a wonderful coincidence; and the Earldom of Flint, if choſen by Jeffreys, was a practical cenſure on the hardneſs of his heart.

The following are the words of Jeffreys, at the trial of Baxter, a man of great literary attainments, of mild manners, and nearly approaching in religious opinions to the doctrines of the church of England; indeed ſo near, that he was warmly preſſed by the friends of the eſtabliſhment to accept a biſhopric.

Mr. Baxter's counſel having applied for an allowance of further time, the chief juſtice, ſuddenly and paſſionately riſing from his ſeat, thus replied:

"I will not give him a moment's time to ſave his life; we have

have had to do with other ſorts of perſons, but now we have a ſaint to deal with; and I know how to deal with ſaints as well as ſinners.

"Yonder ſtands Oates in the pillory, and ſays he ſuffers for the truth, and ſo ſays Baxter; but if Baxter ſtood on the other ſide of the pillory with him, I would ſay, there ſtand two of the greateſt rogues and raſcals in the kingdom."

The trial proceeded, when Jeffreys perceiving that the jury and counſel did not exactly coincide with him in opinion, he could reſtrain his violence no longer, but ſtarting again from his ſeat, with angry looks, quivering lips, and a loud voice, he thus addreſſed the priſoner:

"Richard, thou art an old fellow, and an old knave, thou haſt written books enough, to load a cart, every one as full of ſedition as an egg is of meat: hadſt thou been whipped out of thy writing trade, forty years ago, it had been happy for the country.

"Thou putteſt on a modeſt face now, but the time was, when 'Bind your Kings in chains and your nobles in fetters of iron,' was perpetually in thy mouth.

"Thou pretendeſt to be a preacher of the goſpel of peace, and thou haſt one foot in the grave; it is time for thee to begin to think, what account thou intendeſt to give of thyſelf hereafter.

"If thou art left to thyſelf, thou wilt go on as thou haſt begun; but, by the grace of God, I will look after thee: I know thou haſt a mighty party; and I ſee a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to ſee what will become of their mighty Don; but by the grace of Almighty God, I will cruſh you all."

In excuſe for ſuch groſs virulence and unbecoming outrage, it ought to be conſidered, that the ſectaries had been notoriouſly guilty in the points to which the chief juſtice alluded; that they had murdered their King and deſtroyed the conſtitution of their country, and that Mr. Baxter, with all his merits, was not wholly free from the charge of political obliquity.

JENNINGS, SARAH, the confidential ſervant, or aſſuming favorite of Queen Anne, and Ducheſs of Marlborough.

This able woman aſſiſted by a whig adminiſtration, ruled her miſtreſs, and directed the counſels of England with glory and ſucceſs for many years; but, as is frequently the caſe in common life, was undermined and finally dis-

diſmiſſed by the arts of perſons very inferior in abilities to her-ſelf; theſe were Mrs. Maſham, a woman of the bedchamber poſſeſſing a good ſhare of cunning, and Robert Harley, a man well ſkilled in fineſſe and political intrigue, who was afterwards created Earl of Oxford.

"The beginning of her Majeſty's kindneſs for me," ſays the dutcheſs, "was at a very early period of our lives; we played together when children, and on every occaſion her preference of and fondneſs for me were conſpicuous; this mutual partiality increaſed with our years.

"It is alſo my greateſt pride and pleaſure, that I procured and maintained this place in her favor, without meanneſs, flattery, or falſehood.

"Having often declared that a friend was what ſhe wanted; the princeſs aimed at an appearance of that equality which ſhe thought eſſential in procuring one, and therefore inſiſted on our dropping, in our private intercourſe, thoſe forms and ceremonies, required by exalted rank, and even all terms which implied diſtance or ſuperiority.

"Morley and Freeman were the names ſhe fixed on, but left me to chuſe, by which of them I would be called: from the frank openneſs of my temper, I preferred that of Freeman, and the princeſs took the other."

Such a compromiſe between pride and nature, was a proof of the good ſenſe of both; it was a uſeful and agreeable drama, exhibited on a ſplendid theatre; yet the magnificent building, ſo cloſe to, and ſo ſtriking a contraſt to St. James's palace; the vaſt accumulations of the family; the ſuperb reſidence at Blenheim, and every poſt in church and ſtate, filled by the Churchill, Spencer, Godolphin, and Sunderland intereſts, prove, that *one of the performers* did not loſe ſight of the advantages of court influence, *behind the curtain*.

This high-ſpirited woman, who directed the councils, while her huſband commanded the victorious troops of England was ſatirized by Pope, under the name of Atoſſa; a ſingular and ſtrongly marked character which the poet, on authority ſomewhat doubtful, is accuſed of having ſuppreſſed during her grace's life for the pecuniary conſideration of a thouſand pounds.

A tranſaction ſo dark, like others of a ſimilar nature, ſeldom admits of poſitive proof; but it is a ſtrong circumſtantial one, that the paſſage in queſtion never appeared during the life of the dutcheſs of Marlborough.

"Atoſſa,"

"Atoſſa," ſays Mr. Pope, in his characters of women,

Shines in expoſing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates or ridicules,
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No paſſion gratify'd except her rage;
So much the fury ſtill outran the wit,
The pleaſure miſs'd her, but the ſcandal hit;
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive,
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live;
But die, and ſhe'll adore you, then the buſt
And temple riſe, and ſink again to duſt;
Laſt night her lord was all that's good and great,
A knave this morning and his will a cheat;
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By ſpirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers, without one diſtreſs,
Sick of herſelf through very ſelfiſhneſs;
Atoſſa, curs'd with every granted pray'r,
Childleſs with all her children, wants an heir;
To names unknown, deſcends the guarded ſtore,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

Such are the diſtorting exaggerations of party-rage, in the hands of a maſter, and it muſt be by the licence of poetry that the dutcheſs could be deſcribed as childleſs, who left ſeveral daughters, a deſcendant from one of whom, now enjoys the dignity and augmented property of the great duke.

While the rent-roll of his preſent grace comprehends almoſt two counties, and his agents are unwearied in their purſuits after new purchaſes, it is expected from the general conſiſtent propriety of his conduct, and from the decorous predominating dignity of the dutcheſs, that they will diſdain any longer to accept from a country exhauſted with taxation, the vaſt allowance of five thouſand pounds a-year, for keeping Blenheim in repair, granted in the generous, but profuſe ſpirit of a whig parliament.

"In the torrent of abuſe poured out againſt your grace," ſaid Lady Sunderland to her mother, Sarah the firſt Ducheſs of Marlborough, and the ſubject of our preſent article, "your worſt enemies have never called you a faithleſs wife."

"Very

"Very true," replied the dutcheſs, "but it was no great merit on my part, for I had the handſomeſt, the moſt accompliſhed, and the braveſt man in Europe for my huſband."

"Yet you do not pretend to call him faultleſs," ſaid Lady Sunderland.

"Certainly not, I knew his errors and failings, better than he did himſelf, and probably, like the reſt of the world, was more ſenſible of *his* faults than of my own.

"So complete an inſtance of ſelf-deluſion, as my lord once exhibited, I could not have believed, had I not been an ear witneſs of it myſelf.

"He had juſt returned from *my poor miſled miſtreſs*, Queen Anne, ſoon after his cruel diſmiſſion, and told me with a very grave face; that in the courſe of a long converſation with her Majeſty, he had thanked God, that neither avarice nor ambition could be laid to his charge.

"I was not then in a laughing humor, but knowing as I did that theſe were in fact his greateſt and almoſt his only faults, I almoſt bit through my tongue, to prevent my ſmiling in his face."

Her grace meeting with a friend, the day after the publication of her "Conduct," aſked if ſhe had read her book, "Yes," was the anſwer.

"And what do you think of it," replied Sarah, "I like it very much, but I think your grace has been too ſevere on all parties." "Not at all," ſaid this intrepid woman, "for I always told you, the whigs were rogues, and the tories fools."

It perhaps would have added one to the numerous anxieties of immenſe wealth, had her Grace of Marlborough been informed, that, even during her life, and on the ſtrength of expectations from *her*, Mr. Spencer, one of her thoughtleſs deſcendants, had borrowed five thouſand pounds of Sir Abraham Janſſen, on the condition, of repaying him ten thouſand, in caſe he ſurvived his wealthy grandmother; but if he died firſt, nothing was to be paid.

Mr. Spencer ſurvived the dutcheſs, but dying ſoon after, his executors reſiſted the payment, conſidering the tranſaction, as uſurious and unreaſonable: the point in diſpute laid the foundation of a long chancery ſuit.

When a decree at length was made, Lord Hardwicke, the chancellor of his day, delivered an impreſſive, an excellent ſpeech, replete with ſound law, plain language, and good ſenſe; he confeſſed it was a buſineſs which

which no court ought to encourage, but that his duty obliged him to conſider it, as neither more nor leſs than a wager, depending on which lived longeſt, the dutcheſs or Mr. Spencer; the ſuit concluded in favor of Sir Abraham.

The eſtates inherited by Mr. Spencer's minor, at the time the bill was filed againſt his executors, amounted to eight and twenty thouſand pounds a-year: chancery ſuits or any other tranquil means of reducing ſuch enormous incomes, I conſider as national benefits.

Taxation ſeems to be the readieſt and moſt equitable method of effecting ſo deſirable a purpoſe; upon this ſafe principle I am of opinion, that a man who is in the receipt of twenty thouſand pounds a-year, ſhould, *under our preſent circumſtances*, pay a contribution of five thouſand a-year to the ſtate.

To make a man with ten thouſand pounds a-year pay no *greater proportion per cent.* than one of five hundred, is a groſs error in political arithmetic.

JENYNS, SOAME, an agreeable writer, and a commiſſioner of trade and plantations, under the adminiſtration of Lord North.

This gentleman was an aſſociate at the ſame board with Mr. Gibbon; they both ſuffered from the pruning knife of Mr. Burke, before that gentleman conſidered reformation as rebellion.

As a metaphyſical writer, he was plain and intelligible, in that branch of literature, a point not eaſily attained; to the queſtion which has perplexed human reaſon in every age. *Unde malum?* why was evil permitted to exiſt? I will not ſay that Mr. Jenyns has given a final anſwer; for how *can* a metaphyſical queſtion be ſatisfactory and finally explained.

Yet he has cleared the ground of much conjectural rubbiſh, and obviated the impious traſh of many a traveller on the ſame road; in a word, he has treated a dry and abſtruſe ſubject, like a man of taſte and acuteneſs, in the habit of deep thinking.

He is of opinion, that it would be as rational, to wiſh the law of gravity ſuſpended, becauſe it impelled an overhanging rock to be precipitated on our heads, as it is to make any deductions unfavorable to the omnipotence and benevolence of God, on account of the exiſtence of natural and moral evil.

The religious routine of Mr. Jenyns, is ſaid to have been ſtrongly marked: from early impreſſion, or ſtrong conviction, he was originally, a warm profeſſor

feſſor, a ſteady believer of the Chriſtian revelation, and ſuſpected at a certain period, of fanaticiſm.

Gradually loſing ground in faith or good works, he wandered into paths obſcured by doubt and uncertainty, and was for many years a profeſſed Deiſt; till by a retrograde but ſalutary progreſs, he meaſured back his ſteps, to the point from which he had *diverged*.

One of his eccentric notions, is, that the preſent life is a ſtate of puniſhment; an opinion better adapted to the croakings of an hypochondriac, than to the cheering convictions of a vindicator of divine revelation.

His "Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion," Mr. Jenyns profeſſes, and indeed, appears to have publiſhed with a good deſign; yet it provoked conſiderable cenſure, from thoſe whoſe cauſe he was apparently defending.

They accuſed him of diligently ſelecting and elaborately diſplaying, all the objections which have been raiſed againſt Chriſtianity, whilſt his mode of refuting them is remarkably cold, careleſs, and unſatisfactory: "Notwithſtanding all unfavorable appearances, he obſerves in this work, "Chriſtianity *may* not be altogether artifice, and *perhaps*, if there were a few more ſincere Chriſtians in the world, it *might* be beneficial to the public, and advantageous to themſelves."

Such, ſaid one of his opponents, ſuch is the conduct of a wolf in ſheep's cloathing, who after tearing open, and expoſing the wounds inflicted on our holy religion, officiouſly pretends to heal them with the ineffectual noſtrums of a quack.

During a converſation in which the ſubject of this article bore a part, the frequency of nuptial diſagreements was lamented; on this occaſion he obſerved, that the majority of perſons who marry, are not *properly acquainted* with each others humours and diſpoſitions, before marriage; that courtſhip in general is little more than a maſquerade, in which deception is mutually practiſed.

If it were poſſible, he added, for a man and a woman to live together a few years, *in habits of intimacy*, without the lady's thinking or ſuſpecting that her companion would ever make her his wife; ſuch an intercourſe, would be the beſt of all matrimonial educations, and promiſe the faireſt for domeſtic peace.

This theory, open to ſo many objections, our author afterwards put in practice, and *is ſaid* to

to have derived from it conſiderable comfort and ſatisfaction.

If, he meant to recommend that every woman, ſhould be retained as a miſtreſs previous to her becoming a wife, every day's experience tells againſt him; as I ſcarce ever knew an inſtance, in which it was not the ſource of diſcord; and for this evident reaſon, that it is impoſſible to convince *ourſelves*, that the female who has been improvidently kind to us will not be ſo to others; it is alſo inconſiſtent with correct taſte, to quaff domeſtic bliſs from a polluted ſpring.

JEU DE MOT; the following humorous one was *hit off impromptu*, by a lady, to whom this collection has more than once been obliged.

It was occaſioned by the *ſeceſſion* of a dancing maſter, who having been patroniſed by many reſpectable families in a weſtern county, advertized a ſubſcription ball for his benefit, and diſpoſed of ſeveral hundred tickets at a high price.

Recollecting that it would be neceſſary to re-fund a part of what he had received, to the attendants, and for other neceſſary expences, he decamped with the whole of the money.

Our female wit, herſelf one of the ſubſcribers, thus *laughed off* the chagrin always produced on ſuch occaſions, not ſo much from the pecuniary loſs, as from the mortification we always feel at being defeated and over-reached by a raſcal; but hear the lady ſpeak.

THE DANCING MASTER
TEACHING HIS SCHOLARS
A NEW DANCE.

His *time* was *ſhort*, his *touch* was *neat*,
His *movements* have not linger'd,
Alert alike in *hands* and *feet*,
Our gold he freely *finger'd*.
Where lies the wonder of the caſe,
A moment's thought detects it,
His conduct has been thorough *baſs*,
A *chord* will be his exit.
Yet ſome upon his haſty flight,
May think our cenſure raſh,
That traveller is ſurely right,
Who turns his *notes* to caſh.

JEW, inſtance of an honeſt one.

This was on an occaſion, in which ſo many Chriſtians as well as Hebrews, deviate from truth without ſcruple: I refer to certain abominable ſcenes of perjury and fraud diſplayed in the

 buſineſs

buſineſs of juſtifying bail, as it is called, at the beginning of every term.

"Are you worth eighteen hundred pounds after all your debts are paid," was the queſtion propoſed. "Eighteen hundred pounds," replied the Jew, "is a great deal of money, and to ſpeak the truth, I am not worth half ſo much, nor will I undertake to juſtify for it; but as the attorney has given me a twenty pound bank note, what am I to do with it?

The venerable chief juſtice, Lord Mansfield, pleaſed and ſurprized at the circumſtance, ſaid, "YOU ARE AN HONEST JEW, I adviſe you to keep the money."

The old man folding up the bank note deliberately, placed it in his pocket book and retired.

This Iſraelite would have been conſidered by moſt perſons, as more ſtrictly honeſt, had he refuſed to take the money at all; unleſs he acted on the principle of *ſpoiling the Egyptians*, and puniſhing the raſcal who had corrupted him.

The little regard which Jews have been *ſuppoſed* to pay to oaths, hath been attributed by ſome to the following paſſage in the Talmud: "He who wiſhes that any vow, promiſe or oath he may make, ſhould be invalid, and of no effect, let him riſe early on the laſt day of the year, and pronounce the following words, turning his face towards Jeruſalem: '*Whatever vows, promiſes or oaths I enter into, during the enſuing year, may they be of no effect.*

JEWISH ARISTOCRACY, an inſtance of, lately introduced in his diſcourſe by a popular preacher.

Speaking of the pride of birth, and the contempt with which certain writers treat the lower claſſes of ſociety, he obſerved: "It was in this manner, that the ariſtocrates of Jeruſalem ſpoke of the Saviour of the world: "Who is this, that maketh ſuch a ſtir amongſt us? IS IT NOT THE SON OF JOSEPH THE CARPENTER?

JEWISH CASUISTRY, a curious inſtance of, worthy recording; and which gentlemen of the law will do well to recollect.

During a trial at the Kingſton aſſizes, previous to the examination of a witneſs who was a Jew, a book was produced, for the purpoſe of adminiſtering an oath, which the officer of the court called and conſidered as a Hebrew bible; the perſon to be ſworn, agreed alſo in this opinion.

But a certain barriſter, whoſe brief

brief would have been directly contradicted by the depoſition of the Iſraelite, diſcovered, in one of his rapid glances, an acquaintance in court, who was maſter of the language in queſtion.

The book being ſhewn to him, he ſaid it was a Hebrew prayer-book, on which, not conſidering it as the word of God, many Jews have not ſcrupled to give a falſe teſtimony.

A pauſe enſued, till a real bible, in the language of the patriarchs was procured, on which the witneſs refuſed to take an oath: after a ſevere reproof from the judge, he was diſmiſſed with ignominy and indignation.

A ſimilar circumſtance once occurred in the caſe of a North Briton, who was on the point of ſwearing on the Evangeliſts, and in the cuſtomary way, to the truth of a declaration, which ſeveral of the by-ſtanders knew was unfounded.

The Caledonian perſevered without heſitation in ſupporting the correctneſs of his teſtimony, till a perſon preſent, propoſed a ſolemn method of adminiſtering an oath, anciently practiſed in the Highlands of Scotland.

This mode was calculated to communicate ſerioufneſs and ſolemnity to a buſineſs, which is too generally hurried over with indecent levity, or defeated by mental reſervation. The exact proceſs I forget, except that holding forth the right arm extended obliquely upwards, was part of the ceremony.

When this way of putting him to his oath was propoſed to the witneſs, he lowered his brow, and evidently loſt his firmneſs: being again preſſed to comply, he ſuddenly ruſhed forth muttering with a ſingular mixture of duplicity and faith, but in phraſe and dialect, which I feel myſelf unable to repeat, "that he had no objection to help a friend by repeating a few words with the book in his hand; but that he would not damn his ſoul for the beſt man in the land."

JONES, SIR WILLIAM, a conſtitutional lawyer, a man of correct taſte, an Eaſt India judge, an antiquary, a poet, and in each department, eminent.

Certain peculiarities in the attachments, ſtudies, purſuits, and deſtination of this worthy character, induced me to grace my collection with his name.

He was member of a certain club called the Conſtitutional Society, which firſt meeting for innocent purpoſes, and profeſſing merely to print and circulate uſeful tracts, afterwards excited the vengeance of Mr. Burke, and being conſi-

dered, under another name, as more actively inimical to our preſent parliamentary repreſentation, and other modes of conducting public buſineſs, their papers and perſons were taken into cuſtody by virtue of a warrant from the ſecretary of ſtate; yet Sir William became and ſtill continued the perſonal favorite of his ſovereign.

He was alſo author of a dialogue between a gentleman and a farmer; the printing and diſperſing this compoſition in Wales, involved the Dean of Saint Aſaph in obloquy and proſecution; in the mean time, the original writer, was, appointed to a poſt of honor and confidence in Bengal, and ſent to adminiſter juſtice in a territory more populous and more extenſive than Great Britain.

The law proceedings in the buſineſs of the dialogue were ſtrongly marked; in the firſt inſtance, the proſecution was refuſed to be undertaken, by the attorney and by the ſolicitor general of the crown; the ſpirit and tendency of the publication, although written by a gentleman then a judge, were alſo generally conſidered as ſeditious and inflammatory.

During the trial, a warm altercation took place, between Mr. Erſkine and Lord Kenyon, at that time chief juſtice of Cheſter; laſtly, a diſpute aroſe of a ſtill more animated kind at a ſecond trial, between the ſame barriſter, and Mr. Juſtice Buller, when the latter told him, that if he did not ſit down while the jury delivered their verdict, during which the advocate thought the judge interfered improperly, he ſhould be obliged to interpoſe in ſome other way.

Although I cannot in every inſtance agree with Mr. Erſkine, whoſe fervid and fertile imagination ſometimes *riots* at the expence of his judgment, I am of opinion, that in the preſent inſtance, he was ſtrictly and clearly correct.

Whatever may be his or my ſentiments on Sir William Jones's dialogue, the publication and diſtribution of which was certainly inexpedient, I cannot think any judge authorized to refuſe the verdict of a jury, becauſe it was "guilty of publiſhing *only*."

It was preciſely in the words of the verdict given in the caſe of the King againſt Woodfall, and clearly expreſſed, that they could not conſiſtently with their oaths deny the fact of the dean's having publiſhed the dialogue, but that they wholly acquitted him of evil deſign or ſeditious purpoſe.

Theſe and *other* proceedings muſt

muſt convince every unprejudiced well-meaning man, of the neceſſity of the bill introduced by Mr. Fox for aſcertaining the power of juries; which ſo far from ſubverting the authority of our courts of juſtice, or even altering the law, is in fact no more than a declaratory act, loudly called for, and become highly neceſſary to guard ſo invaluable a right, againſt the bewildering mazes and ſubtile obliquities of deep refiners.

I ſee no reaſon why our judges ſhould be angry on this occaſion: I hope and believe that the majority of us are not diſpoſed to caſt amorous glances on the wives, or to covet the property of our neighbours; yet I am inclined to think, that an occaſional repetition of the decalogue, will rather tend to ſtrengthen us in well-doing; and the pureſt man among us has no right to be ſcandalized, at the rector's once a-week proclaiming in an audible voice and intelligible language; THOU SHALT NOT STEAL, THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY.

It has been, and ſtill is with many perſons, a favorite doctrine, that the Eaſt India Company are abſolutely and *bonâ fide*, lords of the ſoil, in the Britiſh dominions in Aſia; a poſition learnedly and ſucceſsfully oppoſed by Sir William Jones; indeed this paramount right, thus claimed by a ſociety of merchants in Leadenhall-ſtreet, was never pretended to or aſſumed, by the ſtern fanaticiſm of Omar, the temperate firmneſs of Ali, or the avaricious cruelty of Aurung Zib.

On this ſubject, I have received an anonymous but mild reprehenſion, I believe from a friendly quarter; the ingenious writer of the communication in queſtion, who, if I miſtake not, once filled an active poſt in the country concerning which he ſpeaks, this gentleman inſiſts that Sir William Jones was miſtaken, "for, that landed property in Aſia is not transferable, as in Europe, but remains veſted excluſively in the ſovereign, who farms it to the peaſantry, by means of the ſubadar, whom in Europe we ſhould call a farmer-general, and receives a rent in kind, which has been from time immemorial, a certain proportion of the crop, in general reaſonable and moderate."

It is to be lamented that Sir William, ſince my compilation was firſt publiſhed, and too ſoon alas for his country and his friends, has been arreſted in his honorable courſe, by the hand of death

death——*vixit ſatis famæ ſuæ ſed non patriæ et amicis*;—*multis ille bonis flebilis occidit*.

I unfeignedly rejoice at being told, and I hope with truth, that many deſcriptions of the miſery and oppreſſion in our diſtant poſſeſſions are exaggerated and unfounded; it is a ſincere ſatisfaction to me that a more liberal and humane policy has been adopted; yet, without theſe and other ſtrictures, public as well as private, trials, boards of controul, courts of judicature, &c. &c. I ſtrongly incline to think that much of the cenſure would *not* be unfounded.

The following is the firſt charge delivered by Sir William Jones, in the court-houſe at Calcutta.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

It perhaps would have been ſufficient, if my addreſs to you, this day, had been confined to ſome ſhort remarks on thoſe offences of which the priſoners are accuſed, but peculiar circumſtances incline me to take a wider range.

"Five years have elapſed ſince the ſeat, which I have the honor to fill, became vacant; and in that interval, ſo many important events have happened in India, and ſo many intereſting debates have been held in the parliament of Great Britain, on the powers and objects of this judicature, that it is natural for me to conſider and diſcuſs them; as I ſhall expreſs my ſentiments without reſerve, I hope and believe you will hear them with candour.

"Few perſons, at all acquainted with my previous character and conduct in Europe, will ſuſpect me of being actuated by undue influence or mercenary zeal for any ſet of miniſters in England; I thank God, I have ever preſerved my mind untainted by party politics, and as a magiſtrate, ſhall conſider it as ſtill more my duty to continue the ſame conduct.

"I ſincerely congratulate you, gentlemen, and indeed all my fellow ſubjects in this part of the world, on the general peace between Great Britain and her late enemies, and on its probable effects; an extenſion and revival of our commerce in every quarter; agriculture improved, induſtry encouraged, revenue reſtored, and the moral as well as the civil virtues of private life promoted, without which laſt bleſſing, all other advantages are tranſitory and unavailing.

"But it is to India that the mother country looks, and looks with reaſon for the moſt ſplendid and ſubſtantial advantages; nor is it poſſible for her to be diſappointed, if the executive and judical

dicial powers, concur in promoting the public good, without impediment or colliſion.

"The inſtitution of the court of judicature now aſſembled, has been miſrepreſented; be aſſured that it never was intended as a cenſure, on any paſt or preſent government: legiſlative proviſions, have not the individual for their object, but the ſpecies; they are not made for the convenience of a day, but for the regulation of future ages.

"The country, in which we live, forms an important part of a great, a wealthy, a flouriſhing, and warlike empire; and it would have been neither decent, nor right, that almoſt every branch of the Britiſh dominions ſhould be enjoying the benefits of an independent judicature, except yourſelves; indeed, ſo extenſive and populous a region as this is, would have been a phœnomenon without it; juſtice muſt be adminiſtered with effect, or ſociety would be diſſolved.

"It is a truth coeval with human nature, that power in the hands of man *will* ſometimes be abuſed, and therefore, ought always to be ſubject to check and reſtraint; but reſtriction by no means implies blame: we all know, how many precautions have been taken, at various times, to render judges and jurors impartial, and to place them above dependence; yet none of us conceive ourſelves diſgraced by ſuch precautions: THE MOTIVES TO DETAIN, A CREATURE LIKE MAN IN THE PATH OF DUTY, CANNOT BE TOO POWERFUL OR TOO NUMEROUS.

"The object of the preſent court of judicature, in a few words, is this, that in every age the Britiſh ſubjects reſident in India ſhall be protected, yet governed by Britiſh laws; and that the natives of theſe provinces ſhall be indulged in their own cuſtoms and prejudices, civil as well as religious, without moleſtation; and although ſo much has been ſaid by thoſe who are of a different opinion, I ſee no reaſon why theſe ends may not be attained without injury to the regular collection of the revenue, or the political fabric of the executive government.

"It is of conſequence that the true character and office of a judge appointed to adminiſter the laws ſhould be clearly and correctly underſtood; ſuch an explanation may appear unneceſſary, but the fact is, it is often miſconceived, and requires the experience of profeſſional practice to comprehend it fully.

"The uſe of law, as a ſcience, is, to prevent mere diſcretionary power, under the color of equity; and it is the duty of a judge, to pro-

pronounce his deciſions, not ſimply according to his own opinion of juſtice and right, but according to preſcribed rules: it is to be hoped that his own reaſon will generally approve theſe rules, but it is the judgment of the law, not his own, which he delivers.

"Were judges to decide by their bare opinions of right and wrong, theſe muſt occaſionally be warped by prejudice, intereſt or caprice, and an Engliſh court of juſtice, which, as it is now eſtabliſhed, is the muſt uſeful and ſalutary of all inſtitutions, would degenerate into the intolerable ſlavery of an arbitrary tribunal.

"For, as it was obſerved by the late excellent Lord Camden, "the diſcretion of a judge is the law of tyrants; it is always unknown, it is different in different men; it is caſual, and depends upon conſtitution, temper, and paſſion; in the beſt of us, it is oftentimes caprice, in the worſt, vice and folly."

"Let us be ſatisfied, gentlemen, with law, which all who chuſe may underſtand, and not call for equity in its popular ſenſe, which is uncertain.

"The end of criminal law, a moſt important branch of the great juridicial ſyſtem, is, to prevent crimes by puniſhment, 'ſo that the pain of it,' as a fine writer expreſſes himſelf, 'may be inflicted by few, but the dread of it, extended to all.'

"In the adminiſtration of penal juſtice, a ſevere burthen is removed from our minds, by the aſſiſtance of juries; and it is my ardent wiſh, that the court had the ſame relief in civil, eſpecially commercial cauſes, for the deciſion of which, there cannot be a nobler tribunal, than a jury of experienced men, aſſiſted by the learning of a judge.

"Theſe are my ſentiments; and I expreſs them, not becauſe they may be popular, but becauſe I ſincerely and unreſervedly entertain them; for I aſpire to no popularity, I ſeek no praiſe, but that which is due to a ſtrict and conſcientious diſcharge of my duty; and it is my fixed reſolution to pronounce on all occaſions, what I conceive to be law, than which, no individual muſt ſuppoſe himſelf wiſer."

JOSEPH BENEDICT AUGUSTUS, Archduke of Auſtria, and Emperor of Germany, a ſovereign, whoſe duty was his chief pleaſure, and the welfare of his people, the great object of his life.

Yet it is to be lamented, that in his attempts to meliorate the condition of his ſubjects, and reform abuſe, he ſometimes defeated

feated his purpoſe, by adhering too rigorouſly to certain means; that in ſome inſtances he was irritated into malignity by oppoſition; and in others, that he did not make allowance for the local attachments and religious opinions of thoſe over whom he reigned.

But the goodneſs of the em peror's intentions incline me to forgive a multitude of faults, and he who quitted for a time, the ſplendor of a court, and the enticements of royalty, to converſe on a footing of equality, with his fellow-creatures, to feel the elbow of common life, and hear the undiſguiſed diſcuſſions of mixed company, muſt have been ſuperior to moſt monarchs, and different from the majority of men.

"Time is precious, abſtain from compliment, let me know the truth, 'tis that only I ſeek; ſpeak with freedom and ſincerity, I love it; diſguiſe nothing, my wiſh is to gather information."—Were his general words.

He who thus ſubmitted to correction without reſerve, and in a manner invited reproof, however he might occaſionally err, took the beſt method of avoiding egregious miſtakes.

A proof of the moderation with which he bore, what would have been deemed a ſevere reply from an equal, may be ſeen in Mr. HOWARD's article.

Joſeph the ſecond, was the ſon of the Empreſs Maria Tereſa, in whoſe praiſes certain hiſtorians have been laviſh; yet, after ſurveying her life, and allowing her the merit of a good mother, and a fond wife, religious bigotry, and political ingratitude, appear to have been the moſt prominent features of her character.

In ſeventeen hundred and forty-one, a year of difficulty, danger, and diſtreſs to the houſe of Auſtria, the ſubject of our preſent article, then only three months old, was diſplayed in the arms of his mother to the ſtates of Hungary; and it is worthy of remark, that the ſame royal infant, whoſe ſilent eloquence pleaded ſo effectually with the German Palatines, ſhould, in a few years, rouze a general ſpirit of diſcontent, nearly approaching to rebellion.

It is not leſs extraordinary, that the child of a zealous and rigid catholic, a ſtrict obſerver and enforcer of the moſt minute religious ceremony, faſt, or genuflexion, ſhould, when he had ſcarcely attained to manhood, attempt to ſubvert the pillars of the catholic faith, and prove a ſevere ſcourge to the Roman church.

The Emperor Joſeph, during the whole of his reign, appears to

to have been at war with the prejudices in favor of the real intereſts of his ſubjects.

Whilſt his keen eye was minutely exploring abuſe, defalcation, and national grievance in every department of government, and whilſt he was endeavouring, amidſt a thouſand obſtacles, to render the Auſtrian Netherlands a commercial mart for Europe, he ſuddenly eſtranged the affections of the inhabitants of that part of his dominions, by a haſty but healthy regulation in the mode of interring their dead; a point in which, acting with too much of the philoſopher, but too little of the man of feeling and decorum, in purſuing the right, he loſt ſight of the expedient.

By diſſolving the monaſtic orders, and deſtroying the papal juriſdiction in his dominions, he proved himſelf a good practical ſtateſman. But in bringing back, or forcing into ſociety, numbers of individuals, incapacitated by the indolent habits of contemplative devotion, by diſeaſe of body or of mind, from ſupporting themſelves in the buſtle of active life, it is to be feared, that reſpect was not paid to age, rank, or education; that ſufficient diſtinction was not made, between the ſturdy mendicant, who preferred eaſe to labour, impoſing on others, to exerting himſelf, and the pious matron, or debilitated veteran, who, broken down by ſorrow or misfortune, were humbly ſeeking their God, in the ſequeſtered ſhades of repentance and contrition.

In one of his campaigns, a plan had been counteracted by the enemy procuring intelligence; the emperor, in a moment of reſentment, made an order, that no letter ſhould paſs from any individual in his camp, without previous inſpection; this proceeding diſguſted his officers, and alienated the affections of an army enthuſiaſtically attached to his family.

Few Engliſhmen are ſtrangers to the frauds and abuſes practiced in certain departments connected with our army and navy, and *to the unreaſonable oppoſition lately made to certain ſalutary meaſures taken to prevent and puniſh them*; yet, on the exertions of ſuch defaulters, the moſt important warlike preparations ſometimes depend.

Our imperial reformer having, by his regulations, offended the contractors who furniſhed his troops with forage, bread, and bacon, an expedition of the greateſt conſequence was defeated by impending famine, wilfully produced by fraudulent and irritated ſelfiſhneſs.

The

The death of the emperor Joſeph, is ſaid to have been haſtened by vexation ariſing from the obſtinacy of his ſubjects, whoſe idle prejudices counteracted many of his beſt and wiſeſt plans, and he ultimately died of a broken heart.

Such, after a reign commencing with ſo much promiſe, ſuch was the fate of a reforming ſovereign, who endeavoured by every means in his power, to improve and enrich his dominions; yet, although he ſo often failed, let us not forget the power, numbers, and influence of the enemies he had to contend with.

They were numerous, noiſy, and loud; vigilant in defence of their invaded privileges, income, and immunities; many of them deeply entrenched in the ſtrong holds of religious bigotry and ancient prejudice, with perhaps one in ten thouſand of his own ſubjects on his ſide, I mean the rational and diſintereſted portion of mankind.

A learned critic, ſince my laſt impreſſion, and in the preſence of the editor, condemned this article as the panegyric of a culpable character; I could not prevail on him to make any allowance for the enthuſiaſm of a well-meaning theroiſt, chagrined at the diſappointment of his views.

Yet I cannot perſuade myſelf to think ill of a ſovereign, who, being applied to by the inhabitants of the city of Buda, for permiſſion to erect a ſtatue to his memory during his life, declined their offer in the following words:

"When I ſhall have eradicated thoſe inveterate prejudices which oppoſe the progreſs of reaſon; when the buſineſs of my courts of juſtice is conducted with equity and good order; when inſtruction has pervaded the great body of my people; when the manners of the clergy, as well as their doctrines, are conformable to the goſpel of Chriſt; when population, agriculture, induſtry, and manufactures, ſhall have produced a ready, ſafe, and free circulation of real wealth through the provinces of this vaſt empire; as an humble, but only a partial inſtrument of ſuch deſirable events, perhaps I may deſerve a ſtatue, but ſuch an honor is by no means due to me, becauſe you imagine I have been the cauſe of your advancing the price of your wines, and raiſing the rent of your houſes."

JUSTICE OF A CAUSE.

In moſt conteſts, civil, political, and religious, the parties con-

concerned, inſiſting on the ſuperior merits of *their* ſide of the queſtion, appeal confidently to Heaven, as well as to the ſword.

Two followers of the camp of John, the great Duke of Marlborough, have been mentioned, as converſing the evening before the battle of Hochſtet, on the dreadful buſineſs of the enſuing day, and one of them concluded with ſaying, "May God ſtand by the right."

"Don't tell me of the right," replied her aſſociate, a Scotch woman, "God ſtand by Hamilton's regiment, right or wrong:"—a wiſh, I believe, conſonant with the feelings of moſt combatants, in diſputes of the field as well as the forum.

KELLY, HUGH, a ſtay-maker, a writer for attornies and newſpapers, a political pamphleteer, and a dramatic author.

Deſcended from humble but honeſt parents, in the city of Dublin, and feeling ſtrong literary propenſities, he quitted his native country clandeſtinely, and arrived in London, literally ſpeaking, with no more than a ſhilling in his pocket, and a ſolitary ſhirt on his back.

Hunger, and a want of dexterity in his original occupation, impelled him to ſeek employment as a hackney writer in Chancery-lane; but emolument inadequate to his toil and perhaps a conſciouſneſs of ſuperior abilities, ſoon prompted him to quit this ſedentary and unproductive drudgery.

Having communicated ſufficient proofs that he could be uſeful, he was retained as an aſſiſtant by the editors of the Gazetteer, and afterwards by the proprietor of the Public Ledger, at a decent ſalary.

In this ſituation he pleaſed his employers and the public, and became acquainted with Lord Baltimore, whom he defended in the buſineſs of Miſs Woodcock, with ſo much zeal and ſucceſs, that the peer preſented him with a five hundred pound bank note.

Dazzled with the poſſeſſion of ſuch a ſum, the tenth part of which he had never before poſſeſſed, but not without ſome ſcruples of conſcience for having defended his patron, a rake and a debauchee, who was tried for a rape and acquitted, though certainly guilty; Kelly took chambers in the Temple, became generally known and reſpected, and was ſoon after appointed conductor of one of the diurnal publications, to which he had hitherto been only an appendage.

Being adviſed by Lord Baltimore to write a play, he produced

duced a ſentimental comedy, called, Falſe Delicacy, which was well recieved; a political pamphlet, puliſhed a few months after, eſtabliſhed his reputation, but being in favor of adminiſtration, it rendered him unpopular.

During a period which has ſeldom been equalled for party violence, Kelly could not expect to eſcape without injury.

His next piece, "A Word to the Wife," was condemned unheard; a ſpectator of this unjuſt and cruel deciſion, once told me that he never witneſſed a ſcene of equal uproar, noiſe, and confuſion, or a more impreſſive inſtance of democratic deſpotiſm, the *civium ardor prava jubentium*.

From the moment the curtain drew up, not a ſyllable of the piece could be heard; its opponents diſdained the decency, as in ſome inſtances is the caſe, of diſguiſing malignity under the maſk of critical indignation: "It is Kelly's, and ſhall not be performed," was repeated by a thouſand voices.

With ſuch adverſaries, reaſoning was vain, the curtain dropped, or the houſe would have been demoliſhed, and the author ſoothed his diſappointment, by publiſhing the piece, with a numerous and profitable liſt of ſubſcribers.

In a humorous moment, the ſubject of our preſent article, was accuſed by Dr. Johnſon of affecting too oſtentatious a diſplay of the little plate he poſſeſſed, and that on a certain occaſion, being ambitious of the fame of elegant hoſpitality, a vacancy between the ſpoons and pepper caſter, was actually ſupplied by a pair of ſilver ſpurs.

This anecdote, probably created in the feſtive imagination of levity, and *by a man who had no plate himſelf*, created a laugh, but it was the joke of a good man, and free from bitterneſs.

The Doctor, a few years after, when the play was re-produced for the benefit of the author's widow, aſſiſted her with the following impreſſive prologue.

This night preſents a play, which public rage,
Or right or wrong, once hooted from the ſtage.

From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,
For Engliſh vengeance, WARS NOT WITH THE DEAD.

A gen'rous foe, regards with pitying eye,
The man whom fate has laid, WHERE ALL MUST LIE.

Let

Let no renew'd hoſtilities invade,
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable ſhade.
If want of ſkill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiſs the man *who cannot hear*,
And then ſhall calm reflection bleſs the night,
When lib'ral pity, dignify'd delight;
When pleaſure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

KEMBLE's BAJAZET.

The performances of this correct actor, have been frequently noticed in this collection, and the buſineſs of this ſhort article, is to congratulate him on his excellent, and with reſpect to the common practice, his *new* mode of perſonating the captive ſultan.

Mr. Kemble, though deficient by natural conformation, as I have elſewhere obſerved, in tone, fulneſs, and, if I may be allowed the term, in *volume* of voice, and although wanting fleſhineſs of muſcle, to exhibit the ſwelling ardor of the inſolent tyrant, yet, his conception, expreſſion, and *tread*, were ſatisfactory and faultleſs.

He has rendered rational and intereſting, a character, which, by an erroneous and long eſtabliſhed practice, had become ridiculous and contemptible; in the hands of a maſter, the fallen, but inflexible Bajazet, becomes reſpectable; we feel for the king, we ſympathize with the father, we pity, but, as was too often the caſe, when repreſented by common ranters, we no longer deſpiſe him.

In The World, a newſpaper now forgotten, a ſtream of panegyric, neither appropriate nor diſcriminating, was daily poured forth on Mr. Kemble, whatever part he aſſumed.

No one can deny his claims to acuteneſs in dramatic criticiſm, and his happy application of claſſical learning to theatrical *coſtume* and ſtage decoration; but, as a ſenſible man, he muſt know and feel, that the harſh, the odious, the horror-inſpiring perſonages of tragedy, the rugged Coriolanus, the hateful, intrepid, bloody-minded Richard, the ambitious, but ſuperſtitious Macbeth, are the only caſt of characters for which he is formed by feature, voice, and eye. To theſe may be added, the aſſumed boiſterouſneſs of Petruchio, the well-managed miſanthrophy of Penruddocke, and a few other characters in that ſpecies of ſentimental drama, called by the French

French, *la comedie larmoyante*; but to praiſe an actor of ſuch undoubted, ſuch great merit as Mr. Kemble poſſeſſes, and to extol him as admirably calculated for eaſy genteel comedy, is injurious, prepoſterous, and abſurd.

KENYON, LORD, a worthy and reſpectable judge, who ſucceeded Lord Mansfield as Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench.

The indignation of this able and zealous magiſtrate, being rouzed by the incorrect conduct and gambling propenſities of certain elevated females, he declared from the bench, and all who heard, believed what he ſaid, that if any of the offenders were convicted, he would, without heſitation, and whatever their rank, inflict on them ſome ſhameful and exemplary puniſhment.

On this occaſion, a wag aptly tranſlated into Engliſh his lordſhip's family motto——*Magna-nimiter crucem ſuſtineo*——I boldly recommend the puniſhment of the pillory.

The noble lord, who is the ſubject of my preſent article, was pronounced by —— ——— a Goth and a Vandal; it is only by Goths and Vandals like him, that the flagitious propenſities of a wealthy and luxurious empire can be corrected and reſtrained. *Fæx Romuli, virtute Catonis depurata.*

KIEN-LONG, Emperor of China, a converſation he held with the Jeſuit Bouvet. Its authenticity I ſhould queſtion, was it not derived from a ſource generally conſidered as reſpectable, (the Miſſionary Correſpondence) and corroborated by the evidence of the worthy and learned Father Attiret, who declares that he was himſelf preſent; indeed it is not eaſy to conceive for what purpoſe the eccleſiaſtic ſhould have fabricated a dialogue which tells ſo much againſt his fraternity; it took place in the year ſeventeen hundred and ſeventy-two.

BOUVET.—May it pleaſe your majeſty, as ſoon as you are baptized, to eaſe yourſelf of a heavy burthen with which you are loaded; I have formerly talked to you concerning Atlas, who was ſaid to ſuſtain the heavens upon his ſhoulders; you, royal ſir, are the Atlas, and his holineſs the pope, the Hercules, who will relieve you; there will then be two ſovereigns in your dominions, the pope and yourſelf; by this expedient you will have an eaſy life in this world, and enjoy heaven in the next.

EM-

EMPEROR.—I am obliged to the pope for condeſcending to take ſuch pains for my ſake; but how is it poſſible he can govern my dominions, at the diſtance of nine thouſand miles from them.

BOUVET.—Nothing more eaſy, we are his apoſtolic vicars, he is the vicar of God; ſo that in effect, you will be governed by God himſelf.

EMPEROR.—That would be a ſatisfaction, but I am not quite ſure that this would be preciſely the caſe; beſides I fear that you will expect a ſhare of my revenue.

BOUVET.—His holineſs is ſo diſintereſted that he will be ſatisfied with a fourth part; this, your majeſty muſt own, is a trifle, in compariſon to the advantages we ſhall procure.

EMPEROR.—That is true; I take it for granted that this head of your church claims and receives as much from my neighbour the great Mogul, from the Emperor of Japan, and the Sovereigns of Ruſſia, Turkey, and Perſia.

BOUVET.—Not yet, but we hope, and will endeavour that it ſhall be ſo ſoon.

EMPEROR.—Pray do all the Chriſtian princes pay to this holy Italian father, a tax proportionate to that which you propoſe levying on me.

BOUVET.—One half of Europe, I grieve to ſay, hath ſeparated from us by means of a horrible ſchiſm, and pay nothing; the other half contribute as little as they poſſibly can.

EMPEROR.——(After a ſhort pauſe) I can bear your impoſitions no longer; go, leave my dominions; I have been already too indulgent.

BOUVET.—Holy Virgin! Have I then been duped.

ATTIRET.—(Aſide to Bouvet) Have I not often told you, that the Emperor, kind as he is, would at laſt outwit us both.

KING, DR. WILLIAM, a tory, and a wit in the reign of King George the ſecond, principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, and author of an obſcene ſcarce poem, called the Toaſt, publiſhed in ſeventeen hundred and thirty-ſeven.

The doctor was one of thoſe characters, *who can only eſcape cenſure when they eſcape obſervation*, yet from vanity or conſtitutional reſtleſſneſs, he eagerly ſeized every opportunity of exciting public notice, and provoking general attention; this unlucky propenſity, with a temper highly irritable, kept him in *hot-water*, the greateſt part of his life.

Such perſons have been compared

pared to drunken men, who are always the moſt averſe to retiring from convivial meetings; and in general are not ſatisfied, till in their endeavours to prove they can walk as ſtraight, and are as ſober, as any perſon in the room, they have ſtunned themſelves againſt a wall, or been laid proſtrate on the floor.

Stimulated by ſuch a ſpirit, when the Ratcliffe library was *dedicated*, Dr. King, contrary to the cuſtom of the univerſity, and in oppoſition to the expreſs deſire of the truſtees, who were conſcious of the founder's character, obſtinately inſiſted on making a public ſpeech.

The commencement of his oration was inconſiſtent with truth. "I would willingly have declined my preſent office," ſaid Dr. King, "*but it was forced upon me.*"

He then proceeded to pour forth a troubled ſtream of indiſcriminate panegyric on Dr. Ratcliffe, whoſe harſh features, ſavage manners, and unaccommodating peculiarities, his beſt friends wiſhed to paſs over in ſilence.

He praiſed the erudition and humanity of a phyſician notorious for an unfeeling diſpoſition, and whoſe natural ſagacity ſupplied in a great meaſure his want of learning, which he always affected to deſpiſe.

Yet Dr. King rated this London phyſician and his library with Aſinius Pollio and his Bibliotheca, which was like comparing the vatican to a bookcaſe.

The orator concluded with an apology for the inaccuracies of his ſtyle and language: *ſtudia mea interpellebant convivia, amores, ingrata quædam negotia, et peregrinationes crebræ.*

"A curious and laudable excuſe," ſaid one of his antagoniſts, Dr. Burton of Eton, "a curious excuſe for a ſcholar's defects; feaſting and wenching, are enumerated without a bluſh, among the avowed methods in which an old man ſpends his time.

"It was prudent in you," continues his Eton antagoniſt, "to prevent your ſpeech from being publiſhed; it would have ſounded ſtrange for the head of a college to be proſecuted in the court of King's Bench for retailing libellous and ſeditious ſcurrilities in bad Latin."

"*His* fortunes," ſaid King, ſpeaking of Dr. Ratcliffe, and evidently glancing at the palace, voted by parliament for the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, "*His* fortunes were not collected by war and deſolation,

they were not cemented by the blood and tears of thouſands, but by diffuſing health and comfort to mankind."

To conclude, Dr. King by the warmth of his attachments to the proſcribed houſe of Stewart, being conſidered as an incorrigible Jacobite, was a butt for the abuſe and exaggeration of the whigs of his day, being alſo himſelf imprudent and irritable, he perpetually afforded his enemies opportunities of harraſſing and ridiculing him without mercy.

He replied to the attack of Dr. Burton, by a burleſque production which he called "Elogium Jacci Etonenſis ſive Gigantis, or the Praiſes of Jack of Eton, commonly called the Giant;" elevated by his ſuppoſed ſucceſs in this ſatirical doggerel, he exclaimed in a triumphant moment, "Although I am not Jack, I am a giant-killer."

KIPPIS, ANDREW, principal conductor of the firſt volumes of the Biographia Britannica, who after a long and exemplary diſcharge of the moſt important Chriſtian and literary labours, has been called, ſince my firſt edition, to enjoy the rewards of a well-ſpent life.

If I was vain in ſuppoſing that my former article relating to Dr. Kippis, had been inſtrumental in retaining ſo able a pilot at the biographical helm, which was actually the caſe, the vanity of an anonymous writer muſt be confined *to rather a narrow circle.*

The general tendency of the Biographia to panegyric, has been frequently remarked and often cenſured; for however delightful it may be, and undoubtedly is, to hand down to poſterity the names of good men, yet there ſhould be ſome proviſion for thoſe notoriouſly bad; this though a leſs pleaſing, is a neceſſary taſk.

The wreath of fame, which with other good motives, impels the hero to bleed, the martyr to ſuffer, and the patriot to die, cannot be diſtributed with too cautious a hand; if we beſtow on unworthineſs or imbecility that reward, which genius and virtue ought only to enjoy, we ſhall diminiſh the moral energies of the heart, and depreſs the exertions of intellect.

Under whatever auſpices, or by whatever hands the Biographia Britannica ſhall be hereafter conducted, I ſee not the ſhadow of a reaſon, why the new editors are at all bound to tread preciſely in the ſteps of their pre-

predeceſſors; the obvious inclination of Dr. Campbell as well as Dr. Kippis to praiſe, cannot eſcape obſervation; good themſelves they ſaw not or would not ſee the obliquities of others.

In future editions, unleſs the proprietors wiſh to exhauſt the pockets as well as the patience of the public, obſolete, unintereſting articles muſt be rejected, the luxuriancy of panegyric moderated, and a due portion of cenſure infuſed.

In juſtice to the literary integrity of the ſubject of this article, a worthy and venerable man, whoſe good wiſhes, advice and approbation of this collection, compenſate my humble labours, far beyond guineas and bank-notes; I conſider it as my duty to ſay that I have minutely inveſtigated a charge of corrupt venality raiſed againſt Dr. Kippis, with reſpect to Lord Clive's article, in the Biographia Britannica, and mentioned, *without at all giving it credit*, in my firſt edition.

I have diſcovered that the original propagator of this unfounded aſperſion, is a worthleſs character, ſtupified by intemperance, and blaſted by diſhoneſty, and that the calumny was produced by a union of miſconception, falſehood, folly, and malignity.

The *hundred pound bank note*, with which the doctor's acquieſcence in the indiſcriminate panegyric of Lord Clive, was *ſaid* to have been purchaſed, proves to have been a correction ſent to him at a moment when he was reviſing the article for the preſs.

This circumſtance may however teach a uſeful leſſon to thoſe writers, who, tender of a friend's reputation, induſtriouſly ſuppreſs without notice, every vague aſſertion reported to his diſadvantage.

Theſe ſurmiſes of impotent malice, ſometimes ſtart up at a period unfavorable to detection, and being unanſwered, becauſe they have never been inveſtigated, frequently obtain credit and belief.

How much better is it to purſue miſrepreſentation into its dark receſſes, drag it forth to the eye of public inveſtigation, and thus to defy obloquy, by proving it unfounded.

KITCHEN GROANINGS addreſſed to the parlor; a pamphlet ſo called, publiſhed fifty years ago.

It is the ſpirited remonſtrance of ſome angry cook-wench, or diſcontented houſe-maid, againſt lazy footmen with their ruffles, their canes, their bags and powdered heads, who run away with the pecuniary perquiſites, or as

they were at that period called *vails*, without having their due proportion of the hard work of the houſe.

This publication is ſaid to have been actually produced by one of the ſiſterhood whoſe cauſe it pleads, and, conſidering the quarter from whence it iſſued, is not badly written. Having juſtice and equity on its ſide, it helped to gain a victory for the cauſe it defended; this may be conſidered as one of the triumphs of good ſenſe over an abſurd, mean, and unreaſonable cuſtom, that of paying an extravagant price for dining with a friend; a cuſtom which often deterred perſons of moderate fortunes, from the enjoyment of a ſociable circle.

"I never ſee you now in —— ſtreet," ſaid *** ***** to the late Dr. Monſey, "I cannot afford to dine with you, my lord, *you keep a guinea ordinary.*" "Pray explain yourſelf, doctor." "I will, my lord, and I hope without giving offence; I never dine at your table, but either your lordſhip or part of your family, *pump* out of me gratuitouſly that, for which you ought to give me a fee."

KNEVET, SIR EDMUND, a Norfolk knight, in the reign of King Henry the eighth, who for ſtriking a ſervant of the Earl of Surrey, in the tennis court, within the king's houſe at Greenwich, was tried in the great hall of the palace, before the comptroller, and other officers of the houſehold, found guilty, and ſentenced to loſe his right hand.

The preparations for putting this ſentence into execution, are thus deſcribed by a cotemporary writer. This diſplay I ſuſpect was made to inſpire terror, and give the king an opportunity of exerciſing his prerogative of mercy, rather than with any real deſign of inflicting puniſhment, as Henry, when luſt, avarice and ambition were out of the queſtion, was ſometimes ſurpriſed into greatneſs of mind.

"The ſerjeant chirurgeon was called, with the inſtrument appertaining to his office: the ſerjeant of the wood-yard, with the mallet and block whereon the hand ſhould lie; the king's maſter cook with a knife; the ſerjeant of the larder, to ſet the knife right on the joint; the ſerjeant farrier with his ſearing yrons, to ſeare the veins; the ſerjeant of the poultry with a cocke, which cocke ſhould have his head ſmitten off with the ſame knife.

"The yeoman of the chantry alſo attended with the ſeare cloths; the yeoman of the ſcullery,

lery, with a pan of fire to heat the yrons, a chafer of water to cool the ends of them, and two fourmes for officers to ſet their ſtuff on: the ſerjeant of the cellar with wine, ale and beer; the yeoman of the ewry, with baſon, ewre and towel.

"Thus every man in his office, ready, there was called forth Sir William Pickering, knight-marſhal, to bring in the ſaid Knevet, who humbly ſubmitted himſelf to the king's mercy, but deſired, that, of his benign grace, his majeſty would pardon him of his right hand, and take the left, with which he might hereafter do good ſervice to his grace."

Of this requeſt, the king being informed, and conſidering the gentle heart of Sir Edmund, he graciouſly remitted the whole of the puniſhment.

KOTZBUE, an ingenious and intereſting German writer, baniſhed, for ſuppoſed Jacobinic tendencies, to Siberia, by an edict of the late Emperor Paul, the firſt of that name who reigned in Ruſſia.

By the ſame ſovereign, he was as haſtily re-called and rewarded with a lucrative appointment; on this occaſion, the firſt ſounds of liberation which reached his ears were *prodawlaja ſwobodni*, and theſe words are the reaſon for my introducing the preſent ſhort article.

It was during a converſation, in which the ſubject of Kotzbue's exile was introduced, that a certain eccentric gentleman, who *fancies* himſelf a connoiſſeur in the theory of ſounds, obſerved, that theſe Ruſſian words, independent of any meaning they conveyed to Kotzbue, *are of themſelves, ſoft, harmonious, and calculated to produce agreeable impreſſions on the organs of hearing.*

I believe moſt of my readers will hear with ſurprize, that this deſcription of words, which it is almoſt impoſſible to pronounce without diſtorting the mouth, and ſtraining the throat; a deſcription inſiſted on by one, generally thought a ſenſible man, and conſidered in his profeſſion, as a dexterous and acute lawyer, —*non omnia poſſumus omnes.*

KYRLL, JOHN, a charitable and well-diſpoſed Engliſh gentleman, an inhabitant of Herefordſhire, celebrated by Pope as THE MAN OF ROSS, who with an income of five hundred pounds a-year, and by the influence of his example and ſolicitation, diffuſed comfort and improvement over the diſtrict in which he reſided.

His

His own perſonal expences annually, are ſaid never to have exceeded fifty pounds; neither made diſhes nor wine ever appeared on his table; a ſcrupulous attention to domeſtic economy on this and other points, enabled him to beſtow on ſickneſs and old age, a greater proportion of his income, than moſt men are able or willing to give up.

One part of his conduct deſerves to be noticed by thoſe who poſſeſs the power as well as inclination to diffuſe the gifts of mercy; he expected every one who applied for relief *to do ſomething*, as far as was conſiſtent with the circumſtances of their health, and ability.

For this purpoſe, a conſtant reſource of elemoſynary employment was provided, ſuited to the powers of the various perſons who applied; never to give money would be a good rule, as it is too often diſſipated in ſpirits, and other intoxicating liquors.

Dreſs and amuſement conſumed a very ſmall portion of his time, and attention; going about to do good, was the occupation and pleaſure of his life; his appearance was plain, his dreſs homely, and on a journey without a ſervant, he was once apprehended at Benſon in Oxfordſhire, on ſuſpicion of being a highwayman.

In anſwer to the accuſation, he replied, that he was THE MAN OF ROSS; the juſtice, a plain matter of fact man, who underſtood his buſineſs, and on occaſion could diſpatch a partridge or a bottle of port, but knew little of Pope or his works, was on the point of committing him to priſon; this was prevented, by ſeveral gentlemen in the neighbourhood, to whom Mr. Kyrll had referred, hurrying in their carriages to bail him.

He was for many years a bleſſing to the town of Roſs and its vicinity, an aſſiſter of young tradeſmen on their firſt commencing buſineſs, a healer of diſcord and contention, more than a parent to the fatherleſs and widow, and died at the age of ninety, in the calm confidence of unpreſuming hope.

LA MAUPIN, a French ſinger, in the ſeventeenth century, one of the numerous inſtances, in which a ſtage heroine, fortified by public favor, and preſuming on the magic of a melodious voice, defied the laws and inſtitutions of a country by which ſhe was ſupported, and committed with impunity, crimes, which would have doomed a common unaccompliſhed deſperado, to ignominious death.

This romantic and indecorous adven-

adventurer, for I hesitate in calling *her* a female, who dressed, fought, made love, and conquered like a man, married at an early age Monsr. Maupin, whom, fortunately for the husband, she quitted a few months after their nuptials, seduced by the superior attractions of a fencing master, who taught her the use of the small sword, a weapon which she afterwards handled with destructive dexterity against many antagonists.

Being invited to make an excursion to Marseilles, her performances, at the theatre of that city, were received with unbounded applause; and, strange to tell, she prevailed on a *beautiful young woman*, the only child of a wealthy merchant in that city, to elope with her at midnight, from her father's house.

The fugitives being pursued, they took refuge in a convent; but the rigid discipline and correct manners expected in such societies, did not suit La Maupin.

She was also alarmed by certain repentant scruples which naturally arose in the bosom of her fair associate, who had quitted her parents, and deserted all that was decent and respectable in society, for a female bravo, a masculine virago, whom she now dreaded and submitted to, rather than loved.

Interrupted in her designs and irritated by opposition, this theatric miscreant, set fire in the dead of night to the building in which they had been so hospitably received; and in the general confusion and alarm, securing by force her unhappy victim, fled to a sequestered village, where they remained in concealment several weeks.

But the country being exasperated by such flagrant enormity, a diligent search took place, the offender was traced to her retreat, and taken into custody, after a desperate resistance, in which she killed one of the officers of justice, and dangerously wounded two others.

The fair, but frail Marsellaise, was restored to her afflicted parents, and La Maupin, a notorious murderer, a seducer of innocence, and an incendiary, was condemned to be burnt alive.

But this abominable syren, whose magic tones inchanted every hearer, while lawless passions agitated her heart, and the poison of asps was within her lips; this compound of turpitude, insolence and ingratitude, had secured such powerful interceders, that the execution of her sentence was delayed; and I relate with regret, that so odious a character

racter escaped the punishment she deserved.

From infamy and fetters, she hurried to Paris, and was received with raptures at the Italian opera; but after so narrow an escape, and still basking in the warm sun-shine of public favor, La Maupin could not or would not conquer the characteristic audacity and ferociousness of her manners.

During the performance of a favorite piece, and in a crowded theatre, conceiving herself affronted by Dumenil, an actor remarkable for mild and inoffensive conduct, she rushed on the stage, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the object of her resentment, and caned him in the face of the audience.

This rude violation of propriety was submitted to without a murmur, and supported in the strong holds of public patronage, she exercised for many years a capricious and insulting tyranny, over princes, magistrates, managers and people.

At a ball given by a prince of the blood, in the reign of Lewis the fourteenth, she indecorously paraded the room in men's cloaths, and treating a lady of distinction with rudeness, was *called out*, at different times by three gentlemen, each of whom she *ran* through the body; yet, such was the public infatuation, or so polluted the fountain of justice, that this hell-hound, whose existence was a libel on the laws of nature and humanity, again was pardoned!!

Under the impulse of prevalent fashion, peculiar taste, vicious caprice, or a combination of appetite and curiosity, the Elector of Bavaria made her proposals, which were accepted, and, for a short time, she insulted the inhabitants of Brussels, as an appendage to the loose pleasures of their sovereign.

But the reign of a prostitute which can be prolonged only by discretion and gentleness, was rapidly shortened by a ferocious virago, who stripping from infamy the thin veil of exterior decency, soon disgusted her lover.

Although callous to crime, the German prince shrunk from absurdity; with a mixture of cruelty and kindness, he sent La Maupin a heavy purse of gold, accompanied with a message, that her carriage, with an escort, was at the door, in which she must instantly quit the country; the enraged courtezan threw the money at the messenger's head, kicked him down stairs, and threw herself into the landau.

Returning to France, her chagrin was gradually soothed by the applause of a Parisian circle,

cle, and in the decline of life, quitting the ſtage, ſhe aſſociated with her forſaken huſband, who dazzled by her accumulated wealth, overlooked his domeſtic diſgrace.

LAMBURNE, MARGARET a native of North Britain, and an affectionate ſervant of Mary queen of Scots.

This intrepid domeſtic, who could never forgive the treatment experienced by her deceaſed miſtreſs, reſolved to aſſaſſinate the Queen of England.

In order to facilitate the execution of her purpoſe, Margaret dreſſed herſelf as a man, and furniſhing herſelf with inſtruments of death, became a frequenter of the Engliſh court, under the aſſumed name of Anthony Sparkes, pretending to have urgent buſineſs on which to petition her majeſty.

Making herſelf acquainted with the uſual place and time of the queen's in and outgoings, ſhe at laſt imagined that a fit opportunity preſented itſelf, but in the ardor of zeal, or the trepidation of guilt, preſſing too haſtily through the crowd, dropped a piſtol from beneath her garment; this circumſtance exciting ſuſpicion and alarm, ſhe was taken into cuſtody.

When the ſurpriſe and terror naturally produced by ſuch a circumſtance had ſubſided, Elizabeth ordered the priſoner to be conducted into her preſence, and ſternly demanded her name, her country, and the buſineſs which called her to court: "Although in this dreſs," replied Margaret undauntedly, "I am a woman, and my name is Margaret Lamburne.

"I was ſeveral years in the ſervice of Queen Mary, whom you unjuſtly put to death; by that cruel and iniquitous proceeding, you alſo occaſioned the loſs of my huſband, who never knew a cheerful moment after the execution of his innocent miſtreſs, who is now a ſaint in heaven. Exaſperated by ſuch injuries, my buſineſs here was to revenge their deaths on you, a proceeding to which I felt myſelf impelled by affection for my deceaſed huſband, and as a duty I owed to my oppreſſed ſovereign."

The queen liſtening to her with coolneſs and attention, calmly replied: "Since you are ſatisfied that in this hazardous undertaking you have done no more than your duty to your deceaſed miſtreſs and your huſband, what think you is *my* duty towards you?" "Does your majeſty put the queſtion as a judge or a queen?" "As a queen," replied Elizabeth.

beth. "Then you ought inſtantly to pardon me."

"But what ſecurity," ſaid her majeſty, "can you give me that you will not at ſome future time endeavour to effect your purpoſe?" "A favor, madam, given under ſuch terms, would ceaſe to be a favor, by inſiſting on conditions you act towards me as a judge: "By the Rood," exclaimed Elizabeth, "for the thirty years I have been queen, I have not been thus ſpoken to."

The priſoner whoſe natural ſagacity ſaw in a moment the romantic turn of the perſonage ſhe addreſſed, had touched the right ſtring; her behaviour which with ſome ſovereigns would inevitably have conducted her to the gallows, procured her pardon, and a ſafe conduct out of the kingdom.

LANGOIRAN, a ſenſible Hugonot, and a ſubject of Charles the ninth, king of France.

Several months before the maſſacre of Saint Bartholomew's day, it was the execrable policy of the catholics, to ſoothe the fears of the proteſtants, and lull their apprehenſions by kindneſs and attention, which appeared too over-acted to be real.

Of this opinion was the ſubject of my preſent article; puzzled and alarmed by the conduct of theſe inveterate foes, and after conſidering the ſubject in every point of view, he reſolved to emigrate; but previous to his departure, called on the worthy Coligni, to take his leave.

The admiral remonſtrated with Langoiran, on his raſh determination, called his ſuſpicions groundleſs, frequently repeating to him, "My friend Langoiran, why will you not remain with us? I tell you your fears are fooliſh." "I chuſe rather," ſaid the fugitive, "to ſave myſelf with fools, than to ſtay and periſh with men wiſer than myſelf."—The fatal event amply juſtified his fears and his precaution.

It ought not to be ſuppreſſed, that on this bloody and nefarious occaſion, there were catholics who refuſed to co-operate with the mercileſs myrmidons of the vatican. Of this number was the generous and humane D'Ortez. "I have read," ſaid the gallant viſcount, "the letter, enjoining a maſſacre of the Hugonots, to the inhabitants of Bayonne; but they turned away with horror and indignation; your majeſty has many faithful ſubjects, but not a ſingle aſſaſſin in that city."

LANCET,

LANCET, an inſtrument in ſurgery, deſcribed by a certain writer, as productive of a greater number of deaths than the ſword.

This was ſaid to be more particularly the caſe in France, where it was formerly the practice to bleed in the ſea-ſcurvy; a mode of treatment which converted into an incurable diſeaſe, a malady, eaſily remedied by diet and regimen.

The following circumſtance was the pump room anecdote of a Bath phyſician in the year ſeventeen hundred and ſixty-three, of which he declared himſelf an eye witneſs.

Following the phyſician of the Hotel-Dieu in his rounds, we met a patient whom the attendants were juſt carrying in; the doctor demanded Qu' a t il? (what ails him?) one of them anſwered, La fievre (a fever) A t-il ete ſaignèe (has he been bled?) Oui monſieur, dix fois. (yes, ſir, ten times) Diable, dix fois, et pas encore guerit? (what the devil! ten times, and not cured yet?) Saignè le encore (bleed him again) "All this," continues the relater, "without touching the pulſe, or aſking any other queſtion; the poor wretch was bled, and expired under the operation."

This phyſician, whom I uſed to ſuſpect of *dealing in round numbers*, uſed to relate another caſe to the ſame effect, in confirmation of his antipathy againſt bleeding.

"Many people may remember the fate of the agreeable Mrs. S——r; playing at quadrille, ſhe won a ſans prendre, and tranſported with joy, burſt into a laughing fit, and then into hyſterics; a tea-ſpoonful of ſoot drops in a little water, would have recovered her, but an eminent ſurgeon of London, being in the room, he ordered her to be bled, convulſions came on, and ſhe expired; being a woman of a pale complexion, and tender conſtitution.

LA REINE BOIT, the queen drinks, a ceremonial exclamation uſed on certain feſtive occaſions in France, under the old monarchy.

The firſt time that Voltaire's tragedy of Mariamne was performed, a cup of poiſon being adminiſtered, juſt at the point of its being drank, a rogue in the pit exclaimed, "*La reine boit,*" which producing a univerſal burſt of laughter, actually ſtopt the piece; a few years after, the author hit on another method of diſpatching his heroine, and the play ſucceeded to his ſatisfaction.

This

This exclamation was alſo made uſe of by a courtier in the train of Mary de Medicis, who was ſouſed in the Seine in conſequence of her boat overſetting; it was thought a tolerable ſally of extempore wit, at a moment when a fear of being drowned would have damped, if not have extinguiſhed, the faculties of moſt men.

LASSONE, an ingenious French diſſector, and, what is not always the caſe with perſons habituated to anatomical purſuits, a man really as well as profeſſedly, tender and humane.

He had procured with ſome trouble and expence, a body, or to uſe a more technical phraſe, *a ſubject*, for the purpoſe of deducing from ſcientific inſpection, practical utility; and at the moment he was making an inciſion on the breaſt, he ſaw, or thought he ſaw, ſomething like an effort to breathe, in the object before him.

A more minute examination confirmed what he ſuſpected; throwing aſide his inſtruments, he diligently purſued the methods uſually made uſe of for recovering *ſuſpended animation*, and did not ceaſe from his generous labor, till he had reſtored the apparent corpſe to life, and ſenſe, and ſight.

This praiſe-worthy action did not loſe its reward; the profeſſor conſiderably augmented his credit and reputation, and received the thanks of ſeveral public bodies; a warm panegyric on Laſſone, may be ſeen in the memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, for the year 1788.

I have frequently been in company, but (I thank God) never was intimate, with a perſon, eminent in his time, who finding himſelf ſituated preciſely in the ſame circumſtances, acted *a little differently*: perceiving that he was likely to loſe that, for which he had paid a fair price, a ſlight preſſure of his finger on the organs of breathing, ſoon wholly extinguiſhed the embers of life.

I cannot poſitively authenticate the fact, but I well remember there was a *peculiar ſomething* about the man, which inclined the public to believe the horrid ſtory; there were alſo certain collateral circumſtances, not *very* much in his favor; he conſtantly and unblushingly defended female ſeduction; he uſed on theſe diſhonorable occaſions, and *recommended to others*, intoxicating drugs; and for ſeveral years lived in unhallowed intercourſe, with two ſiſters, the victims of his perfidious arts, in the ſame houſe.

LAST

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I have neither the wiſh nor the ability to make *every man his own lawyer*; the deſign of this ſhort article, is to call on thoſe perſons who are anxious to diſpoſe of property after their death, to be juſt before they are generous.

If there is a child, a relation, or a friend, on whom they wiſh to confer a benefit, let them determine in their own minds the legacy they mean to bequeath; and after taking an accurate account of their property, real and perſonal, previouſly deducting from it their debts, rates, taxes, and all other claims, let them be certain that a ſum adequate to what they deſigned for their reſiduary legatee, will actually remain.

The forgetting or neglecting this obvious and neceſſary precaution, has been productive in numerous inſtances of much unhappineſs; young men on the faith of teſtamentary aſſurances, or hereditary expectation, educated without buſineſs or profeſſion, and languiſhing out a melancholy life in ſhabby gentility; marriages rendered unhappy, in conſequence of diſappointed hopes; debts incurred and engagements entered into, without a proſpect or poſſibility of ever fulfilling them; children brought into exiſtence, and tender attachments formed, in a word, the ſeeds of wretchedneſs ſown ſufficient to perplex a man half his life.

LATIMER, BISHOP OF WORCESTER,

in the reign of Henry the eighth, a prelate remarkable for the incorruptible integrity of his heart, and the intereſting ſimplicity of his life and converſation.

The title of the firſt edition of his ſermons, would terrify an alarmiſt, and excite the fears of a modern bookſeller; it deſcribes them as "publiſhed for the benefit of the good people of England, being an honeſt reprehenſion of careleſs kings, prodigal princes, corrupt lords, unjuſt judges, time-ſerving magiſtrates, and back-ſliding Chriſtians.

They were admirably calculated for the times in which he lived; he attacked without ceremony, the moſt exalted ſinners, and is ſaid to have made his way ſo directly and powerfully to the heart, that a judge, notoriouſly corrupt, once retired in confuſion and diſmay from a church in which he was preaching: and on another occaſion, a public defaulter of high rank, made inſtant reſtitution to the public.

This

This mode of preaching *at* individuals, particularly men in public ſtations, although in theſe inſtances uſeful, would not be tolerated in a modern divine.

The unbending character of Latimer, ſcorning to make any compromiſe between pure Chriſtianity and popiſh impoſture, could not eſcape the perſecution of the bloody-minded Mary; he was burnt alive at Oxford, in the eightieth year of his age, exhibiting in corrupt times, and under a cruel ſuperſtitious tyrant, the model of a primitive Chriſtian biſhop.

While the conſuming flames, lighted, or ordered to be lighted, by the emiſſaries of Hell, were curling round his body and *half-burnt* limbs, he thus accoſted the excellent Biſhop Ridley, his aſſociate in puniſhment.

"Be of good comfort, our perſecutors will be diſappointed; *our* ſufferings will lead all men to enquire into the merits of a cauſe to which we have devoted our lives; and this fire will light ſuch a candle in England, as I truſt in God's grace will never be extinguiſhed."

A paſſage from one of Latimer's ſermons, has been been quoted by a learned but coarſe aſſailant of the doctrine of predeſtination; *And he muſt needs go to Samaria*, John iv. 4. was the text under conſideration: "And why muſt Chriſt of neceſſity go that way?" 'Becauſe there was an *elect* ſinner to be ſaved,' replies the triumphant advocate for predeſtination: That there was a ſinner, is true, and that ſhe might be of the elect, I will not deny, but that ſhe could not be ſaved without Chriſt's going to Samaria, I cannot believe.

"The true reaſon why he muſt needs go to Samaria, I will venture to explain; that country if we conſult the map, was the readieſt and neareſt road from Galilee to Jeruſalem: The papiſts may as rationally prove the pope's ſupremacy, from the circumſtance of Chriſt getting into Peter's boat, as the Calviniſts, their doctrine of election from our Saviour's going through Samaria.

"This puts me in mind of Biſhop Latimer's ſermon preached before King Edward the ſixth: Chriſt came to Simon's boat; and why rather to Simon's than any other boat? I will anſwer by my own experience; I came hither to day from Lambeth in a wherry, and when I was at the water-ſide, the watermen, as the cuſtom is, came about me, and one would have me, and another would have me.

"Now if any one aſk me why I came in the boat into which I entered,

I entered, in preference to any of the reſt, my anſwer is, becauſe it lay next to me, and more commodious for me to ſtep into it; and ſo did Simon's boat by Chriſt, it was nearer to him or had a better ſeat in it; a good and a ſufficient natural reaſon, but the papiſts come and make a myſtery of it, and pick the ſupremacy of the Biſhop of Rome, out of Peter's boat."

LAUDER, WILLIAM, author of a violent attack on the originality and literary reputation of Milton, whoſe imitation of the moderns he endeavoured to eſtabliſh, by producing a variety of extracts from Paradiſe Loſt, with analogous paſſages from preceding writers.

Lauder's book excited public attention, and was, for a ſhort time, encouraged by Dr. Johnſon, who thought the writer of it *too frantic to be fraudulent*; Milton had alſo been roughly criticiſed a few years before, by Dr. Bentley.

The ſubject of our preſent article, was a man of reſpectable literary attainments, but ſoured in his temper, by early misfortune and repeated diſappointment.

In conſequence of a blow from the golfer players on Bruntſfield-links, he had been under the neceſſity of ſubmitting to an amputation of his leg; in two attempts to ſucceed to a profeſſor's chair, and afterwards to the office of library keeper to the univerſity of Edinburgh, he failed; not long after, being tempted to publiſh a ſplendid and expenſive edition of the Poetarum Scotorum Muſæ Sacræ, in two volumes, it dropped ſtill-born from the preſs, and exhauſted the little money he had ſaved.

Thus driven by neceſſity to London, eager to attract notice, anxious to procure emolument, and not very ſcrupulous in the means he employed, he imagined that Milton had laid himſelf open to the charge of plagiariſm, and thought the opportunity a good one, for raſing his own fame at the expence of a poet, whoſe eminence, the greater it was, would in the ſame proportion, elevate the man who could make good his charges againſt him.

Conſcious of the general prepoſſeſſion in Milton's favor, he began with declaring that "he had no intention to derogate from the merits of the author of Paradiſe Loſt, to whom great praiſe is due for ſo beautiful a ſtructure; *even if it ſhould be proved that a good part of his materials were borrowed from his neighbours.*

"But it cannot be denied, that

that he is conſiderably indebted to the following productions; Sarcotidos Libri Quinque, publiſhed by Maſenius; Adamus Exul, a Latin drama written by Grotius; and laſtly, to a volume of poems publiſhed at Edinburgh in the ſame language by Andrew Ramſay."

Some of the following paſſages produced by Lauder, are worthy of attention, from the ſtrong reſemblance both in texture and thought.

Gravior Orcus ſub pedibus tremuit.

GROTIUS.

Hell trembled as he trod.

MILTON.

Adſit ambitio nova, nam me judice,
Regnare dignum eſt; etſi in Tartaro,
Alto præeſſe juvat, —— ——
Cœlis quam in ipſis, ſervire.

GROTIUS.

—— And in my choice,
To reign, is worth ambition, tho' in hell.
Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heaven.

MILTON.

Satan's addreſs to Eve in Paradiſe Loſt.

Sovereign of creatures, univerſal dame, &c.

Mr. Lauder pronounces borrowed from the following words of Andrew Ramſay:

—— —— Poli ſceptra capeſſere digna,
Quid terras humiles habitas?
—— —— Cur terræ excludere fructu?
—— —— Et Pomum invidet ille?
Quod dabit et ſecum ætheriis adcumbere menſis.

The following words were the means of convicting Milton's accuſer of forgery, as no ſuch paſſage can be found in Paradiſe Loſt.

Lacuſque vivi ſulphuris ſemper fluunt,

GROTIUS.

And lakes of living ſulphur always flow.

MILTON.

This line was evidently the production of Lauder, who in the heat of controverſy, loſt ſight of truth and common honeſty.

A remarkable ſimile introduced by Milton, in which he deſcribes a ſhip working into port, againſt the wind, to illuſtrate the ſerpent's inſinuating method of addreſſing our firſt mother, Lauder ſays is clearly an imitation of Andrew Ramſay.

—— At firſt, ſide-long he works his way;

As

As when a ſhip by ſkilful ſteerſman wrought,
Near rivers mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft ſo ſteers and ſhifts her ſails;
So varied he, and of his tortuous train,
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in ſight of Eve,
To lure her eye."

MILTON.

——— Ut vento portum qui forte reflante
Non potis eſt capere —— vela.
Carbaſeoſque ſinus obliquat, tendere recta
Qua nequit, incurvo radit vada cœrula curſu,
Sic gnarus verſare dolis et imagine falſa
Ludere Tartareus Coluber — — — curſum
Mutat, et ad Palmam converſo tramite tendit.

RAMSAY.

The patience of my readers ſhall be no longer exerciſed, I will recite only another part of Mr. Lauder's accuſation; it is the beautiful and pathetic ſpeech of Eve to Adam, after the fatal fruit had been plucked, and the horrors of her ſituation are ſuppoſed to have made a ſtrong impreſſion on her imagination.

——— Forſake me not. Thy ſuppliant
I beg and claſp thy knees; bereave me not
Of that on which I live, thy gentle looks,
Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength and ſtay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?

MILTON.

Theſe lines in the opinion of Lauder, are almoſt a tranſlation of the following words of Grotius in his Adamus Exul.

Ne me relinquas, nunc tuo auxilio eſt opus,
Cum verſa ſors eſt unicum lapſæ mihi
Firmamen, —— —— ——
Te mihi reſerva dum licet, — — —
— — Relicta quo vadam, aut ævum exigam.

GROTIUS.

By theſe and other allegations was the charge of plagiariſm ſupported, but Milton was not without defenders; of theſe Mr. John Douglas, a Shropſhire clergyman, and now Biſhop of Saliſbury, was the moſt ingenious and the moſt ſucceſsful; yet the ſimilarity in many inſtances is ſo remarkable, as to be, in my

opinion beyond the reach of accidental coincidence; and if the eagerneſs of Lauder's zeal had not called in the aſſiſtance of falſehood, he would certainly have torn from the brow of Milton, a portion of his laurels.

"A work," ſays Mr. Douglas rather paradoxically, "*may be original without invention, and an imitation without plagiariſm*;" a poſition which requires ſome deliberation before we can aſſent to it.

"A great genius," continues Mr. Douglas, "exerciſes the right of profiting from the labor of others, in ſuch a manner as to ſatisfy the world of his own abilities; it is not a proof of the ſterility of his fancy, but the ſolidity of his judgment.

"This enables him to give dignity to language, and propriety to epithet; we admit that Milton *took* many hints from Maſenius, John Fox, Grotius, Ramſay, and Taubman, yet the great whole of a ſplendid and magnificent epic poem, the connexion and reference of part to part, are undeniably his own.

Since my laſt impreſſion, I have had no reaſon to change my opinion of Lauder's objections againſt Milton, which, had he avoided the infamy of forging, were many of them ſhrewd and well founded.

It was a favorable opportunity for Mr. Douglas to exerciſe his ingenuity and add to his reputation; no Engliſhman could hear with patience an obſcure Scotchman defaming Milton; it became an intereſting queſtion to decide whether the excellency of Paradiſe Loſt, was or was not derived from originality; the clergyman had fortunately choſen the popular ſide; his character and manners were collateral helps; and his reply to Lauder was ultimately inſtrumental in placing him on the eccleſiaſtical throne.

LAUGHABLE IDEA, produced as an inſtance, how far theoretic ſpeculation may be carried.

The attention of philoſophers and naturaliſts was at a certain period long and ardently excited by a number of foſſil ſkeletons diſcovered in a marſh on the banks of the Ohio. Theſe were conſidered at the time, as bones of elephants, but afterwards proved by an eminent and indefatigable anatomiſt, not to be remains of that animal, but of a ſpecies of the carnivorous kind, more enormous in bulk, and now wholly extinct or unknown.

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The ſubject has been ſcientifically inveſtigated by an ingenious German and well-informed mineralogiſt, Mr. Raſpe, who has long reſided in England; he controverts ſome of the poſitions of the learned profeſſor, and others he apparently confirms: but the difficulty of accounting for animals, no longer exiſting in countries where they ſeem at a certain time to have been numerous, ſtill remains unexplained; it has eſcaped the ſagacity of Gmelin, the genius of Buffon, and the minute reſearch of Daubenton.

A modern theoriſt of a lively and eccentric caſt has, in his own opinion, *eaſily* ſolved the myſtery, by *ſuppoſing* that the bones in queſtion are remains of certain ANGELIC BEINGS, the original tenants of this our terreſtrial globe in its primitive ſtate; till for their tranſgreſſions both were involved in ruin; after which, this ſhattered planet was refitted for the accommodation of its preſent inhabitants !!!

But romance out of the queſtion, is it not poſſible to account for ſuch an aſſemblage of creatures, in a country where they no longer exiſt, by *ſuppoſing* that at ſome remote period, the place in which they were found, *might* have laid in the tract of a conquèror, unknown to the hiſtorians of Europe; that it might have been the ſcene of a battle, and the animals in queſtion, part of the baggage train, deſtroyed by ſlaughter or diſeaſe, and left in the hurry of flight, or of purſuit, to puzzle and ſet at defiance generations then unborn: chronology ſo remote is a *terra incognita*, to the philoſopher as well as the hiſtorian.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, an important ſentence in that excellent and comprehenſive petition, which has been delivered down to us as a pattern for Chriſtian prayer, by the Redeemer of mankind.

It cannot be denied that this ſimple but ſublime compoſition, is admirably calculated for influencing the conduct of a creature like man, who as every day's experience proves, is formed of materials ill calculated for reſiſting opportunity and importunity.

In moſt inſtances, the perſon who by deſign or neglect *creates* the temptation, participates largely in the miſchief and guilt which follow, and ought to ſhare the puniſhment; this ſpecies of moral juſtice is ſaid to have been exerciſed by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who in his retirement, ſometimes acted as a provincial magiſtrate.

On a certain occaſion of domeſtic theft, he committed the maſter of the culprit to priſon, who by expoſing his money and other valuable articles, in open drawers and on tables, had actually incited the ſervant to commit a crime, which, at his examination, he confeſſed, would otherwiſe never have entered his mind.

Were I a preſiding judge at Doctors Commons, I would endeavour, as far as law and fact permitted, to enforce a ſimilar theory, in caſes of careleſs, inattentive, and corruptly negligent huſbands, who expoſe their wives to ſnares, trials and temptations, to which no woman ought ever to be expoſed; waking from their dream of idiotiſm and imprudence, they loudly lament how very ill they have been uſed, and ſue for large damages; when they have in fact, been the artificers of their own diſgrace.

Honor, more particularly nuptial honor, is a jewel of the firſt water, and to a man of ſentiment, paſſion, generoſity and ſound principles, beyond all price; and the huſband who retires to bed, *leaving his wife at midnight ſitting on a ſofa, with a young, handſome, accompliſhed man, ſolus cum ſola*; or he who ſends his better half to the Continent, with no other companion than *his deareſt friend upon earth*; or he who after handing his lady into a ſide box, inſtantly quits her *for the profeſſed purpoſe of ranſacking the fleſh-market above ſtairs*; can expect only, what happens every day, and ought to be hiſſed out of court.

It is not my purpoſe to defend the conduct of faithleſs wives and falſe friends; but it is impoſſible for honorable men or correct women, to eſteem or pity ſuch huſbands, the ——— or ——— of their day; inſtead of receiving *damages*, they ought to be publicly reprimanded, and prevented from marrying again.

LEARNING, an admirable remark on, by Selden, ſtrongly exemplified in various articles of this collection.

"No man is the wiſer for his learning, it may adminiſter matter to work in, or objects to work upon, but wit as well as wiſdom (obſerve the difference my friends, for you once objected to the expreſſion) WIT AS WELL AS WISDOM IS BORN WITH A MAN.

LEEDS, SAMUEL, one of the phyſicians to the London hoſpital, in the year ſeventeen hundred and ſeventy-five, an appointment

appointment from which he was compelled to retire.

This tranſaction, and other circumſtances connected with it, produced a paper war, which involved the late Dr. Fothergill in obloquy and reproach; but a proceeding of ſo private a nature, would not have been mentioned in this place, had not a furious and unwarrantable attack been made on the editor of this collection.

The reaſon given by my rude aſſailant for the coarſe invective he has poured forth, is, a ſhort paſſage in the article aſſigned to Dr. Armſtrong, at the beginning of my firſt volume.

In lamenting the profeſſional failure of that phyſician, and endeavouring to extenuate his errors, I took the opportunity of aſking, if there was a medical, or indeed any other man, who had not ſometimes tripped? I added, "THE GOOD, THE EXEMPLARY FOTHERGILL, IN HIS TRANSACTION WITH SAMUEL LEEDS, DEPARTED FROM HIS USUAL EQUITY AND LIBERALITY."

For this mild, well-founded, and I truſt not uncharitable reprehenſion, I am called a reviler of departed merit, the traducer of a moſt excellent character.

Thus ſtigmatized and thus accuſed, I proceed without further apology to my narrative, which to the public may appear unintereſting, but cannot be ſo to me, as it is to refute calumny, and protect me from foul-mouthed abuſe.

Samuel, or as he was pronounced by a learned college, Dr. Samuel Leeds, ſtimulated by ſtrong propenſity, which impels ſo many honorable interlopers, to overleap the bounds of cuſtomary routine, and attain eminence in various profeſſions, became at an advanced period of his life, a medical ſtudent, and endeavouring to compenſate, by unceaſing application, for the want of a claſſical education, received an Edinburgh diploma.

Encouraged by ſucceſsful practice, and flattered by kind friends, he offered himſelf a candidate, for the office of phyſician to one of the principal hoſpitals of the metropolis, and after the uſual toils of ſolicitation, and the buſtle of competition, was at laſt elected.

He who ſucceeds in any object of purſuit, generally ſpeaking, has taken poſſeſſion of a prize, to which others were aſpiring, or ſtands in the way of many, who are travelling the ſame road.

Every one, therefore, who from perverſeneſs, malignity, or thwarted intereſt, direct or collateral, was the enemy of Leeds, watched

watched his conduct with a ſcrutinizing unfavourable eye; and where is the man whoſe life will bear the conſtant microſcopic inſpection of a rigid cenſor? Where is he whoſe actions will ſtand the teſt of inceſſant eagle-eyed inveſtigation?

Theſe good-natured friends, were not able to find any thing objectionable in the medical practice of the newly-elected phyſician: the hoſpital books, and the patients of Leeds, having been carefully examined for this amiable purpoſe. The average of deaths and recoveries of thoſe under his care, compared with the general mortality of the patients of others, afforded ample proof that his treatment was not leſs ſucceſsful than that of the other phyſicians.

But they ſoon diſcovered that his preſcriptions were groſsly erroneous, in technical preciſion, grammar and orthography; points in which a phyſician, a gentleman, or indeed any one above the condition of a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water, ſhould bluſh at being deficient.

The circumſtance was diligently circulated, and loudly proclaimed; reports and ſurmiſes were alſo added, that certain irregularities had taken place, and that ſeveral neceſſary forms had been diſpenſed with, on his obtaining a decree in Scotland; that his inaugural diſſertation, a ſpecimen of ability, which candidates for degrees are generally required to produce, had been written for him in Latin; this charge Leeds did not pretend to deny, but inſiſted that he had firſt written it in Engliſh.

To demoliſh him completely, that part of the public, who prudently never think for themſelves, *but watch the ſign to hate*, from ſome leading character; theſe rational deciders on the fame and fortunes of us all, ſoon heard that Dr. Fothergill, a man generally and deſervedly approved, had pronounced, at his own table, a ſtrong and emphatic ſentence againſt the unfortunate phyſician: "HE OBTAINED HIS DECREE IN A SURREPTITIOUS MANNER; TAKE CARE THAT HE DOES NO MISCHIEF;" were Dr. Fothergill's words.

Whatever the merits of Leeds might be, and a friend who knew him well aſſures me, his medical qualifications, though a *poor ſcholar*, were fully adequate to the majority of thoſe who practice; he was not able to ſtand againſt an attack from ſo eminent and reſpectable an individual; he quitted his poſt at the hoſpital, and almoſt immediately loſt his practice.

Wounded in ſpirit, irreparably injured

injured in reputation, and deprived of the means of ſubſiſtence, the ruined man lodged a complaint againſt Dr. Fothergill, before the quakers, a fraternity, of which they both were members.

The ſociety on this occaſion, did not loſe ſight of that characteriſtic ſagacity, which in all their tranſactions, they ſo ſingularly unite with unaccommodating fanaticiſm; aware of the elevated ground on which he ſtood, and of the general popularity of Dr. Fothergill, as well as his unbending ſpirit, they conceived, and as it afterwards proved, conceived rightly, that he would be extremely unwilling to make the neceſſary conceſſions which theſe reſpectable ſectaries require of *all friends*, in caſes of defamation, and which, if not duly ſubmitted to, are followed by A SOLEMN CENSURE.

This ſtep for the moſt part reſorted to, and with reluctance, only in caſes of unbridled profligacy, and obſtinate audacity, is dreaded by every perſon ſolicitous to preſerve a good name, and if poſſible, avoided by the quakers at large, as ſomewhat uncreditable to their Chriſtian profeſſion.

They were for many reaſons anxious not to paſs it, on a man of Fothergill's predominating character; it would probably have occaſioned the ſeceſſion of a good Chriſtian, and a highly uſeful member of ſociety: many private meetings were held on the ſubject; and at length, ſome of the principal men were deputed to wait on the doctor, and to converſe with him in an amicable way, on the buſineſs.

He received them with a ſort of reſerve, different from his general aſpect, which was remarkably inviting and ingenuous; in the preſent inſtance, his manner nearly approached to hauteur, and was either the erect attitude of conſcious integrity and good deſign, or that degree of anger, which ſins not, frequently obſerved, when any thing like undeſerved reproach was advanced againſt him.

They explained in a few words, the nature of their errand, and the general opinion of his conduct towards Leeds, and hinted in a gentle, but diſtant way, at the conceſſions expected from him; he replied, "that after turning the matter in his mind, and conſulting his friends, he was more and more convinced that there was nothing in the preſent caſe, either to apologize for, or repent of; that, as one anxious for the health and ſafety of others, and as a medical practitioner, who had ſeen *a little* of men and things, and naturally zealous

zealous for the honor of his profeſſion, he could not, with a ſafe conſcience, have ſpoken otherwiſe, nor could he reconcile it to himſelf to re-call his words;" the doctor concluded with obſerving that "if they looked for conceſſion from the man who had acted right, their viſit would be vain."

The perſons deputed, confeſſed themſelves ready in this, as in every other inſtance of his life, to do juſtice to the *motives* of Dr. Fothergill, but they inſiſted that the *effects* of his words, on the public mind, however juſtifiable they might be in point of fact, or however well-meant, were equally prejudicial and deſtructive, to the fame and fortune of Leeds, as if they had been uttered by his moſt inveterate enemy.

Probably aware, that arguing merely from juſtice, the ground they took, was not perfectly tenable; they dexterouſly appealed to the feelings of the worthy phyſician; they deſcribed the forlorn ſtate of the man he had cenſured; deprived of reputation and the neceſſary means of ſupport, they ſuggeſted, that he might be urged by poverty, to unlawful practices, or be driven by deſpair, to ſome more ſhocking, and irrecoverable cataſtrophe; a termination which might render the perſon, who had been (however innocent in deſign) the cauſe of it, unhappy for the reſt of his life.

Theſe caſuiſts, who are in general ſo able, at leaſt in their own opinion, to diſtinguiſh the genuine, from the lying ſpirit, in others words, to diſcriminate between folly, and good ſenſe; theſe dexterous caſuiſts had touched the right ſtring, that ſtring, which how obdurate ſoever our pride, or inſuperable our prejudices, the human heart is ſo formed, as to vibrate in uniſon with it.

Perceiving that the doctor's reſentments were ſomewhat mitigated, and that his countenance gradually aſſumed its cuſtomary benignity, they proceeded to aſſure him, that they conſidered the words he ſpoke, as the natural effuſion of an honeſt ſpirit, wiſhing to guard mankind againſt the injuries of *ſuppoſed* ignorance; they laid an emphaſis on the word ſuppoſed, becauſe, however inferior in *profane* learning, Dr. Leeds might be to his profeſſional cotemporaries, they were firmly of opinion, an opinion confirmed by a variety of evidence, that in requiſite medical ſkill, he was by no means deficient, but had been eminently uſeful.

They

They concluded with giving their opinion, that as his words had been followed with all the miſchievous conſequences of ill deſign, from which they nevertheleſs wholly acquitted him; and as theſe words proceeded from the lips of one high in profeſſional fame, they declared unanimouſly, that he ought to make Samuel Leeds amends, adequate to the injury he had received, and proportionate to the pecuniary abilities of Dr. Fothergill.

It was in vain that he claimed a right to exerciſe that liberty of ſpeech, which every individual poſſeſſed; the right of pronouncing on the merits of profeſſional men, as long as he ſteered clear of licentiouſneſs, ſcurrility, private malice, and mercenary views.

He inſiſted that the *malus animus*, of which they and all who knew him, would readily acquit him, that the *malus animus* was a neceſſary ingredient, to convert the words he uſed, into a criminal action; that if the theory their deciſion would eſtabliſh, was once generally adopted, pompous ignorance might ſtalk through the world, in the garb of impoſture, to injure and deſtroy mankind; and no one would attempt to ſtrip off the diſguiſe, through fear of incuring legal penalties.

The perſons concerned, *being of a perſuaſion, not remarkable for departing from that which they have once affirmed*, ſcrupulouſly, pertinaciouſly, and coolly adhered to the ſentence they pronounced; and I firmly believe, neither the voice of a tyrant, threatening inſtant death, nor a thunder-ſtorm burſting over their heads, would have induced them to alter their opinion.

It hath been obſerved, that the only effectual ſoftners of the ſtern fanaticiſm of quakers, are wealth and elevation; and the good doctor, after many ſtruggles of the *fleſh*, and ſome internal groanings of the *ſpirit*, after ſuppreſſing, as far as he was able, the revoltings of profeſſional pride, which ſcorned to yield to inferior attainment; and probably feeling convinced by that internal monitor, which ſeldom errs, that he had not acted exactly right, the worthy doctor agreed to ſubmit the affair to the deciſion of arbitrators, to be named in the cuſtomary way; and both parties bound themſelves by bond, to ſubmit to ſuch award as they ſhould make.

It is at this period of the buſineſs, that I think the firſt tenden-

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cy to obliquity appears in Dr. Fothergill; he had hitherto fairly given his opinion, and honeſtly exerciſed his judgment on a ſubject, important it is true, and involving in it, the neareſt and deareſt intereſts of us all; but to which human inſtitutions and human policy, render it neceſſary to give conſiderable latitude; but it was diſcovered, on the ſame day, and only a few hours after he had ſigned the arbitration bond, that he had retained, by the cuſtomary previous fee, an eminent counſel, to undertake his legal defence, in caſe the queſtion ſhould come before any of the courts of juſtice.

I cannot but think, this precautionary meaſure ſavoured ſomewhat of mental reſervation, and was unworthy of that exalted, and honorable conduct, which in almoſt every other inſtance, Dr. Fothergill obſerved through life; it indicated ſomething like a ſecret reſolution, not to abide by their determination, if it ſhould happen to be given againſt him.

The arbitrators, five in number, after many hearings and long deliberation, determined that he ſhould pay to Dr. Leeds, five hundred pounds; they thought this ſum no more than a reaſonable compenſation, for the injury received, declaring at the ſame time, that they ſaw no reaſon to accuſe their friend, Fothergill, of malevolence.

HE REFUSED TO PERFORM THAT WHICH HE HAD ENGAGED TO DO.

His reaſons were, that the arbitrators had originally entered on the buſineſs, prejudiced in their opinions; that their exculpatory declaration, and the heavy fine which followed, were contradictory, as puniſhment always implies guilt; and that they had refuſed to hear a material witneſs in his favor.

Here reſts the whole culpability of Dr. Fothergill, and notwithſtanding the elaborate efforts of his aſſiduous advocate, I think he was much to blame; if his convictions of being right were ſtrong, he ought never to have entered into ſuch agreement; but *once* engaged, as an honeſt man, a quaker, and a ſucceſsful popular phyſician, whoſe chariot was rattling over the pavement, while poor Leeds was cruſhed and joſtled into the kennel; he ought, according to every principle of juſtice, humanity, and common ſenſe, to have complied with the terms to which he had ſubſcribed; he peremptorily refuſed; and to uſe the words for

which

which I have been cenſured, "HE DEPARTED FROM HIS USUAL EQUITY AND LIBERALITY."

Beſides their friendſhip for Leeds, his ſupporters now felt the additional ſtimulus of reſentment; they accuſed his antagoniſt of violated faith, ſued him to recover the penalties of the bond, and the matter was carried into the court of King's Bench.

The queſtion could not have been referred to a more unpropitious quarter for Leeds; Lord Mansfield had known, and highly eſteemed Dr. Fothergill, for many years; and ſay or do what we will, perſonal attachments will influence our opinions, and give a bias to our judgment.

It was ſoon obſerved, that the chief juſtice had made up his mind, very early in the trial, although his own famous, oft repeated, but untenable poſition, "THAT THE GREATER THE TRUTH, THE GREATER THE LIBEL," ſtared him in the face, and hung like a millſtone about his neck.

He ſtruggled like a lion in the toils; he tottered on a ſharp ridge, with the precipices of inconſiſtency and partiality cloſely beſetting him on either ſide; his countenance and complexion underwent a variety of changes; he was reſtleſs on his ſeat, and his hands exhibited an unceaſing motion, a convulſive catching, often remarked when he was agitated, and when all was not right within.

Fortunately for the noble lord, but unluckily for Leeds, a want of formality in the proceedings of the arbitrators, who, after they were convinced that he had been injured by Fothergill, had refuſed to hear any further witneſſes, reſcued the judge from all his difficulties, and he nonſuited the plaintiff.

The word *fiſtulo* was produced againſt Leeds, as improperly ſpelt; "My lord we can prove that he repeatedly cured the diſeaſe, though he could not ſpell it," was the reply.

It hath been obſerved, that this was the only blemiſh, which curioſity or malignity could diſcover in Dr. Fothergill, during a long and well-ſpent life; but although I have freely given my opinion, that he was wrong, it by no means follows that Leeds was free from blame.

As he felt and indulged a ſtrong inclination to ſtudy and practice phyſic, his neglecting to acquire *and retain* the neceſſary learning, was a groſs miſtake; he certainly ought to have qualified himſelf to write a preſcription, *currente calamo*, in the cuſtomary

cuſtomary technical phraſe, and in correct Latin; the world has attached contempt to ſuch defects; and the man whom we once deſpiſe, we ſhall ſoon ceaſe to employ.

Hæ nugæ ſeria ducant in mala; theſe little matters have more importance than people, particularly young people, generally imagine; I have known an ill-ſpelt letter, and ſpeaking ungrammatically, ſtop a man's progreſs through life; in every line and in every occupation, an uncultivated mind will be conſidered as weakneſs of intellect.

The ſame acuteneſs and diligence, which enabled Leeds to ſtudy medicine with ſucceſs, would ſurely have carried him through Lilly's grammar, and the claſſics; but from pride or from indolence, he choſe to attain his end, without employing the uſual and neceſſary means; he wanted to make a ſudden ſtoop at, and at once to catch up that, which generally ſpeaking, is only to be acquired by time, patience, and a courſe of previous preparation.

LEOPOLD, MAXIMILIAN JULIUS, a prince of the houſe of Brunſwick, of well-directed courage, and active humanity.

In ſeventeen hundred and eighty-five, the Oder ſuddenly overflowing its banks, ſpread ruin, death and devaſtation over the adjoining country, while the peaſants and farmers who were able to reach the ſummit of a neighbouring hill, and other places of ſafety, under the ſtrong impreſſions of terror, declined aſſiſting their unfortunate companions, who every moment looſing their holds, were ſwept away with their cattle and other property, by the rapid inundation.

Irritated by cowardice, prompted by benevolent zeal, and contrary to the entreaties of his attendants, this excellent young man, in a ſmall boat, committed himſelf to the ſtream, for the purpoſe of reſcuing ſeveral unfortunate wretches, who had aſcended a tree, which the furious torrent, riſing every inſtant ſtill higher, would in a ſhort time have overflowed. Bent on preſerving others, but too forgetful of himſelf, the boat ſtruck on a ſtump, and this amiable prince, whoſe intrepidity was only equalled by his goodneſs, unfortunately ſunk, to riſe no more.

In the prime of life, and in the practice of virtues, without which, rank and wealth are only enſigns of diſgrace, he fell an illuſtrious ſacrifice to enthuſiaſtic philanthrophy; deplored by his family who paſſionately doated

on

on him, and lamented by a people, who ſtill record his private worth, his public ſpirit, and heroic conduct.

"It is a great conſolation," ſaid an inhabitant of Frankfort, "it is a great conſolation, in the general ſorrow with which we are overwhelmed, on account of the prince's death, to recollect the numerous inſtances in which this worthy young man exerted his humanity and beneficence.

A few days after a ruinous fire, as he was viſiting a tradeſman, being on a friendly footing with moſt of the citizens, I addreſſed him in the following words: "In my own name, and that of my fellow citizens, we have a favor to aſk of your highneſs." "What is it?" ſaid Leopold. "That you will not continue to expoſe yourſelf to ſuch dangers, as you did during the late conflagration; we make this requeſt, for the ſake of thouſands, who love and adore you, and who would experience an irreparable loſs by your death."

Affected as every feeling man muſt have been by an expoſtulation ſo tender, delicate, and friendly, the prince replied, "WHAT AM I BUT A MAN; and it is ſurely my duty to afford every aſſiſtance in my power, to my fellow creatures."

The life of Leopold was temperate, ſober, exemplary; his manners, gentle and conciliating; from a moderate income, he expended annually on a charity ſchool, and other works of mercy, more than five hundred pounds. If princes could be perſuaded to follow *his* example, levellers might publiſh, and republicans lecture in vain.

LETHERLAND, DR. a London phyſician, of the eighteenth century; a man of conſiderable profeſſional ſkill, but whoſe abilities were exceeded by his modeſty.

He is recorded in this place, in conſequence of the ſingular humility and forbearance he exhibited on an occaſion, and under circumſtances in which moſt men conſider ambition as fair and honeſt, and where augmented reputation and profit would have been his immediate reward.

The doctor had directed his attention more particularly to the ulcerous ſore throat, a diſeaſe, which at a certain time alarmed the Britiſh metropolis, by its general mortality; owing either to its peculiar epidemic malignancy, or a want of knowledge in the proper method of treating it.

The obſervations of Dr. Letherland

erland on this complaint, conſidered in his day as a new diſeaſe, his obſervations were acute, his theory ingenious, and his practice ſucceſsful.

Conſidering the voice of duty as ſuperior to that of intereſt, he took ſome pains to diffuſe information, and communicate to his medical brethren, all that he knew on the ſubject, with the frankneſs of a philoſopher, the benevolence of a Chriſtian, and the liberality of a gentleman.

Dr. Fothergill afterwards publiſhed a treatiſe on the ulcerous ſore throat, which added conſiderably to his profit, and fame as a phyſician; but the doctrine inculcated, the regimen, and the treatment recommended in his pamphlet, were wholly and confeſſedly Dr. Letherland's: this Fothergill by no means denied, and actually waited on the ſubject of my preſent page, with the pamphlet in manuſcript, in which he had candidly acknowledged the ſource from whence the whole of his knowledge on the ſubject was derived.

This ingenious and excellent man ſurprized his friend Fothergill, by eraſing the whole of the paſſage with his own hand, repeatedly and peremptorily inſiſting, that neither his name, nor any alluſion to the communications he had made, ſhould on any account be introduced into the book.

So little did this wothy individual value the ſervices he had rendered to mankind; a ſervice which had probably ſaved the lives of thouſands, but the reflecting on which, he conſidered as ample remuneration.

Ambition hath been called the venial vice of noble minds; yet Letherland, though apparently poſſeſſing magnanimity in a very high degree, appears to have been wholly without this alloy; indeed his diſintereſted conduct on this occaſion, as a phyſician and a philoſopher, was, at that period, the more conſpicuous, as ſeveral very eminent and highly accompliſhed profeſſional men, were, at the moment, engaged in a moſt bitter controverſy.

I am not qualified to ſtate preciſely the ſubject of this more than civil, this *fraternal* conteſt; but if a memory, not very retentive, can be truſted, the diſpute related to the merit of *firſt* diſcovering, a minute duct, a nervous fibre, or ſome hitherto unperceived perforation; points, if I recollect right, little, if at all, connected with practical advantage, or medical utility.

Under a portrait of Letherland, I have had the following lines

lines of a Roman poet inſcribed; theſe verſes I have ſeen very lately, and very prepoſterouſly applied to a far different character.

Compoſitum jus, faſque animi, ſanctoſque receſſus
Mentis, et incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto.

"LETTER FROM HEAVEN, Written to a Diſconſolate Huſband by his lately Deceaſed Wife;" ſuch is the title of a pamphlet, publiſhed in France more than fifty years ago, from which the following flouriſhing paſſage is tranſlated.

"You who inhabit the terreſtrial world, are too apt to imagine that departed ſpirts feel no longer any concern or intereſt in thoſe ſcenes and perſons they have left behind; we are, it is true, in theſe cœleſtial regions, ſtrangers to envy, ſuſpicion, fear, and a thouſand vexatious emotions which troubled us on earth; but, as the bride on her wedding night, conducted by her mother to the arms of her lover, though trembling with joy, is not without other ſources of ſatisfaction, though all center in the huſband of her choice; ſo we, in this our ſpiritual change, are not wholly inſenſible of ſubordinate affection.

"As grace cannot wholly ſuppreſs the feelings of nature, neither does the ineffable bliſs of heaven annihilate grace; we continue to love the objects of our former affections, we indulge partiality for objects, and purſue ſtudies to which we before were partial, and with many conſiderable advantages.

"Love is here regulated by reaſon and virtue, philoſophy by utility and truth; the myſteries of nature, the phœnomena of the moral and phyſical world, which have ſo long exerciſed, and often ſet at defiance human intellect, to us are unveiled.

"The geometrician and the aſtronomer may here ſee with a naked eye, and without the miſtakes to which calculation is ſubject, the courſe of comets, the order of the ſolar and planetary ſyſtems and infinite ſpace, regularly furniſhed with *other ſuns and other worlds*.

"The bard inſpired with true poetic ardor, may here yield to its enthuſiaſm, without experiencing its languor or its infatuations; the painter may here exerciſe his divine art, under the aſſurance that time and oblivion can never impair the fame or the works of one who dips his pencil in immortality.

"Cato and Ariſtides in theſe bleſſed abodes, ſee that order and pure morality obſerved from mild influ-

influence and inclination, which they could not procure on earth by cenſorial enactments; Cicero and Demoſthenes may alſo exerciſe their eloquence; it is true they have no tyrants to oppoſe, no conſpiracies to ſuppreſs, nor any prejudices to conquer; but they eloquently diſplay the delights of ſtudy, the charms of peace, and the triumphs of the juſt; they dwell with unfeigned raptures on the ſuperior rewards and internal compenſations of thoſe heroes, philoſophers, princes, and teachers, who have glorioufly laboured to deliver mankind from the debaſing ſlavery of ſelfiſh paſſions.

"Yet the number of princes in theſe cœleſtial domains, is comparatively ſmall, of their wives and children we have ſcarcely any.

"Souls joined on earth by the tender ties of friendſhip and of love, or by the holy band of wedlock, are here happily re-united, and enjoy the bliſs of a fond attachment without any terreſtrial alloys; and the only impreſſion I have felt like care, ſince my arrival, is a ſort of lively impatience, accompanied by a calm aſſurance of being quickly joined by the man I love."

LEWIS THE FIFTEENTH, King of France, a monarch, who notwithſtanding many faults, did not permit private feeling to interfere with public duty.

A prince of the blood having diſgraced himſelf by robbery and murder, in the ſtreets of Paris, was taken into cuſtody, tried and found guilty, but a deputation from the parliament waited on the king, to inform him they had not pronounced ſentence, till the royal will ſhould be known.

"And why not gentlemen," ſaid his majeſty, "The unhappy prince," ſaid the preſident, who was a patriot as well as a gentleman, "the unhappy prince has your majeſty's blood, circulating in his veins." "It is become putrid, and muſt be let out," replied the king.

Another of the deputies venturing to expreſs a wiſh that the offender might be pardoned, the audience cloſed by the royal judge pronouncing the following words in an elevated voice; "Return without delay, and pronounce your decree; for, by my hopes of eternal ſalvation, and by the ſacred truſt I hold from Almighty God, he ſhould die if he were my *only* ſon."

The murderer was executed on a ſcaffold in the court of the Grand Chatelet, in the early part of the eighteenth century.

It

It was on this occaſion that one of the ſpectators took the opportunity to exclaim;

Il y a un germ de raiſon qui commence a ſe developer dans la France:" he little thought this *germ* would burſt forth, extinguiſh the monarchy, deluge his country with blood, and end in a moſt degrading deſpotiſm.

LIBERTY OF CHOICE, liberty of indifference.

Is there what may be called an equilibrium of the mind between oppoſite motives?

This queſtion *almoſt* explains the meaning of a curious ſcholaſtic paradox, quoted in VANINI's article—Utrum chimæra *bombinans* in vacuo poſſet *comedere* ſecundas intentiones?

But I muſt not fly *off* at the threſhold;—Is there what may be called an equilibrium of the mind between oppoſite motives?

It has been anſwered, yes; for that the will is clearly influenced by hopes and fears, which may be exactly balanced, like a certain animal between two heaps of hay.

This has been contradicted by a celebrated philoſopher, and the following caſe has been put:

I will, or I will not ride out before dinner.

The motives againſt mounting my horſe are, that there is a cloudy atmoſphere which threatens rain, and that I am in the heart of a new and moſt intereſting book.

The reaſons in favor of the excurſion are, that it will improve my appetite at dinner, and that I ſhall have an opportunity of ſeeing whether the carpenter who is building a barn for me, uſes good materials.

After a long delay, John waiting with the horſe at the door till he is tired, and *gentle hints* from another quarter, I mount the horſe and trot forth.

"The mutton and the barn," you will ſay, "gained the victory;" no ſuch thing, I was wholly indifferent; the ſcales were exactly even, till, in parading up and down the room, and *mouthing* out a favourite paſſage as loud as I could hollow, *according to cuſtom*; a nauſeous doſe, which my friend the doctor tells me I *muſt* take often if I am indolent, caught my eye and ſettled the buſineſs in a moment: I loved the book, and preferred a dry ſkin, but did *not* love aloes, gentian, and rhubarb.

LILLY, WILLIAM, a ſtargazer of the ſixteenth century, patronized by Whitlocke, the counſellor of Cromwell; a prolix but entertaining writer, an

eye witneſs of the tranſactions he relates.

Though paſſing in his day for *a conjuror*, a ſcience now laughed at and deſpiſed, I ſuſpect he did not believe in his own art, but, like other profeſſors, thought it no crime if mankind were reſolved to be impoſed upon, to take advantage of abſurdity, and procure wealth and reverence at the expence of folly.

" Many have curiouſly enquired," ſays Lilly, " who it was that cut off King Charles's head? I have no permiſſion to ſpeak of ſuch things, but he that did it, is valiant, reſolute, and of a competent fortune..

" After the reſtoration of King Charles the ſecond, I was examined on this ſubject before the parliament of ſixteen hundred and ſixty, and at my firſt appearance, was affronted by the young members, who would have ſorely troubled me, had not Mr. Prynn and Mr. Weſton whiſpered to me occaſionally, holding a paper before their mouths.

" Liberty at laſt being given me to ſpeak, I delivered what follows: ' The next Sunday but one after the execution of King Charles the firſt, Robert Spavin, ſecretary to General Cromwell, and ſeveral others, dined with me, when, the whole of our diſcourſe was only, who it was that beheaded the king? ſome ſaid the common hangman, ſome Hugh Peters, and ſeveral others were named, but none concluded.

" ' After dinner was over, Robert Spavin, retiring with me to the window, took my hand and ſaid, ' Theſe are all miſtaken; Lieutenant Colonel Joyce was the man, for I was in the room when he fitted himſelf for the work, and ſtood by him when he did it; no man knows this but my maſter, Commiſſary Ireton, and myſelf.' "

This plain narrative of a cotemporary writer, who could have no intereſt in miſleading, would ſeem to be deciſive, yet a French writer has publiſhed a different account, mingling, I fear, as hath of late been a very reprehenſible practice, mingling real hiſtory with romance.

" Lord Stair, once the favorite general of King George the ſecond, retired in diſguſt, from ſome real or imaginary ſlight offered to him, after the battle of Dettingen.

" Paſſing through London in his way to Scotland, he received an anonymous letter, in which he was deſired to favor with an interview, the writer, who had ſomething important to communicate.

" Repairing to the place appointed,

pointed, which was in a remote quarter of the town, he knocked at the door of a ſmall tenement in an obſcure alley, and was conducted by a female of mean appearance, up a narrow ſtaircaſe, into a garret.

"Stretched on a bed in a corner of the room, he perceived an infirm old man, who, after making an apology, entered at once into the private hiſtory of his lordſhip's family, ſurprized him by alluding to many circumſtances not generally known, and concluded with aſking, whether he had not experienced great inconvenience for want of certain deeds relating to his paternal eſtate?

"Yes," replied the Earl of Stair, "I am in great danger of loſing part of my inheritance for want of thoſe parchments, which I have frequently ſearched for, and could never ſatisfactorily account for not having them in my poſſeſſion." "There," replied the old man, pointing to a drawer and holding forth a key, "there are the writings depoſited."

"You will naturally wiſh to know by what means they came into my poſſeſſion, and who I am: after leading a wandering and unhappy life, prolonged to the age of one hundred and twenty-five years, I live to ſee in yourſelf one of my lineal deſcendants, in the third generation.

"The unhappy old man you ſee before you, was a ſubject, and once a favorite, of King Charles the firſt, but ſuſpecting him of having ſeduced my daughter, a loyal attachment was converted into bitter hatred; I joined his enemies in all their violent meaſures, and, refining on a vengeance, not to be ſatiated but by blood, after the degradation and trial of my ſovereign, requeſted permiſſion that I might be his executioner.

"This was granted, and at the moment of lifting the fatal axe, I communicated to him the name and motives of the perſon who put him to death: from that hour I have been a prey to diſtraction and remorſe, an outcaſt and a wanderer in various parts of the globe. Heaven, as if to increaſe my puniſhment, has prolonged my life far beyond the age of man; I ſubmit without repining, and only requeſt that you will leave me to my fate."

"Lord Stair, agitated by the recital, and melted by the ſorrows of his anceſtor, ſoon retired, promiſing to ſee him the next day; but, in the interval, the ſtranger had quitted the ſpot, no enquiries could find out his retirement, and the circumſtance

remains a myſtery to the preſent hour."

This narrative, unſupported by cotemporary or referential evidence, contradicted by the plain tale of Lilly, and rendered ſuſpicious by its myſteriouſneſs, will not bear the touchſtone of cool criticiſm; yet the melancholy event of which it ſpeaks, which deſtroyed the conſtitution, and ſhed the beſt blood in this country, has been a frequent ſubject of intereſting and ardent diſcuſſion.

It was indeed a fearful, a tremendous queſtion, and few ſerious well-deſigning men, would wiſh to have been placed in the office of deciding on the death of a king.

Many are of opinion, if Charles the firſt had proved victorious, that inſtead of repoſing under the mild virtues of a Brunſwick, we ſhould at the preſent moment have been groaning under a monarchy, as abſolute as that of the Emperor Napoleon.

Lilly, the ſubject of our preſent article, had patronized, early in life, the excellent Dr. Smallridge; and it is worthy of remark, that a well-written Latin elegy is extant, in which the death of a fanatic aſtrologer is lamented by one who was afterwards an eminent biſhop, and an ornament of our proteſtant church.

A late writer has confounded this conſulter of the ſtars, with Lilly, the author of a Latin grammar, now little uſed, but of which the editor can repeat a conſiderable portion with much pleaſure; probably from the aſſociation of juvenile circumſtances.

The grammar writer was a native of Odiham in Hampſhire, and firſt maſter of St. Paul's ſchool, founded by Dean Collett in fifteen hundred and twelve; *As in preſenti*, and *Propria quæ maribus* were the compoſition of Ritwiſe, ſon-in-law to Lilly, and uſher in the ſame ſchool.

LITERARY CURIOSITIES

Of this deſcription is a verſion of the New Teſtament into Latin Hexameters, by John, Biſhop of Oxford, printed at London in ſixteen hundred and four; a long preliminary prayer to the Almighty, the preface and an epiſtle dedicatory *(ad ſereniſſimum et ſumme heroicum Jacobum Regem Britanniæ)* are in the ſame language and metre.

Of this laborious, difficult, and unprofitable production, my readers will eaſily believe I have peruſed very little; the epiſcopal poet muſt have ſtruggled conſiderably

derably through the firſt chapter of Saint Matthew's Goſpel, which is almoſt wholly genealogical, and filled with hard names neither metrical nor harmonious.

Few compoſitions exhibit ſuch frequent inſtances of impreſſive ſublimity and majeſtic ſimplicity, as the Holy Scriptures; I turned to the following words, to ſee if the prelate could at all keep pace with the intereſting pathos of the evangeliſt; this point my readers muſt decide.

"O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem, thou that killeſt the prophets, and ſtoneſt them which are ſent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chicken under her wings, but ye would not; behold thy houſe is now left deſolate."

Urbs Solyma, O Solyma urbs, truculenta morte necatrix
Sæva prophetarum, lapidans ipſos ſibi miſſos;
Collegiſſe tuas volui quoties ego proles,
Sic veluti gallina ſuos ſibi congregat alis
Ipſa ſub ipſius pullos, et non voluiſti.

A paraphraſe of the Goſpel of Saint John, was alſo written in Greek verſe, by Nonnus, in the fifth century, and publiſhed in octavo by Philip Melancthon, in fifteen hundred and twenty-ſeven.

To theſe may be added, a poem written by Hubald, a Benedictine monk of the ninth century, and preſented by him to Charles the bald, King of France; conſiſting of more than three hundred lines, in Hexameter verſe, in praiſe of baldneſs, every word of which, in compliment to the monarch's name, began with the letter C.

This ſingular piece of poetry is ſtill extant, and commences with the following lines:

Carmina clariſonæ calvis cantate camænæ,
Comere condigno conabor carmine calvos.

There is alſo an extraordinary poem, conceived and executed by a genius of a ſimilar caſt, called PUGNA PORCORUM, the author Johannes Leo Placentius, a Dominican of the ſixteenth century; all the words beginning with a P. In this ſatirical performance, which is noticed by Dornavius, Baillet, and Le Clerc, the ingenious author laſhes ſome of his cotemporaries, under what he

he conſidered as their appropriate character, that of hogs.

The title is PUGNA PORCORUM PER PETRUM PORCIUM POETAM, and it is dedicated POTENTISSIMO PORCIANORUM PATRONO; the following are ſome of the lines.

Perlege porcorum pulcherrima prælia, Potor;
Potando poteris placidam proferre poeſin.
Plaudite porcelli, porcorum pigra propago
Progreditur; plures porci pinguedine pleni
Pugnantes pergunt, pecudum pars prodigioſa
Perturbat pede petroſas plerumque plateas.
Pars portentoſe populorum prata profanat;
Pars pungit populando potens, pars plurima plagis
Prœtendit punire pares, proſternere parvos.

Moſt readers will think this a ſufficient ſpecimen of the merits of this poet of the Pigs; yet, however ſlender the reputation founded on *ſuch* a production, it excited the envy of a modern impoſtor, who, a few years ſince, produced a copy of the Pugna Porcorum in manuſcript, which he cooly declared was the offſpring of his own brain; for a certain time, and in a certain circle, he paſſed for a wonderful man.

A gentleman preſent to whom this collection hath been often indebted, and who ſeldoms takes for granted what he hears, without examination, was ſilent at the moment, but recollecting not only the title, but ſeveral verſes of the poem, he procured a printed copy of the edition of 1648, and preſented it before a large company to the impudent pretender, who retired in confuſion, and ſoon quitted his reſidence, one of our Engliſh univerſities, where he had lived ſeveral years in credit, I believe as teacher of a foreign language.

LITERARY MANŒUVRE.

Among other inſtances of adroitneſs, may be mentioned the management of Doctor Warburton, as defender of Pope's Eſſay on Man, againſt the objections of Crouſaz.

The cenſures of this learned foreigner, many of them well-founded and unanſwerable, were directed againſt the *firſt edition* of that pleaſing poem, but in his defence of Pope, the eccleſiaſtic quoted ſucceeding impreſſions, in which the poet had ſeen and corrected many of his errors.

The

The whole paſſed off undetected, the anxieties of Pope, irritable and alive all over, were gradually ſoothed, the clergy were pacified, and Warburton, by favor of the man of verſe, was introduced to Mr. Allen, married his niece, and inherited his wealth.

LITERARY MEN; their irritability, ſeclusion, and inaptneſs for performing the common duties of life, have been often remarked and frequently cenſured; yet ſomething may be pleaded in excuſe for indulging in purſuits, which offer an effectual, perhaps an innocent opiate, to mental inquietude.

Pitied or deſpiſed by the merchant, the man of pleaſure, the ſportſman, or the diſpatcher of three bottles, and buried in rural retirement, or loſt in a crowded capital, an author derives from paſt evil, or preſent folly, inſtruction, amuſement and employment; fondly imagining, that, at ſome diſtant period, tardy poſterity may render the unavailing tribute of praiſe to that merit which has been unnoticed by his cotemporaries.

So wayward in conduct, ſo averſe to all rule,
By fools deem'd a madman, by wiſe men, a fool.

Such reveries, with reſpect to the public, may be conſidered as harmleſs; and if, like other dreams, they vaniſh into air, can only conduct a recluſe to oblivion, the common lot of millions.

Literary productions will alſo naturally receive a tinge from our tempers, our aſſociates, and the great events of our lives; to theſe we are indebted for the midnight ſorrows of Young, the pathetic effuſions of Hammond, the plaintive ſonnets of Charlotte Smith, and the elegy of Gray.

But while we make allowance for the keen ſenſibility of genius, and the pangs of real miſery, I think it neither right nor reaſonable, that individuals, degraded by vice and folly, ſhould, on every emergency of diſtreſs, ruſh incontinently to the preſs, and pour themſelves out in high-wrought rant and tumid declamation againſt fate, mankind, hard-hearted patrons, and a cruel world.

Would ſuch perſons reflect for a moment on their own imprudent conduct, they might diſcover ample cauſe for all their failures.

Neglecting this needful retroſpect, authors debilitated by profuſion and luxury, wild theoriſts, mad politicians, and affected enthuſiaſts,

enthuſiaſts, clothing themſelves in the dignified garb of ſtruggling virtue and honorable poverty, at times overwhelm the town with volumes of ſelf-biggotted miſchance, and reams of fictitious woe; heaven and earth are invoked to heal wounds which, with a little common ſenſe, would never have been inflicted, and to ſoothe ſorrows, which a minute portion of prudent activity might effectually prevent, and ſpeedily remedy.

Theſe miſtakes it would be inhuman to cenſure ſeverely, but they ought not to eſcape notice; for vicious, or negligent failure, has no legal claim to that pity and aſſiſtance, which open-hearted honeſty, perſonal merit, and induſtrious application, ought ever to experience. We ſhould, as long as it is in our power, apply our ſhoulder to the wheel, rather than ſit down, like the deſpairing waggoner, with folded arms, and throwing ourſelves on the public, a helpleſs, cumberſome, and diſhonorable load.

I cloſe the preſent article with a reflection made at an early period of his literary career, by Sir William Jones, of whom his friends and the world have been deprived ſince my firſt edition; and I earneſtly recommend his words to the conſideration of every young man who feels a tendency to authorſhip creeping on him.

"The profeſſion of literature, by far the moſt laborious of any, leads to no real benefit; poetry, ſcience, and letters, when not made the ſole buſineſs of life, may become its beſt ornaments in proſperity, its moſt pleaſing conſolation in adverſity; but he who hopes, by mere learning and books, to raiſe a family, or acquire a comfortable retreat for old age, will find, when it is too late, that he has miſtaken his path; that labours and ſtudies of a far different kind are abſolutely neceſſary, and, that unleſs he can aſſert his own independence in active life, or render himſelf uſeful and neceſſary to mankind, it will avail him little to be favored by the learned, eſteemed by the eminent, or even to be recommended by kings."

If ſuch were the convictions of a man eminently qualified to decide the queſtion, of one,

Whoſe early genius, ſpurring time's controul,
Had reach'd, e're others ſtart, the diſtant goal:

what are the proſpects and probabilities

babilities of an unfortunate, but at the preſent moment, a numerous claſs of individuals, who, with the ſedentary habits and improvident thoughtleſſneſs, generally attending a literary turn, poſſeſs only common attainments, and powers, not ſoaring above mediocrity?

LITERATURE, Advantages of.

Moſt people have heard of a book profeſſedly written on the infelicities of learned men, but no work hath yet been compoſed on the peculiar advantages they enjoy, yet both are alike palpable, and equally deſerving of conſideration.

Previous to entering on the ſubject, it ought to be obſerved, that the perſon whoſe felicities I mean to deſcribe, is ſuppoſed to be placed by birth or by fortune, above the preſſure of immediate want, but not in a ſtate of luxuriant ſuperfluity; for, as was obſerved in the preceding article, in a young man who has to fight his way through life, a propenſity to books excluſively indulged, to the utter neglect of buſineſs and duty, is, and ever has been, the road to ruin and diſgrace.

To this, as to every general rule, an exception muſt be made, in favor of extraordinary genius, which is found to burſt through all impediments, but does not probably occur in the proportion of more than one in fifty thouſand individuals; the path of moſt of us being mediocrity, and our chief merit, that we have waſhed our hands, and eat a hearty dinner.

Making theſe allowances, and ſuppoſing the literary man to have in his poſſeſſion a tolerable collection of books, opportunities of ſometimes mixing in polite and well-informed circles, and that he has time to read, reflect, and converſe, I am of opinion, that the benefits he enjoys, are eminently ſuperior to thoſe of the majority of mankind.

He poſſeſſes a conſtant and unfailing ſource of amuſement and occupation, *wholly independent of the will and caprice of others*; a moſt important diſtinction, in which the pleaſures derived from learning, differ from almoſt every other enjoyment; indeed a total abſence of literary taſte, in a wealthy man, I cannot but conſider as the greateſt of all poſſible misfortunes.

A defect in this particular, was remarked in an early and intimate ſchool-fellow of the editor of the preſent page, and often lamented by his father with anxiety and tears; he called it the curſe of his ſon's life.

The

The young man, who inherited prodigious wealth from a fond maternal aunt, being without any creditable resource for employing the intervals of life, as prodigiously abused it, and after a few years alternately marked by criminal pleasure, listless inactivity, and that miserable species of unavailing repentance, which doth not prevent our sinning again; with, what generally passes for, a good heart, and an amiable disposition, came to an untimely end.

I met the unhappy parent on his return from depositing the remains of his son in the grave; the hearse and carriages being stopped in the street by an accidental interruption, I caught the eye of the disconsolate old man as I passed slowly along; he *would* stretch forth his arm from the coach, then pressing my hand to his bosom, sunk back on the seat, in all the anguish of unutterable woe.

I could not help applying to them both, what in effect was literary true; "THEIR FEET THE STOCKS HURT, AND THE IRON ENTERED INTO THEIR SOULS."

I return to the advantages of a bookish disposition; it furnishes a man with a fair and ostensible reason for not giving way to that most inexcusable of all indulgences, the constant habit of idle mornings, the bane of rising manhood; and what is still better, a person habituated to regular literary application, *cannot excuse himself* for what I consider a most unwarrantable practice.

It may further be observed, that a man of genius is a legislator and a magistrate by birth; that when the fame of such a person is generally diffused and firmly established, his influence makes near approaches to sovereign power, and (as hath been exemplified in the present day) is found sufficiently formidable, to wrench the sceptre from the hand of the monarch, and tread the mitre to dust.

Another consideration may probably excite a smile in my readers: vegetating in his closet unnoticed, perhaps unknown to his countrymen and cotemporaries, an author may cheer his silent solitary hours, with the perspective, but unsubstantial luxury, of *believing*, that his productions, at some future period, will be perused with pleasure, and his name mentioned with respect in distant regions of the globe; in countries now unknown, and by generations yet unborn.

A circumstance flattering to the vanity of the writer of this article, and which he considers

as

as an ample recompence for his humble labors; very lately took place.

Having in a former volume reflected ſomewhat ſeverely, he hopes not unfairly, on a certain eminent character, the ſtrictures were mildly reproved by two correſpondents; this temperate correction was at the ſame time accompanied with a certain *ſomething* he will not name, highly gratifying to his feelings; but the *triumphant* circumſtance remains to be told; (thanks to a kind Providence for multiplying the ſources of our pleaſures) one of the letters was dated from the foreſts of Canada, and the other written on the banks of the Ganges.

The advantages of a literary diſpoſition, cannot be more ſtrongly exemplified, than in two inſtances which lately preſented themſelves in one of my pedeſtrian excurſions.

The firſt was the curate of a little pariſh, whoſe income, including his ſalary, ſurplice fees, and hereditary pittance, ſcarcely ever amounts to ninety pounds per annum; but happily inheriting from his father, a well-choſen collection of books, as well as a taſte for enjoying them; his life is ſatisfactorily occupied, by the duties of his office, by literary purſuits and ſocial intercourſe.

From the window of the little white-waſhed hovel he inhabits, may be ſeen the pleaſure grounds of an individual, born and bred to the myſtery of furniſhing his cuſtomers with light, but ſuddenly enriched by the death of a relation whom he had never ſeen.

Acquainted with no books but his ledger and day book, and maſter of no other art than that of dipping cotton in melted fat, he was neither prepared for, nor qualified properly to ſpend ſo much money. Ruſhing at once from the club where he had ſmoked his pipe and drank his pot for the laſt twenty years of his life; quitting his ſhop and the ſnug little parlor behind it, he galloped into the country, purchaſed a noble manſion, juſt-finiſhed at an enormous expence, by Orator Mum, and ſold for a quarter of its prime coſt, *becauſe his lady's favorite gentleman preferred the dear delights of a watering-place.*

Here wholly out of his element as to ſociety and occupation, the new purchaſer finds it extremely difficult to *get through* the day, indeed it would not be in his power, but for his table, his hounds, his port wine, and his

his ſtrong beer. By virtue of theſe powerful attractions, and another *of a very ſingular kind*, for he is minutely attentive to *all* the wants, and *all* the gratificationt of his gueſts, he collects a number of his neighbours of a certain deſcription, who kindly aſſiſt in the conſumption of the two laſt articles, together with no ſmall quantity of tobacco, to which in every form their hoſt is inordinately attached. He conſiders it as the teſt of good fellowſhip, and ſwears that no man can be *a hearty cock*, who does not ſmoke, chew and ſnuff up half a pound per day. In clouds of ſmoke, and vociferous political diſcuſſion, the table covered with bottles, glaſſes, tobacco *and ſnuff*, the night paſſes away, and the 'ſquire and his friends ſeldom reel to bed till four in the morning.

In amuſements like theſe, he paſſes his time with, ſometimes a journey to London, and occaſionally a ſalutary fit of the gout, which helps to throw off the ſurcharge of plethora; for he was luckily taught *by his old maſter*, that water gruel will cure all complaints; in amuſements like theſe *he rubs through the year*.

Compare the happineſs perſonal and ſocial, poſitive and negative of the two characters, my *honeſt* friend *****, and let me hear you no more damning books, and all thoſe who are fond of them.

LITERATURE FOR THE LOWEST CLASSES, a ſpecies of compoſition, of the higheſt conſequence to ſociety, too long monopolized by ignorance and ill deſign, but happily reſcued by the excellent Hannah More, and other benevolent and ingenious coadjutors, in a work ſo important, in every point of view, political and moral.

The following narrative, actually and literally founded on fact, I preſent to my readers; thoſe who have time, money and inclination, may ſerve the community by printing and circulating a large impreſſion of it at a low price; it is meant to ſtrike at the root of one of the greateſt evils of the preſent day, an evil which crouds our ſtreet with proſtitutes, and ſcatters the ſeeds of diſcontent and diſhoneſty among thoſe whom we feed, cloath, and ſhelter under our roofs.

THE DYING WORDS
OF
ELIZABETH WELLINGTON,
AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN WHO WAS FOUND UNDER A HAY-RICK, IN A FIELD NEAR THE GREAT

GREAT NORTH ROAD BETWEEN LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

It was in one of the bitter nights during the ſevere winter of the year ſeventeen hundred and ninety-four, that the paſſengers of a ſtage coach travelling to the north, were alarmed by groans which ſeemed to proceed from a field adjoining to the road.

The coachman could not be prevailed on to ſtop till he reached the top of a hill, he was at the moment aſcending; he then agreed that if ſomething was given him to drink, he would wait while they went to ſee from whence the groans proceeded.

The travellers immediately alighted, and the guard, taking one of the coach lamps in his hand, walked back with them into the field; their ſearch for ſometime was vain, but approaching a hay-rick at which cattle were feeding, a groan more feebly uttered, again was heard; following the ſound, they were at once intereſted and diſtreſſed by the object preſented to their view.

Lying at length under ſhelter of the rick, in a dark and diſmal night, apparently exhauſted by hunger, fatigue and cold, thinly cloathed, with a form and countenance which had once been pleaſing, they diſcovered a female, almoſt frozen to death.

After gently raiſing her head, and rubbing her clay-cold limbs till a little warmth was perceived, they conveyed down her throat, with ſome difficulty, a ſmall quantity of cordial, from a pocket caſe of one of the company.

Some faint ſigns of life, at length appearing, encouraged them to perſevere in their humane work; they then wrapped her in a great coat, and carried her to the coach, in which having previouſly agreed to pay the fare, they were permitted to place her.

As the poor creature recovered, the change of ſituation was explained to her, when ſhe thanked her deliverers for their kind offices, but attempting to ſpeak further, fainted away.

The motion of a heavy coach was too much for her weak condition, and the benevolent perſons to whom Providence had aſſigned her, determined to ſet her down at the firſt public houſe they paſſed, and to direct that proper care ſhould be taken.

It was not long before they ſtopped to change horſes, and leave ſome of the paſſengers; the miſtreſs of the houſe was called, who readily aſſiſted in ren-

rendering every ſervice in her power, but notwithſtanding all their endeavours, they clearly ſaw, that the hand of death was on the unfortunate ſtranger.

Convinced alſo by her own feelings of the approach of that awful moment, which we all dread, though ſo few of us prepare to meet it, ſhe earneſtly intreated that a miniſter of the goſpel might be ſent for without delay.

The clergyman of the pariſh ſoon arrived; after examining the ſtate of her ſoul, he opened to her the treaſures of everlaſting life, as contained in the holy Scriptures, and poured on her wounded ſpirit the precious balm of comfort and condolance. He joined with her in prayer and ſupplication, and ſhe received at his hands the reſtorative ſacramental cup, of hope grounded on repentance, and mercy through an interceding Redeemer.

Though her mind was compoſed, her ſtrength failed, and the fainting fits returned, but proper medicines being given by an apothecary of the village, after a ſhort repoſe, ſhe ſeemed a little better, and was very anxious to ſay ſomething to the company collected in the chamber; conſcious, that if the preſent opportunity was loſt, her lips, in a ſhort time, would be for ever cloſed.

Deſiring her benefactors to draw nearer the bed, ſhe addreſſed them in the following words, as well as her weak ſtate permitted, and ſoon after reſigned her breath.

"The kindneſs I have experienced at your hands, it is not in *my* power, but I hope the Almighty will repay; you muſt naturally be deſirous to know ſomething of a forlorn wretch, in whoſe behalf you have ſo warmly intereſted yourſelves, and whom in the unjuſtifiable anguiſh of deſpair, I was tempted to conſider as deſerted by God and man; but the worthy miniſter has convinced me that OURS IS A GOD OF MERCY, and the treatment I have experienced from *you*, alſo proves that although this is a wicked world, there are many worthy characters, who imitate their Creator in this glorious attribute.

"I was born of poor but honeſt parents in a northern county; myſelf and an elder ſiſter was the whole of their family; my father did not repine at that ſtate of life in which Providence had placed him, when after providing for the wants of the day, by labor, he retired to his fire-ſide in the evening, and found

found his wife and children clean and contented.

"I was careſſed from my infancy by a widow lady who lived retired in our pariſh, on a ſmall income, having ſeen better days; as I grew up, her regard for me increaſed, ſhe taught me to read and write, and impreſſed early on my mind, religious principles.

"Though my underſtanding was improved, and my ideas enlarged beyond what falls to the lot of moſt young women of my condition, I cannot help imputing to my acquaintance with this excellent woman the misfortunes of my future life; I ſpent the greateſt part of the day with her, and whilſt my ſiſter was aſſiſting my mother in the work of the houſe, and qualifying herſelf to perform the duties of a mother and a wife, I was poring over every book I could borrow, reading to my benefactreſs, or ſitting down to ornamental needle-work, but wholly ignorant of and unable, to mend my father's ſtockings, dreſs his dinner, or clean the houſe.

"I ſhould not do juſtice to my mother, if I omitted acknowledging that ſhe ſaw and reproved my conduct; ſhe inſiſted that a ſedentary genteel life was not proper for a girl with my humble proſpects, and that to be *fine fingered*, as ſhe uſed to call it, was not calculated for poor people, particularly thoſe who mean to live honeſt; I felt the truth of what ſhe ſaid, but had not the reſolution to diminiſh the enjoyments of the preſent hour, by providing for circumſtances, in which I hoped never to be placed.

"When I was ſixteen years of age, my valuable friend died, my ſiſter, ſoon after was married to a farmer, to whom ſhe makes a good and uſeful wife, and I had no companions but my father and mother; for I looked down with ſecret contempt on the young men and women of the village.

"My parents ſaw with concern that I was not qualified to go through the drudgery of a cottage: I loſt my appetite and ſpirits, they frequently found me in tears; it was the ſtruggle of pride and vanity rebelling againſt the duties impoſed on me by Providence.

"After conſulting with a diſtant relation, a ſhopkeeper in a neighbouring town, who was for every body's trying their luck in London, his opinion prevailed, and I was conveyed to town in a road waggon, reſolving *to better myſelf* as it is called, and if poſſible

ſible *get an eaſy genteel place, with little work and high wages, thus pride and lazineſs were my ruin.*

"I ſoon got into a creditable family in the city, where I had an opportunity of qualifying myſelf for a better place, as my miſtreſs was kind and indulgent, but the conſtant toil of a houſe where only myſelf and a ſhop-boy were kept, did not ſuit a perſon uſed to an indolent life. I contraſted the dark back kitchen, and dirty drudgery of my preſent ſituation, with my pleaſant walks, my books, my plain work and eaſy life in the country; awkwardneſs increaſed my difficulties, and I was ſeverely mortified by the mother of my miſtreſs, who ſometimes viſited her; ſhe wondered how a girl at my age could have ſpent her time, not to know the common work of a houſe.

"Having occaſion for a few common articles of dreſs, I was directed to one of thoſe goſſiping ſhopkeepers who infeſt moſt neighbourhoods, the confidents of ſervants, and diffuſers of ſcandal, who attend to and know more of other people's buſineſs than their own; ſhe liſtened to my complaints, and enticed me to ſpend my money; after hearing much of charming places at the other end of the town, I left her, reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of leaving my miſtreſs, as the work was too much, and the ſituation in a vulgar part of the town.

"I ſoon received a meſſage from my officious new acquaintance, that ſhe had procured an excellent ſituation for me, but that I muſt go without delay, and as to a character, if I would make her a preſent, *ſhe would give me one herſelf*; her reaſon for prevailing on me to go away without giving warning, will ſoon be known, but I have been ſufficiently puniſhed for this breach of agreement.

"I took an opportunity of retreating with my things the following evening, and was introduced to a fine dreſſed lady with her carriage waiting at the door; after the general queſtions we agreed, and I was conveyed with my box to a large houſe in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

The ſplendor of her equipage, and the tawdry finery of the furniture, dazzled my eyes; I was told that my chief buſineſs would be to wait on my miſtreſs in her own room, and work at my needle. I remember that the pride and haughtineſs of my heart were highly gratified, when I was informed, that I need not wear a coloured apron, muſt always appear neatly dreſſed, and that if I did

I did not ſtand in my own light, her place would be profitable as well as pleaſant to me.

"My happy days were of ſhort continuance, I did not diſcover till it was too late, that I was taken in a ſnare, that I was in a houſe of the moſt infamous deſcription, a reproach to the nobility and gentry, who ſuffer many of them almoſt to elbow them in their magnificent abodes.

"The woman who engaged me under falſe pretences, but for the moſt abominable purpoſes, is a wretch well known in the pariſh of St. James, remarkable for ſtaring eyes, a thundering voice, and face of braſs; the ſeducer and ruiner of hundreds of her ſex, whom ſhe afterwards turns looſe on the town, polluted and pennyleſs; I hope God Almighty will give her grace to repent of her monſtrous crimes, or dreadful muſt be her puniſhment hereafter.

"Had I been at all acquainted with town manners, I muſt have perceived the odious nature of my miſtreſs's employ, from the lateneſs of her hours, and the company ſhe kept; in bed the greateſt part of the day, and the houſe in an uproar during the whole of the night; but London was a new world to me, and I had heard that it was common for ladies and gentlemen to turn night into day.

"The firſt alarm I received was from certain unwarrantable liberties taken with me by an hoary veteran, a conſtant viſitor of my miſtreſs, a well known character, remarkable for his fondneſs of a new face; I left deep marks of my reſentment on his countenance, which confined him to his room ſeveral weeks, under a pretence of the St. Anthony's fire. On mentioning the circumſtance to my miſtreſs, ſhe ſmiled and told me, I muſt not be ill-natured, for that it would ſpoil my fortune; I replied firmly that I would not ſubmit to ſuch treatment, and that I would quit her houſe, the moment day-light appeared, for it was already midnight.

But ſhe took effectual means to prevent the execution of my purpoſe; watching an opportunity, ſhe ſent me up ſtairs on ſome trifling errand whilſt I was taking a little refreſhment, and conveyed certain drops into what I was going to drink; I ſwallowed them without ſuſpicion, and finding myſelf remarkably heavy, ſoon retired to reſt.

"From a deep, a death-like ſleep, I awoke, and found myſelf undone; a cowardly villain, introduced by that perfidious and deteſtable monſter *******,

whoſe attempts I would have ſet at defiance with my ſenſes and ſtrength about me, took advantage of a ſtate, againſt which neither virtue nor prudence can guard.

"He attempted to pacify me with gold, and declared that he would make a handſome ſettlement on me the next morning; I rejected his offers with contempt, I drove him from my preſence with abhorrence.

"The ſavage in a female ſhape, ſoon came in with triumphant malignity in her eye, thinking ſhe could now bring me to her own infamous terms; ſhe begun by obſerving, that hands like mine were never made for hard work, that I might live like a fine lady——I interrupted her by throwing up the ſaſh, and raiſing my voice to a pitch which alarmed her, (for wickedneſs makes cowards of us all) told her, that if I was not ſuffered immediately to depart, I would raiſe the neighbours by my cries.

"I left her houſe directly, determining to have recourſe to the laws, to revenge my injuries; but a dread of appearing publicly on ſuch an occaſion ſhook my reſolution; not knowing whither to go, I applied to my firſt miſtreſs, with an intention of laying my caſe before her, but ſhe ſhut her door in my face, and after my behaviour to her, what right had I to complain?

"I hid myſelf in ſilence and ſolitude, and paſſed a few weeks in a little obſcure lodging, without reſolution or ſpirit to ſeek another place; my London dream of finery and genteelneſs was now vaniſhed, I dreaded the face of man, and ſuſpected every woman; I conſidered with envy the condition of the meaneſt drudge of the pooreſt farm-houſe in the country, who notwithſtanding her coarſe fare and linſey gown, poſſeſſed thoſe firſt of bleſſings, health, innocence, and peace of mind.

"I took a place in the ſame waggon which firſt brought me to town, and had reached a little market town, a few miles from the field where you found me, but fearing my ſmall ſtock of money would be exhauſted, before I reached my father's houſe, I reſolved to walk the remainder of my journey, contrary to the perſuaſions of the perſon who drove the waggon.

"Leaving my box with proper directions to be forwarded, I ſet out on foot, but had not travelled far, when a ruffian robbed me of the little I poſſeſſed, and would have proceeded to outrages ſtill more cruel, but my cries excited the attention of a gentleman with a ſplendid equi-

page,

page, who was travelling the road, and at no great diſtance from us.

The poſtillions were ordered to quicken their pace, and as they drew up, my terror and aſtoniſhment may be conceived, when I ſaw my diſhonorable violator, looking at me with ſavage joy as he jumped from the carriage, thinking that he might eaſily ſecure a friendleſs, unprotected woman, and convey her to what place and for whatever purpoſe he choſe.

But the robber was not diſpoſed to part with his prey; adding falſehood to violence, and brandiſhing a bludgeon he had in his hand, he declared with an oath, that no man had a right to ſeparate us, for though I was noiſy and unmanageable, I was his wife.

The gentleman, ſaid he knew the contrary, that he had followed me acroſs the country from London, and rather than loſe me, would purſue me to the end of the world; with theſe words he laid hold of one of my hands, when the footpad at the firſt blow, laid him ſpeechleſs on the ground; a deſperate but unequal conteſt enſued, the ſervants fired ſeveral piſtols, and in the hurry, ſmoke, and confuſion, I darted from them.

Terror gave me ſpeed, I flew down a bye lane, and after croſſing ſeveral fields, plunged into a thick wood, wandering through thorns and underwood, as long as my ſtrength permitted. I was thankful for my eſcape, and ſat down on a bank to eat a cruſt fortunately left in my pocket. I ſoon heard the voices of the ſervants, who ſeemed to be ſearching for me, and gathered from their converſation that they had wounded and ſecured the marauder, and as ſoon as they could find me, would convey us, with their maſter who had come to himſelf, but was much hurt, to the next poſt town.

"I fortunately eluded their ſearch, but as night came on, in attempting to leave the wood, with a deſign of begging a lodging in ſome farm houſe, my foot ſlipped, and I fell with ſuch violence with my knee againſt a ſtump, that I fainted in an agony of pain. Being unable to ſtir, I paſſed the night on the ſpot where I fell, and part of the next day, when hungry and benumbed with cold, I crawled as well as the hurt I received would let me, to the place where your kindneſs found me. I paſſed the ſecond night there, and endeavoured to attract the notice and compaſſion of ſeveral travellers during the ſucceeding day; but they conſidered me as an im-

poſtor or a looſe woman, and either neglected or inſulted me.

"I gave myſelf up for a loſt creature, but death though retarded by your humanity, I feel is gradually creeping over me—I die in charity with all mankind, I pray to God that he will forgive my deſtroyers, and give them time and grace to repent. I beg that my parents whoſe name and direction will be found in a letter in my pocket, may be informed of my fate; that I remembered them with gratitude in my laſt moments, and that although miſled by folly, my heart was untainted by vice.

"I alſo make it my dying requeſt, that my misfortunes may be publiſhed for the information of young women of my condition, in the hope of reminding them, that pride and vanity, are the high road to crime and misfortune; that London is a ſcene of temptation, where there are always artful women, watching to take advantage of thoſe of their own ſex, who are tired of working honeſtly for their livelihood, and fond of fine cloaths.

"I wiſh to remind ſuch as are of this unfortunate turn, that a conſcientious diſcharge of our duties in that ſtate, however humble, in which Providence has placed us, is the only ſolid comfort in this world, and the moſt likely method of inſuring everlaſting happineſs in that which is to come."

LIVES AND FORTUNES; It was remarked, during the early part of the late war, that many of its moſt ſanguine ſupporters, who came forward with voluntary offers of their lives and fortunes, had been found ſingularly tardy in following up their declarations with any real ſacrifices; nor did it eſcape obſervation, that the prime miniſter, in his moſt trying difficulties, abſtained wholly from making any particular application to theſe friends, who had ſo zealouſly pledged themſelves.

A wag ſuggeſts, that it is againſt the rules of ſporting, TO KILL THE DECOY.

LOCKE, JOHN, author of an eſſay on the human underſtanding, a book more frequently mentioned than peruſed, a work, whoſe profundity of thought and argumentative abſtruſeneſs, have ſometimes puzzled the editor of this collection; till aſſiſted by the explanatory comments of a lovely, a much lamented *woman*, often mentioned in theſe pages; whoſe death ſince my laſt volume, will be an unceaſing ſource of regret.

Mr.

Mr. Locke has been ſtigmatized by a popular writer as "*an arch propagator of wild conceits, a wholeſale fabricator of fanciful ſyſtems.*"

Irritated and provoked by this unwarrantable treatment of a writer to whom reaſon and revelation are greatly indebted, I attacked his traducer, having I thank God, no other opportunity, in a public company; I expoſtulated with him on the unfounded malignity of his accuſation, and the miſapplied harſhneſs of his epithets?

He trembled in confuſion on his ſeat; and after a long pauſe, could give no other reaſon for his enmity to Mr. Locke, than the following paſſage in his works;

"A church is a voluntary ſociety of men, joining themſelves together of their own accord, in order to the worſhipping of God, in ſuch a manner, as they judge moſt acceptable to HIM, and moſt effectual to the ſalvation of their ſouls; a ſtate is alſo a ſociety of men conſtituted only for the procuring, advancing, and preſerving their own intereſts."

LOTTERY TICKET ANECDOTE.

In the early part of the reign of King George the ſecond, the footman of a lady of quality, under the abſurd infatuation of a dream, diſpoſed of the ſavings of the laſt twenty years of his life, in two tickets, which proving blanks, after a few melancholy days, he put an end to his life.

In his box was found a plan of the manner in which he would ſpend the five thouſand pound prize, which his miſtreſs preſerved as a curioſity.

"As ſoon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as ſhe has been croſs and coy, I'll uſe her as a ſervant.

"Every morning ſhe ſhall get me a mug of ſtrong beer with a toaſt, nutmeg, and ſugar in it, then I will ſleep till ten, after which, I will have a large ſack poſſet.

"My dinner ſhall be on table by one, and never without a good pudding; I'll have a ſtock of wine and brandy laid in: about five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten, a hot ſupper of two diſhes; if I'm in good humour, and Grace *behaves herſelf*, ſhe ſhall ſit down with me;——to bed about twelve."

LOVE, that univerſal paſſion, which makes or mars us all.

In

In more than one article of this collection, inſtances have been produced of the diſgrace into which, men, as it were in ſpite of their better reaſon, have been ſeduced, by the faſcination of female attachment; opportunities have been repeatedly taken of pointing out to parents, guardians, and others concerned in conducting and ſettling young men in life, of pointing out to them the importance of *finding* for them creditable aſſociation for their evenings, upon this ſafe and unerring principle, *that they will otherwiſe procure for themſelves that which is diſreputable and injurious.*

The ſtory of Manon, an article in this collection, is realized every day; yet one of my aſſertions in that narrative has been contradicted; "that men of ſtrong intellect and high attainment, have had their frail favorites, over whoſe follies, falſehoods and crimes, fond incredulity and unbounded indulgence have thrown a veil," I added, that "theſe Circes, theſe Calypſoes of the age, have equally and as eaſily enſlaved the moſt contemptible of drivellers, and the firſt of men."

To the long liſt of eminent perſons thus ſeduced into diſhonor and abſurdity, may be added the name of Moliere, the celebrated dramatiſt of France; a pleaſant writer, a clever actor, and a good man, who had repeatedly and forcibly expoſed in his writings, as well as on the ſtage, the humiliating weakneſs into which he lapſed.

In the decline of life he married a beautiful and accompliſhed woman, who regardleſs of her nuptial vow, her preſent honor and her future peace; and ungrateful to a benefactor who had raiſed her from obſcurity, debaſed herſelf, and rendered her huſband at once contemptible and wretched.

Under a domeſtic misfortune, which, however, heart-rending the circumſtance, allows only of one method of proceeding, *inſtant and eternal ſeparation*, he pauſed a moment and was loſt; overwhelmed with ſorrow, and under the impulſe of exceſſive tenderneſs, which too often degenerates, and in this inſtance did degenerate into exceſſive folly, he told her a ſecret which ought never to be revealed; a ſecret ſufficient to turn the heads and corrupt the hearts of nineteen women out of twenty; *that he found it impoſſible to live without her*, that notwithſtanding her groſs deviation from the path of duty, he would forget and forgive.

The faithleſs wife promiſed amend-

amendment, but did not keep her word; SHE RESOLVED TO BE A TYRANT, WHEN SHE FOUND SHE HAD A SLAVE; and Moliere, the firſt author of his day, the univerſal favorite, exalted in reputation, and abounding in wealth, loved, admired, and courted, ſunk into the loweſt and moſt abject ſtate of domeſtic diſhonor.

Though ſtrongly diſpoſed to doubt the incontrovertible truths I record, ſtubborn fact compels me to ſay, that he continued under the ſame roof with, and *wretched man*, ſtill loved, the blaſter of his honor, the deſtroyer of his peace, the diſſipator of his fortune; he ſtill doated on that abominable, adulterous, infatuating ſyren, the curſe of whoſe bewitching influence, had damned him to the hell of mental impotence; I mean that ſcandalous paralyſis of intellect, taſte and feeling, which could ſubmit to *ſhare* her favors with others.

To Moliere's repeated expoſtulations, this infamous creature coolly replied; "I am ſurprized that any man in his ſenſes can be ſo unreaſonable, you may amuſe yourſelf with half the women of Paris, and I ſhall not complain; but why will you refuſe the ſame liberty to me; I beg not to be perpetually teazed on the ſubject."

But this mild language was of ſhort duration, it was ſoon exchanged for outrage and reproach, and he was ultimately refuſed the rights of a huſband; YET MOLIERE STILL CONTINUED TO LOVE THIS ABANDONED, THIS UNGRATEFUL WOMAN.

It has been ſaid that our ſins frequently produce their own puniſhment; can a more ſevere one be imagined? Yet a friend who peruſed this article in manuſcript, tells me, he can conceive a ſituation ſtill more deſperate and deplorable; that of poſſeſſing the perſon and affections of one *we fancied we loved*, but to find, when it is too late, that it was only fancy, and that our affections are unalterably fixed on another. This I fear is a miſtake which men of intrigue, who imagine they have reformed, are very apt to make; miſtaking a fondneſs of novelty for a more ſerious affection, and ſenſuality for a more refined paſſion.

It is one of the many evils entailed on indiſcriminate amours, to vitiate the taſte for pure and ſimple pleaſure, and ſo far to weaken the judgment, as to render it incapable of diſtinguiſhing between the luſt of the eye, and thoſe more delicate and exquiſite ſenſations which originate from the heart.

LOVE: ſpeaking on this ſubject in my former edition, I aſked by whom the obſervation was made, that in *men* deſire created love, but that in *women* love created deſire.

If my memory does not deceive me, this ſenſible remark was made to Swift, by a female whom *in his way*, he calls Ophy Butler; this I believe was lady Sophia Butler, ſiſter to the Duke of Ormond, a favoured courtier of Queen Anne, but baniſhed in the reign of King George the firſt, for his attachment to the houſe of Stewart.

LOVE AND LUST. It is common with men and women of a *certain* deſcription, to ridicule ſentimental attachments, and to inſiſt that the two words which ſtand at the head of this article, are one and the ſame thing.

More than forty years ago, a licentious female, endeavoured to ſupport this unfounded and degrading theory, by telling, and in my opinion fabricating a ſtory, which ſhe meant as an apology for her own conduct.

If this wretched woman could have proved that the nobleſt and moſt generous of all paſſions, was only brutal appetite, and that both ſexes, indiſcriminately, and without exception, acted upon mere animal impulſe, in their intercourſe with each other, ſhe would by this means have rendered the whole human ſpecies her aſſociates in vicious indulgence.

Her falſe and flagitious mode of arguing was eagerly encouraged by the weak, the wicked, and the ſenſual, who thought it a *glorious apology* for themſelves; but it was at the time, ſucceſsfully attacked: the following is her narrative.

"In a village near London, lived a ſurgeon of repute, whoſe family conſiſted only of himſelf, his wife, and daughter; within a few doors, an officer's widow reſided, with a little boy, her only child; profeſſional occaſions had firſt produced, and a ſimilarity of diſpoſitions, purſuits and amuſements, had ſtill kept up an intimacy between the parties. The children went to the ſame ſchool early in life, and as they grew up, a reciprocal attachment was formed, without any verbal declaration on their part, or its being at all noticed by their parents.

At the age of ſeventeen, the young man, by the intereſt of his friends, received an appointment on board a king's ſhip; viſiting his neighbours the day he quitted home to take leave of them; little was ſaid by the young people,

people, but their looks and manner of ſeparating, ſufficiently expreſſed what they felt.

Soon after the young ſailor's departure, an alteration was obſerved in the health and appearance of the young woman; ſhe loſt her ſpirits, her appetite, and ſleep; ſymptoms of a conſumption came on, and after various efforts for her relief, her complaints ended in madneſs, and ſhe was placed in a receptacle for patients of that deſcription, where ſhe remained ſix or ſeven years, apparently in a ſtate of irrecoverable inſenſibility, till the following incident awakened the attention of her unhappy family.

Her mother who viſited her moſt days, had on one occaſion carried a few ſweetmeats, but not being able to prevail on her daughter to taſte them, had left them on a table in her room; the paper in which they were wrapped, was afterwards found under her pillow, with the name of her former ſchool-mate, pricked with a pin on various parts.

Though the cauſe of her melancholy cannot have eſcaped the obſervation of my readers, it had not hitherto occurred to the unhappy father; but when this little incident was related to him, a ray of light burſt at once upon his mind; he ſaw his only child evidently precipitated into a ſtate, far more deplorable than death, by deſpairing love.

In this, as in other diſeaſes, it was hoped that when the cauſe was aſcertained, the remedy might eaſily be found; but the widow had for ſeveral years reſided in a remote county, in the north of England, and her ſon, the ſhip having been ordered to the Eaſt Indies, had not been ſeen or heard of, for three years. On further enquiry, the anxious parents underſtood, that he was ſoon expected to return; and it was determined to take no further ſtep, till that time.

"In a few weeks, the arrival of the ſhip was announced, and he repaired, ſoon after landing, to the village where he had paſſed the moſt pleaſant moments of his life; but heard before he reached the ſurgeon's, the melancholy news. Haſtening to the houſe of affliction; his viſit, ſo well-timed and unſolicited, his tender enquiries, his generous ſympathy and condolence, conſiderably diminiſhed the anxious apprehenſions of the unfortunate parents.

They informed him, without reſerve, of every minute particular reſpecting the young lady, when he profeſſed himſelf not only ready, but anxious, by every

every means in his power, to forward the recovery of a beautiful and amiable woman, whom he had always loved; inſiſted on ſeeing her, and as introductory preparation did not ſeem neceſſary, in a caſe where hope and fear were extinguiſhed, they conducted him to her cell.

"On opening the door, he ſtarted back with horror and ſurprize; the object he beheld was the remains of a form and a mind, which had once intereſted and pleaſed all who beheld it; of one, whom he had left in the bloom of health, animation and beauty; with roſes on her cheeks, ſenſibility and good ſenſe beaming from her eyes, the pride of her parents, the enlivener of all her aſſociates;——alas, how changed! her countenance pale, ſquallid and emaciated; her eyes, with fixed inſenſibility, rivetted to the ground; her hair diſhevelled, her dreſs neglected; ſhe was reclining on the floor, with her head reſting on one of her hands.

"The company not at all attracting her attention, the young man, ſuppreſſed as far as he was able, thoſe emotions which ſo ſad a reverſe naturally produced, and ventured to approach her.

"Gently preſſing the unoccupied hand, which lay on her ſide, ſhe turned her eyes on him, as if they paſſed over an empty ſpace, and immediately relapſed into torpid liſtleſſneſs; he then called her by name, when ſtrange to tell, at the ſound of that well-known voice, which had ſo often charmed her ear, her memory and faculties ſeem to be ſuddenly awakened; ſhe changed her attitude, and, after a recollective gaze on the object of her affections, in which fear, doubt, and joy were mingled, ſhe ſprung from the ground, burſt into tears, and ruſhed into his arms.

"A medical gentleman, who had been requeſted to attend, ſaw the tears with conſiderable ſatisfaction; they were the firſt ſhe had ſhed, during the whole of her indiſpoſition, and were thought favorable.

"The lovers were ſeparated for the preſent, but as her ſenſes gradually returned, his viſits were repeated, when it was obſerved, that ſhe was anxious to alter her dreſs; at the end of three months, being pronounced perfectly recovered, ſhe was married to the man of her heart.

"The happy father would not ſuffer them to quit his hoſpitable roof; and at the end of ten months, ſhe became the mother of a fine boy; it was during the interval of her confinement on this occaſion, that her huſband was ſuddenly called to the

the north, by the dangerous illneſs, and afterwards detained by the death of his mother.

"He was abſent ſix weeks, on various family concerns; but flying on the wings of affection to his wife and child, and travelling the laſt fifty miles in a night coach, he arrived ſoon after daybreak at the village where ſhe reſided; the ſervant at the moment of his approach was opening the windows of the houſe, in which they lived.

"In a tranſport of impatient delight, he hurried to the bedchamber of his wife, whom he found in bed, aſleep, and in the arms of her father's aſſiſtant.

"Struck with horror and aſtoniſhment, he had neither reſolution nor inclination to awake the guilty couple, but inſtantly quitted the houſe, to which he never returned."

Such are the circumſtances related by an infamous woman, who concludes with remarking, that purity is only a maſk to conceal vicious inclinations; that love is no more than a refined phraſe for luſt. Her narrative is improbable as a fact, and unnatural as a fiction; it is the fabrication of a proſtitute, who endeavours to confound pure and tender affection, with ſenſual appetite.

It is a baſe, but vain attempt to degrade man, and through him, his Maker; if we are once convinced that we are brutal by nature, we ſhall ſoon become ſo by habit; if we once believe that vicious indulgence is common to all, but concealed by the cunning and the prudent; the general faſhion will be to hide, rather than ſuppreſs wicked inclinations; to preach morality rather than to practice it.

But I appeal without heſitation, to the heads as well as the hearts of the majority of mankind; I confidently aſk them, if there is not a paſſion, which independent of reaſon, intereſt, and education, is tender, faithful, conſtant, and virtuous; as different from groſs ſenſuality, as the military gallantry of General Wolfe, from the mercenary ſelfiſhneſs of a commiſſion-broker; or the heroic ardor of Lord Nelſon, from the cautious prudence of a borough admiral, who knows no battles but thoſe of the bottle, and is better acquainted with cookery than fighting.

LUCRETIA, the wife of Collatinus, an eminent Roman, undeſignedly betrayed into violation and death, by the indiſcretion of her imprudent huſband, who

who not content with enjoying that firſt of bleſſings, a virtuous, beautiful, and amiable wife, publicly boaſted of her tranſcendent qualities during the feſtivity and licentiouſneſs of a camp.

Her ſtory, familiar to every ſchool-boy, and related with pathetic ſimplicity by Livy, has frequently been diſcuſſed by caſuiſts; I once heard her conduct warmly praiſed in a pulpit, yet it excited the ſurprize of the congregation to hear ſuicide, approved by a Chriſtian miniſter. By others, Lucretia has been condemned, becauſe ſhe appears to have valued chaſtity more than life, and reputation more than virtue; this ſeems to be the ſentiment of the following apoſtrophe, addreſſed to her by a modern poet;

Charior eſt vita pudor, at tibi fama pudore;
Diſplicuit crimen ſed mala fama magis;
Ut *videare* magis, deſiniſ *eſſe* proba.

Others have inſiſted, that as the mind did not conſent, the body was not diſhonored, and that after the adulterer was puniſhed, Lucretia might ſtill have continued to live with unſullied fame.

The following has been thought too ſevere on the Roman heroine;

In Lucretiam

Si tibi forte fuit Lucretia gratus adulter,
Immerito ex merita præmia cæde peris;
Sin potius caſto vis eſt allata pudori,
Quis furor eſt hoſtis crimine velle mori?
Fruſtra igitur laudem captas Lucretia, namque
Vel furioſa ruis, vel ſcelerata cadis.

In Engliſh.

If Tarquin's guilt, Lucretia, pleas'd thy ſoul,
How cou'd thy blood waſh out a ſtain ſo foul:
But if by downright force, the joy he had,
To die, to pleaſe a villain, proves thee mad;
Then be thy death no more the matron's pride;
You liv'd a ſtrumpet, or a fool you dy'd.

LUDLOW, EDMUND, a commander in the civil war which raged between Charles the firſt and his ſubjects, who contributed, by perſonal courage and active diligence, to the degradation and death of that unhappy prince.

General Ludlow appears to have poſſeſſed political integrity, and

and to have acted from a firm conviction of the king's unconſtitutional conduct; he conſidered a republican form of government as beſt calculated for promoting public virtue, as well as private happineſs. His opinions, I think, were erroneous, but if they were built on a ſuppoſition, that the bulk of mankind were actuated by the ſame public ſpirit which warmed his own boſom, it was a glorious, an honeſt miſtake.

After rendering effectual aſſiſtance towards the abolition of regal power, he boldly and conſiſtently oppoſed the ſelfiſh ambition of Cromwell, rejecting with ſcorn the ſplendid offers of that ſucceſsful uſurper, whoſe conduct can be defended on no other plea than ſelf-defence; he had created, in thoſe turbulent times, a hoſt of enemies, of all parties and all denominations, from whoſe open violence, or diſguiſed malice, nothing but the maſſy and oppreſſive ſhield of military deſpotiſm, was able to PROTECT him.

From ſuch men, and from ſuch meaſures, our ſtern republican retired to Vivay, in Switzerland: the houſe in which he lived is diſtinguiſhed by the following inſcription,

Omne ſolum forti patria;

which our Engliſh travellers, in their flight over the Alps, view with emotions of triumph, deteſtation, or indifference, according to the different impreſſions of prejudice and education.

Soon after the revolution of ſixteen hundred and eighty-eight, when the regal prerogatives were duly bounded, and the rights of the people aſcertained, Ludlow offered his ſervices to King William the third, which he readily accepted; but his intentions were defeated by the hatred of ſome of his perſonal enemies in parliament, abetted by a party which, during a great part of that reign, concealed their hatred of a free government, under the ſpecious maſk of public ſpirit, and patriotic jealouſy of a prince, who, no doubt, with *mixed motives*, was eſſentially inſtrumental in preſerving our civil and religious liberties.

A modern hiſtorian aſſerts, that the outcry raiſed againſt the pardon and return of Ludlow, originated from Sir Edward Seymour, whoſe manſion and demeſne at Maiden Bradley, had been the general's property: the wits obſerved, that Sir Edward had two reaſons for ſo actively engaging againſt Ludlow, his crime and his eſtate.

LUD-

LUDWIG, JOHN, a Saxon peaſant, born at Codaude, a village near Dreſden, of odious aſpect and ſavage manners.

Having, with great difficulty, been taught to read and write at the pariſh ſchool, he was, after many ineffectual efforts and ſevere floggings, pronounced too ſtupid for arithmetic, and diſmiſſed with diſgrace, to cow-keeping and ruſtic drudgery.

From this time, to the age of twenty, he neither touched a pen nor peruſed a book, but aſſociating with women of infamous character, and abandoning himſelf to vicious exceſs, forgot the little he had acquired; by theſe means his health was impaired, and his apparent natural ſtupidity increaſed.

At this period of his life, being an accidental witneſs to a diſpute between two farmers, at a country wake, concerning a matter on which he thought himſelf able to communicate information, he officiouſly gave his opinion.

It has been ſaid, that whatever a man clearly conceives, he can properly expreſs; yet Ludwig, although he ſaw the perſons he had interrupted were wrong, felt confuſed, and, being unable to deliver his ſentiments in a ſatisfactory or intelligible manner, he was laughed at and abuſed as an impertinent fool.

He who had for years perſevered in a courſe of brutal profligacy, who had reſiſted parental intreaty, the rod of the pedant, and the admonitions of the pulpit, could not bear the keen ſarcaſm of ridicule, and the cutting reproaches of contempt.

Quitting a ſcene of merriment and intemperate pleaſure, to minds like his, an almoſt irreſiſtible temptation, he retired to his cottage, and paſſed a ſolitary, a ſleepleſs night, in the anguiſh of bitter repentance.

The trying interval was productive of ſalutary reſolutions; he inſtantly forſook the degrading ſociety to which he had devoted himſelf, and commenced a new occupation, the ſelling vegetables from door to door, for the ſake of avoiding his old aſſociates.

He purchaſed a bible with the firſt money he could ſave, and applied every moment he could ſpare to the recovery of reading and writing. His application was ſuch, that during the following ſevere winter, which confined him almoſt wholly to his cottage, he read through the ſcriptures five times, and filled three quires and a half of paper with referential notes and text, quoted

quoted in the margin of his bible.

This reformation being obſerved, he was appointed, as is the cuſtom of Saxony, to receive the exciſe for a little diſtrict, which adding three crowns a year to his income, enabled him to purchaſe a few books, the want of which, had hitherto been an obſtacle to improvement.

It was in conſequence of this little appointment in gathering the revenue, that the deſirable alteration in his conduct was firſt noticed by Mr. Hoffman, a commiſſary, from whoſe account I relate the circumſtance. In his abject ſtate of ſenſuality, he had been occaſionally employed in menial ſervices by this gentleman, who ſaw with pleaſure the change, encouraged him to perſevere, and gave him books.

With theſe, and other helps, he made himſelf maſter of arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, geometry, and trigonometry; and frequently gratified the little pride of his heart, or his reſentment, on a Sunday morning, by putting puzzling queſtions to his former maſter, whom he had ſcorned to conſult, from the remembrance of his ſeverity and ſtripes.

When Mr. Hoffman next viſited the village, he was highly intereſted and gratified, by the moral and intellectual improvements of Ludwig: on entering his cottage, a ruinous hovel, it preſented a ſingular ſpectacle; the walls, which had been almoſt black with ſmoke, were covered with propoſitions and anagrams, written in chalk; the ſhelves, bench, and table, were occupied by a ſtrange mixture of domeſtic utenſils, and mathematical and other inſtruments, of ſingular but ingenious workmanſhip; having been obliged, from the ſtate of his finances, to have recourſe to his own mechanical contrivance, for theſe helps.

The commiſſary was ſo much pleaſed with his converſation, that he invited him to his houſe at Dreſden; and ſoon after, wiſhing to purchaſe a few books, the peaſant repaired to that city.

With fear and trepidation he knocked at Mr. Hoffman's door, and the ſervant, on ſeeing one, whom, from his dreſs, he thought a ploughman, was on the point of not admitting him, as a party of gentlemen, of learning and diſtinction, were expected to dinner; but his maſter accidentally paſſing, immediately recognized the reformed mathematican of Codaude, and kindly welcomed him.

After dreſſing him in a ſuit of his own clothes, he introduced him to the company, with whom he

he paſſed the day. Ludwig was remarked for the propriety of his behaviour, joining in the various topics of converſation, and communicating much uſeful information on ſubjects of mechaniſm, calculation, and agriculture.

Before the party ſeparated, Mr. Hoffman explained to his viſitors the ſingular circumſtances of the peaſant's caſe; they made a handſome collection, and promiſed to provide for him, if he choſe to remove to Dreſden.

He thankfully declined their offers, declaring, that the money in his pocket would make him the happieſt man in Saxony; it would ſerve to repair his habitation, procure a few neceſſary books and inſtruments, and enable him to paſs his life in a way, of all others, he preferred.

The ſubject of this article, is a ſtriking example, and an impreſſive proof, that the mental and moral faculties may be effectually rouzed to exertion, by incitements and modes eaſily practiſed and applied, by judgement and dexterity, when the rod and invective of a ferocious pedant have been exerciſed in vain: they only exaſperate rebellious paſſions, and produce inveterate ſtupidity.

Of the merits or the defects of David Williams as a religious teacher, or a modern hiſtorian, I am not qualified to ſpeak, though a ranting declaimer tells me, his plans are politically injurious, and practically inexpedient; but on the important ſubject of education, Mr. Williams writes like a philoſopher and a man of deep penetration, well acquainted with the human heart.

He has *publiſhed* on the ſubject; if he could prevail on himſelf to reviſe his papers and *read* a public courſe of lectures, with inferences from, and applications to, active life, it would be rendering an important ſervice to mankind, by enabling parents to ſuperintend and direct the education of their children themſelves; the price of admiſſion ſhould be moderate, the language and ſuggeſtions ſhould be calculated to all ranks, and the buſineſs of religion left entirely to private opinion.

LYTTLETON, Lord, ſon of the venerable and illuſtrious author of the Hiſtory of Henry the ſecond.

This unhappy young man was remarkable for an early diſplay, and a flagitious proſtitution of great abilities. That he would not only be a libertine, but a libertine deſtroyed, was a declaration prophetic of his fate, which he is ſaid, on good authority, to have

have uttered with an oath, when only twelve years of age. Yet, with all his vices, and a total abſence of moral principle, he attained no ſmall conſequence as a parliamentary ſpeaker, and without application on his part, was appointed chief juſtice in eyre, a ſinecure which his father, a man of dignified ſentiment and excellent qualities, both of head and heart, could never procure.

This illuſtrious wanderer from the paths of propriety and virtue, united with ſhameleſs profligacy, and a front which no bluſh had ever diſconcerted, a weakneſs not often to be found in minds enlightened by education and a knowledge of the world: he believed that apparitions or ghoſts occaſionally viſited the earth, and would frequently ring his bell with violence at midnight, for the ſervants, who, on entering his apartment, generally found him ſitting in bed, in a cold ſweat, with a countenance evincing every ſymptom of terror and diſmay.

Theſe viſitations of a guilty conſcience, or a diſordered imagination, were probably produced, or ſometimes aggravated by intoxication; and he would oblige one or more of his domeſtics to ſit with him for the remainder of the night.

The man who has paſſed a life of ſin and enormity, needs not, I believe, be haunted by any ſpirit more terrific than the ſtinging reflection of crimes unrepented, time mis-ſpent, and talents uncultivated; in the deſpair of a loſt heaven, and the horrors of a hell which awaits him, he may be ſaid to meet the ghoſts of his departed days, a numerous train, who frown like furies.

I hope for the honor of human nature, that many anecdotes related of him, and many declarations attributed to him, had no other foundation than that kind of bravado, which drunkenneſs and iniquitous vanity too often produce: many of them I am perſuaded, deduce their origin from one of his well-known aſſociates, *of cœrulean countenance*, and infamous life. Yet, if all be a fiction, they are ſuch fictions as would only be conceived in, and applied to, the laſt and moſt execrable ſtate of human depravity.

The death of Lord Lyttleton, who I wiſh had never been born, was haſtened by over heating himſelf in running or walking for a wager, and incautiouſly drinking after it; yet his preternatural prepoſſeſſions followed him to the laſt; in his laſt illneſs, he perſiſted that the curtain, drawn back by an inviſible hand, opened at the foot of his bed, and

and preſented to his ſight a fluttering dove; this conviction, produced by a diſturbed mind, delirium, or a dream, no argument or mode of demonſtrating his miſtake could ever remove.

A collection of letters were publiſhed ſoon after his death, *ſuppoſed* to be written by him, which I read with great pleaſure. This production of Mr. Combe, the eccentric author of the Diaboliad, is ſaid, by good judges, to contain letters, on the ſcore of compoſition, ſentiment, and language, exactly ſuch as Lord Lyttleton *would* have written; it is a ſort of epiſtolary portrait, a picture of his mind, a ſtrong likeneſs, and the work of an able hand.

"My inſenſibility to reputation," ſays this writer, perſonifying my lord, "is not ſo great as you would believe, for the heart of a bad man, with all his boaſting, cannot be at eaſe, when he pretends to deſpiſe the opinion of mankind. Depend on it, he is a hypocrite twelve hours out of the four and twenty, and hypocriſy is the homage which vice pays to virtue.

"I acknowledge that I have endeavoured to turn my back on the good opinion of the world, and that I have ſometimes accompliſhed the buſineſs without confuſion of face, but never without confuſion of heart. An inſtance highly mortifying to me, very lately preſented itſelf.

"At a numerous public meeting in the county, where my father lives, where his property and influence are conſiderable, and his name reſpected, I was not only deſerted but avoided. I found myſelf alone in the crowd, and what was ſtill worſe, alone out of the crowd: I paſſed the remainder of the day without company, and two or three ſuch evenings, would either have driven me to deſpair, or have reformed me. I flew from ſolitude, which *muſt* have produced conviction, to diſſipation, company, riot, and intemperance.

"Vice, be it what it may, will ſtill find ſome one or other to flatter it. There are aſſemblies of people, where, when public and honorable ſociety has hiſſed you from the ſtage, you may find not only reception but applauſe. Where you meet with every art to huſh the pains of reflection, and to keep out the intruſions of conſcience: this, indeed, is an evil, but I ſee not how it can be remedied, till you perſuade young men that praiſe and approbation are only valuable in proportion to the real merits of thoſe who beſtow them."

The following invective, I think, every man cannot but agree

agree with, who has in his time been ſubject to the ſcurrilities of goſſips and fools, who catch at every opportunity of dwelling on the miſconduct of perſons who *have* ſome character, and whoſe ſuperior endowments they at once hate and fear.

"My relation then turns up his eyes, and ſhrugs his ſhoulders when my name is mentioned—this indeed is a ſtinging mortification, and proves how very inſignificant I muſt be, to be openly deſpiſed by inſignificance. How loud muſt the hiſs of the world be, when ſuch a puny whipſter inſults me.

"If honorable men were to ſpeak of me with contempt, I would ſubmit without reſentment, for I have deſerved it; if they ſhould pity me, I would thank them, for indeed it is more than I merit; if mankind deſpiſe, I have only to reſiſt, or fly from their contempt; but to be an object of ſupercilious airs, from one who, two years ago, would have wiped the duſt from my ſhoes, and perhaps two years hence, will be proud of the ſame office, a puny pratler, who does not poſſeſs a ſufficient degree of talent or importance to give dignity either to virtue or crime—to be the butt of ſuch a one, ſeverely mortifies me.

"Were I on the other ſide of the water, his back-biting looks and ſhrugs ſhould be changed in a moment to well made bows, and ſuppliant poſtures. If I live, the ſcurvy knave ſhall do me homage; his ſubſervient attentions ſhall give the lie to the inſolence of his humbling compaſſion. The day of my revenge will come, when he ſhall open his mouth for me to ſpit in it, as he was wont to do, and perform every trick of a paraſite; his genius is to fetch and carry, a very ſpaniel, made to fawn and eat your leavings."

Speaking of a beautiful woman, he ſays, "She is capable of making the bad, good, the inconſtant, ſtable, and the giddy, wiſe."

The following is ſo applicable to the crying evil of the preſent times, and to the circumſtances and ſituation of two-thirds of our young men, that I think it cannot meet the public eye too often.

"Miſerable is the man who has nothing to do, for the human intellect, like nature, abhors a *vacuum*, and will embrace any thing, however criminal or trivial, rather than be without an object. Had I kept my ſeat in parliament, moſt of the unpleaſant predicaments in which I am

involved, would have been avoided: I ſhould have had employment, my paſſions would have been incited by proper animating objects, and my vanity ſufficiently ſatisfied.

"You know me well enough to be convinced, that, to fix *my* attention, there muſt be ſomething which inſpires deſire, rouſes activity, keeps hope on the ſtretch, and has a degree of high colouring about it; power and popularity are of this kind, and I am convinced they would have kept under the baſer paſſions. As I am deſtined to be the ſlave of headſtrong purſuits, my ſlavery would have been of a more honorable kind; but, loſing a ſituation ſo ſuitable to me, I yielded myſelf a victim to diſſolute manners.

"I do not mean to write diſreſpectfully of my father, but he was very ignorant of mankind; though an able writer, he was almoſt childiſh in his management of domeſtic parental concerns; he wanted that neceſſary diſcernment which enables a father to read the character of his child; to watch its growing diſpoſitions, and gently mould them to his will.

"I have been ſacrificed to family vanity, and at a time when I was not ſenſible of it. There is a good deal of difference between a good man and a good father; I have known bad men who excelled my father as much in parental care, as he was ſuperior to them in real virtue. Being the only boy, and only hope of the family, and taught, almoſt before I could underſtand it, that I had an hereditary right to genius, talents, and virtue, my earlieſt prattle was the ſubject of continual admiration. As I increaſed in years, I was encouraged in boldneſs, which partial fancy called manly confidence; while ſallies of impertinent audacity, for which I ought to have been ſcourged, were fondly conſidered as marks of an aſtoniſhing pre-maturity of abilities.

"My diſpoſitions demanded preſſure and reſtraint in no common degree, but my relations ſpoilt me in the hot-bed of flattery, for ſuch was every company where I was introduced. The late Lord Bath, Mrs. Montague, and many others, joined in the family incenſe, and contributed to my ruin. Thus nurſed, I was able at any time to raiſe the laugh againſt my father or my uncle.

"After travelling, without controul in point of expence, and gratifying every exceſs and every paſſion; at my return, becauſe I made a flowery ſpeech in parliament, I was received at home

home with a warmth, delight, and triumph, which was due to virtue alone.

"To give ſolidity to my character, and to correct youthful inexperience, a rich and amiable young lady was choſen for my wife. I confeſs ſhe was handſome, and had many good qualities, but *was cold as an anchorite*, and though formed to be the beſt wife in the world to a good huſband, was by no means calculated to reclaim a bad one."

In another letter, which he is ſuppoſed to write on receiving intelligence of his father's death, thoſe who recollect him muſt be ſtruck with the following:

"I awoke, and behold I was a lord; from infernal dreams and an uneaſy pillow, from inſignificance and deſertion, to a peerage, and a good eſtate. The carriage of thoſe about me is already altered, and I ſhall now have it in my power to look down on thoſe who have pretended to diſdain me; my coronet ſhall glitter ſcorn at them, and inſult their low ſouls to the extreme of mortification. I have received a letter from that dirty paraſite ———, full of condolence and congratulation, with a my lord, in every line. I will make that raſcal lick the duſt, and when he has flattered me till his tongue is parched with lies, I will upbraid him with his meanneſs and duplicity, and turn my back on him for ever.

"May eternal ignominy overtake me if I have not ample revenge on him, and a ſcore or two more of reptiles of the ſame character; I will make the tendereſt vein in their hearts ache with my reproach.

"I have now full ſcope for exertion in the line of political duty, and I hope this will ſnatch me from thoſe Circæan draughts, and other miſerable purſuits, which of late have been my only reſource. But you muſt not expect an inſtant converſion; the æra of miracles is paſſed, beſides, the world would ſuſpect its ſincerity. It is true, I am ſinner ſufficient to call down the interpoſition of Heaven, but the preſent age has no claim to ſuch cœleſtial notices."

The following ſtory occurs in the ſame book, and excited *wonder* at the time.

"It was in the early part of our friend's life, that he attended a hunting club at their ſport, when a ſtranger of genteel appearance, and well mounted, joined the chace. He was obſerved to ride with a degree of courage and addreſs, that attracted

tracted the notice of all; the hounds could never eſcape him, and the huntſman was outſtripped during the whole of the day.

At the concluſion of the ſport, the ſtranger was invited to dinner, when he aſtoniſhed the company by the powers of his converſation, and the elegance of his manners. Whatever was the topic, whether in art or in ſcience, in poetry, muſic, or in painting, he was ſure to ſay the beſt thing, and make the moſt acute obſervation: ſuch was the magic of his diſcourſe, that it kept the drowſy ſportſmen awake, long after their uſual hour.

But wearied nature could be charmed no longer, and the company began to ſteal away; on his obſerving the ſociety diminiſh, he diſcovered ſigns of uneaſineſs, and endeavoured, by freſh fallies of wit, to detain the remaining few. This had ſome little effect, but the period could not be long delayed when he was conducted to his chamber; the company retired alſo.

"They had ſcarce cloſed their eyes, when the houſe was alarmed by the moſt terrible ſhrieks that ever were heard. Several perſons were awakened by the noiſe, but its continuance being ſhort, they concluded that it proceeded from a dog accidentally confined in ſome part of the houſe: they therefore again compoſed themſelves to ſleep, but were ſoon awakened by ſhrieks and cries ſtill more terrible than the former.

Alarmed at what they heard, ſeveral of them rang their bells, and were told that the horrid ſounds proceeded from the ſtranger's chamber. Some of the gentlemen aroſe, to enquire into the cauſe of this extraordinary diſturbance; while they were dreſſing themſelves, deeper groans of deſpair, and ſhriller ſhrieks of agony, again aſtoniſhed and terrified them. After knocking ſome time at his chamber door, the ſtranger anſwered them as one rouſed from ſleep; declared he had heard no noiſe, and, in an angry tone of voice, deſired he might not be again diſturbed.

"They returned to one of their chambers, and had ſcarce communicated each others ſentiments, before their converſation was interrupted by a renewal of yells, ſcreams, and outcries, which ſeemed to iſſue from the throats of damned and tortured ſpirits. Following the ſound, they traced it to the chamber of their extraordinary gueſt, and inſtantly burſt open the door; they found him on his knees in bed,

bed, in the act of ſcourging himſelf with unrelenting ſeverity, while his body ſtreamed with blood.

"On their ſeizing his hand to ſtop the ſtrokes, he begged them to retire, aſſuring them, that the cauſe of their diſturbance was over, and that in the morning he would give them ſatisfactory reaſons for what they ſaw: after a repetition of his entreaties, they retired.

"In the morning, ſome of the gentlemen repairing to his chamber, found that he was gone, and enquiring of the groom, he ſaid, that as ſoon as it was light, the ſtranger came to the ſtable, deſired that his horſe might be immediately ſaddled, and appeared extremely impatient till it was done, when he inſtantly mounted, rode out of the yard, and has neither been ſeen nor heard of ſince."

MACHIAVEL AND MIRABEAU, a dialogue between, in the ſhades; written at a period when the ſucceſs of France was thought doubtful; by a rapid, an ingenious writer, in whoſe opinion I muſt be content to be ſet down as a *half-way politician*, comforting myſelf in the mean time with reflecting, that in politics, as well as religion, expediency and ſafety are far preferable to the brilliant idea of *making clear work*.

The ſlow, but ſure-footed mule, who cautiouſly picks his way, ſometimes arrives at the end of his journey, ſooner than the high mettled courſer, who, prancing and curvetting, boldly leaps over rocks and precipices on the road, with conſiderable hazard of his own bones, and the neck of his undaunted rider. But I am wandering from the dialogue in queſtion.

MACHIAVEL—MIRABEAU.

Mirabeau. Machiavel, where will the preſent war terminate?

Machiavel. In making work for mapſellers and geographers.

Mirabeau. Poland to be ſure has nearly vaniſhed.

Machiavel. And Bavaria may be coloured like Auſtria.

Mirabeau. What will be the fate of France?

Machiavel. Great Britain has two objects; to ſeize a good part of your colonial territories, and to limit your European acquiſitions. In her opinion you have already too much ſea coaſt, without thoſe dangerous additions, the marine provinces of Flanders and Holland. Dunkirk ſhe wiſhes to become the emperor's, and to make over Corſica at ſome future period, to the King of Sardinia.

Mira-

Mirabeau. Then you would leave France in poſſeſſion of Savoy and Nice?

Machiavel. Yes, and give Piedmont to the emperor; on this unerring principle, that the more numerous the points of contact between the imperial and republican territories, the more certain and the more permanent will be the cauſes of reciprocal hoſtility. The poſt of being public watchman for Europe, and a conſtant counterpoiſe to France, is too coſtly for England always to bear, eſpecially, as *muſt* be the caſe, when the preſent vaſt reſources of her commerce are diminiſhed.

Mirabeau. If the French republic is not to be diſmembered, why not recognize it?

Machiavel. Is it poſſible you can forget how dangerous a piece of knowledge it would be diffuſing, that a great nation can do without a king. Beſides the opportunity is ſo plauſible and excellent for partitions, which but for the ſucceſs of France, might have extended to the neutral powers. Denmark, for inſtance, is getting rich, and grants the liberty of the preſs. The contiguous Peninſula of Jutland, would be geographically convenient to Pruſſia.

Mirabeau. England caſts a longing eye on Iceland, and the iſland of St. Thomas.

Machiavel. Tranquebar and Norway muſt be given to Sweden for huſh money; and the conqueſt of Holland, generally conſidered as the ruin of Great Britain, will ſerve for a time to bolſter up Engliſh credit, by driving to London crowds of wealthy Dutchmen, with the Cape of Good Hope, Batavia, the Spice Iſlands, and half a ſcore of Eaſt India ſhips in their pockets; without theſe circumſtances, how could Mr. Pitt be correct in his deſcriptions of the riches and proſperity of the country.

Mirabeau. Spain in the meantime——

Machiavel. If ſhe can ſhake off her pride and ſuperſtition, muſt ſeize Domingo, and ſend an army to take poſſeſſion of Portugal.

Mirabeau. I ſhould like to ſee all this done.

Machiavel. Why ſo?

Mirabeau. The more extenſive an empire, the eaſier it is to eſtabliſh within it a free conſtitution. At Baſle, or Genoa, a few rich merchants, or half a dozen nobles, eaſily manage to concentrate in an oligarchy of leading families, the whole maſs of public patronage and power.

England

England is too ſmall for the will of individuals to be impotent againſt that of the people; but amidſt five and twenty millions, no one man avails much.

Machiavel. That is true, and all may at laſt terminate for the general good.

Mirabeau. Exhauſted finances, and armies ill paid, will at laſt leave ſovereigns at the diſcretion of their ſubjects.

Machiavel. Then for a repetition of the ſcenes at Paris.

Mirabeau. No; mankind warned by our example, will provide with equal caution againſt the tyrannic caprice of the mob, and the deſpotiſm of the monarch.

Machiavel. Two ſovereigns, I think, will eſcape revolutions the longeſt. Ruſſia, through the extreme ignorance of her people, and Auſtria, by the difficulty of their concerting. Community of ideas, through the medium of a common language, is the natural baſis and cement of political combination and improvement.

MAD DOG, bite of, a dreadful and deplorable calamity, for which human art affords no remedy, notwithſtanding the intereſted puffs of unprincipled quacks, and the mercenary declarations of empyrics, more regularly bred.

The indelible impreſſion which a number of accidents of this kind once made on my mind, when death, in its moſt horrible and terrifying form took place, in ſpite of every effort, and in every inſtance, will, I hope, excuſe my introducing ſuch an article in a work of this kind.

But truth cannot be too ſtrongly inculcated, nor repeated too often; and I think it of the higheſt importance, to impreſs and diffuſe a fact, which not a ſolitary inſtance has yet occurred to contradict, that THE BITE OF A MAD DOG IS INCURABLE.

Should any of my readers be ſo unfortunate, as to ſuffer this evil, which, from the ſhocking anticipation of furious madneſs, and violent death, is not to be paralleled in the long liſt of human calamities; I ſtrongly recommend a mode, which, after having repeatedly canvaſſed the ſubject with medical friends, I have myſelf firmly reſolved, in ſuch circumſtances, to purſue. It is, inſtantaneouſly, and without the delay of a ſecond, to take out the piece, which may eaſily be effected, as moſt men carry with them, for convenience, a keen-edged claſp knife. In this caſe, I would take care that the cut

ſhould

ſhould be ample and deep, without fear of impairing a limb, or wounding a blood veſſel; for what would we not endure, to avoid canine madneſs, fetters, and ſuffocation?

If this only effectual method has been neglected in the firſt ſtage of the buſineſs, half an hour's omiſſion renders it uſeleſs; and after proving, by minute enquiry, that the animal which inflicted the wound was clearly and inconteſtibly mad (to determine which, he ſhould be tied up, not ſhot, as is too often the cuſtom) recourſe may ſafely, and I think juſtifiably, be had to frequent and large doſes of opium, for the humane purpoſe of cloſing the eyes of an unhappy wretch in everlaſting ſleep; far more deſirable than expoſing him to the lacerating harrow of reſtleſs expectation, ſuperior, in moſt inſtances, to actual ſuffering; or reſerving him a ſad, a melancholy ſpectacle, for odious and ever ſucceſsleſs experiments, for cords, coercion, for weeping and gnaſhing of teeth.

MÆCENAS, the favorite miniſter, and confidential friend of Auguſtus, the patron of Propertius, of Virgil, and of Horace, whoſe praiſes have been re-echoed by the learned of all ages, and whoſe name has been transferred, by general conſent, to every munificent encourager of literature and ſcience.

That many of his faults have been ſuppreſſed, and ſome of his virtues conſiderably exaggerated, by the enthuſiaſtic warmth of gratitude and affection, paſt experience and preſent example, give us little reaſon to doubt; yet, after making every allowance for the high colouring of friendſhip and flattery, it cannot be denied, that the character of this eminent ſtateſman, has deſcended to poſterity in a highly favored point of view, and ſurrounded with conſiderable ſplendor.

Succeeding to the intimacy, and directing the councils of his maſter, during a domeſtic war, which raged with more then civil fury, and in which, as a military and naval commander, he took an active part, he conciliated, by his affability, the eſteem of contending parties, and reſtrained with admirable dexterity, the keen reſentments of Auguſtus, who, with all his apparent moderation and deep policy, was of a diſpoſition cruel and unrelenting.

Paſſing, by deſign or accident, a tribunal where the emperor preſided, Mæcenas obſerved with con-

concern, the agitation of his body, and the fury of his looks; his regret was conſiderably increaſed, on reading a long liſt of offenders condemned to immediate death.

Unable, from the diſtance and crowd to addreſs or approach Auguſtus, but impelled by humanity and ſound policy, to arreſt him in the impetuous career of irritation, he drew his tablets from his pocket, and writing on them, "*Deſine tandem Carnifex*"—Ceaſe, ceaſe, thy bloody work;" they were conveyed by the hands of the multitude, to the ſeat of the judge.

The emperor's eye was inſtantly caught by the well-known hand-writing of that friend, from whom he had received ſo many ſalutary and uſeful leſſons; by the magic influence of reaſon and reflection, his paſſions immediately ſubſided, he adjourned the court, and afterwards liſtened to the mild ſuggeſtions of mercy and forgiveneſs.

The miniſter who could venture on ſuch a ſtep, and at ſuch a time, muſt have poſſeſſed, and *have felt* that he poſſeſſed conſiderable influence; and the ſovereign, who ſubmitted to ſuch wholeſome reproof, not only without offence, but with gratitude, deſerves conſiderable praiſe.

Mæcenas has been cenſured for adviſing Auguſtus, contrary to the intreaties of Agrippa, for adviſing him to retain that abſolute power, and rivet thoſe chains which had been previouſly forged by the impoſing arts and martial genius of Julius.

Without wiſhing to derogate from the patriotic virtues of Agrippa, or ſuppoſing that Mæcenas was wholly uninfluenced by intereſted motives, I cannot but think, that the meaſures recommended by the miniſter, and purſued by his maſter, were beſt calculated for that deplorable ſtate of public ſpirit, and private virtue, to which the republic was reduced.

To adminiſter a government in which the democratic branch predominates, requires a union of moral rectitude and political ſagacity, a general diffuſion of wiſdom, virtue, and information, which, from the teſtimony of cotemporary hiſtorians, we have little reaſon to think exiſted at that unpropitious period.

A charge of a darker nature has been produced againſt the ſubject of our preſent article; that when he perceived Agrippa had excited the jealouſy of Auguſtus, he perſuaded the emperor to marry him at once to his daughter Julia, or to put him immediately to death.

In

In reply to a charge which would involve an eminent and celebrated character in the odium of an aſſaſſin, and in juſtice to the reputation of Mæcenas, it muſt be obſerved, that this accuſation is wholly inconſiſtent with the general tenor of his life and converſation; and that it is produced by a ſplenetic and invidious writer, remarkable for ſeizing every opportunity to deſcribe men and things in their moſt unfavourable colours.

I am very unwilling to think ill of a miniſter, who gave the following advice to his ſovereign, when he complained of the calumny of his enemies: "Give yourſelf no concern, if what they ſay againſt you be falſe; and, if true, think yourſelf obliged to any man who points out your errors, and immediately reform them."

As a courtier, he appears to have occaſionally adopted a laxity of principle and morality, which cannot be defended, but where is the man who can breathe court air *uninfected*; yet, his literary friends knew enough of his character, to ſpeak uſeful, and ſometimes unpleaſant truths, without fear or offence: the intercourſe of Mæcenas with his aſſociates, was rational, manly, and independent, creditable to the patron, and honorable to the perſons he favored with his notice and protection.

It is recorded among the ſingularities of Mæcenas, that he was fond of the fleſh of *young aſſes*, as an article of food; and that the prime miniſter's diet ſoon becoming faſhionable, and augmenting the conſumption, conſiderably raiſed the price.

Mæcenas was accuſed, by ſome of his cotemporaries, of affecting a quaintneſs and prettineſs in his manners and expreſſions; of being effeminate, and of limping in his walk. I can eaſily believe that a great man, ſurrounded by paraſites, might eaſily have his head turned by inceſſant adulation, but to enumerate among his faults that which clearly originated from a tender conſtitution and debilitated frame, is rather inhuman and ſevere. A man, whoſe corporal pains, and mental anxieties, often prevented his ſleeping more than an hour during a whole night, might, I ſhould think, have been left to *enjoy*, unenvied and unblamed, the conſequences and appearance of infirmity.

It is not uncommon with perſons of robuſt form, and ſtrong animal ſpirits, to ridicule or diſbelieve the ſickly tales of languor and dejection; what we have not felt ourſelves, we are unwilling

ling to give credit to in others, and it would be one of the evils of an uninterrupted courſe of health and proſperity, to render us obdurate and unfeeling towards the diſeaſes, the failings, and misfortunes of others.

An exclamation, honorable to the ſubject of our preſent article, and the ſenſibility of Auguſtus is ſaid to have burſt from the emperor in the anguiſh of domeſtic diſtreſs: "If Mæcenas and Agrippa had been living, theſe evils would never have taken place."

MAGLIABECHI, ANTONIO, a native of Florence, in the ſeventeenth century, remarkable for extenſive reading, and a memory unboundedly capacious and retentive, particularly on every ſubject relating to books, and their various editions.

His parents, from extreme indigence, were under the neceſſity of placing their ſon, when a boy, and ſcarcely able to ſpell, in the ſervice of a floriſt and ſeedſman, in the environs of his native city, and weeding in a garden was the original, and, for many years, the conſtant occupation of a man who afterwards raiſed himſelf to affluence and literary diſtinction, and was appointed librarian to Coſmo the third, Grand Duke of Tuſcany.

The efforts of induſtry and perſeverance being generally found to riſe, in proportion to the obſtacles they have to ſurmount, Magliabechi employed the few intervals he could ſnatch from a ſervile employment, and from repoſe, in learning to read and write; the firſt opportunity, for attaining them was afforded by the waſte paper in which his maſter's ſeeds were wrapped, and ſent to market.

His ſingular and unceaſing application to reading, gradually attracted notice; he was taken into a bookſeller's ſhop as an errand-boy, and, a few months after, his maſter being queſtioned concerning him, replied, "Anthony is a good lad, but, if he can help it, will never ſell or carry home a book till he has read it through."

By dint of intenſe application, he made himſelf maſter of the learned languages, and in leſs than three years, complained that he had read through his maſter's ſhop; having peruſed with avidity every book that preſented itſelf, without choice or diſcrimination, for the moſt part he could remember and repeat, word for word, their contents.

This circumſtance was ſuſpected of being ſtrongly exaggerated, like many others which depart from the ordinary courſe of

of things; to aſcertain the fact, and try the ſtrength of our young Florentine's memory, a neighbouring gentleman lent him a manuſcript, which was ſhortly to be printed; after a peruſal, it was returned to the author, who called ſome time after on Magliabechi, and, with a long face, told him a melancholy ſtory, of having loſt what he had lately lent him: "Be not diſturbed," he replied, "call on me to-morrow, and perhaps we may recover the loſt ſheep." He immediately retired to his chamber, and the next day produced an accurate copy of what he had read, without miſſing a ſingle word, or even varying the method of ſpelling.

Improved by ſtudy, and the aſſiſtance of literary friends, his fame was ſpeedily diffuſed, and reached the ears of his ſovereign, who placed him in a ſituation where his extraordinary powers were uſefully exerted.

His reputation was not confined to Italy, learned men in different parts of the world, conſulted him when they propoſed publiſhing, and on ſuch occaſions, he would ſend them, a liſt of the books that had been written, or that it would be neceſſary to have recourſe to, on the ſubject they had undertaken, with a critical account of the different authors.

He would, at the ſame time, enumerate the particular pages where the moſt intereſting paſſages occurred, and if any of the books were valuable or ſcarce, he named the library, or the perſons name who poſſeſſed them. If in a place he had viſited, at any period of his life, he made a point of deſcribing the part of the room, the ſhelf, the number of the book, and condition of its binding, as well as any other circumſtance of type or editorſhip, peculiar to that edition.

To an Abbé, who once aſked his aſſiſtance in compoſing the panegyric of a ſaint, far back in the Roman calendar, he replied, "You are rather unlucky in the choice of your ſubject; for there is but one book in Europe that can help you, which is in a pile of manuſcripts in the library of the Eſcurial, and the only part of it worth reading is ſo diſfigured by age and dampneſs, that it is ſcarcely legible." The beſtower of praiſe retired, reſolving to dip his pen in the popular and eaſy colors of embelliſhment, rather than travel or write to Spain, in a laborious ſearch for matter of fact.

Magliabechi conſidered books and literature as the great, the only buſineſs of his life; and is deſcribed, by a traveller who viſited

ſited him, as civil and obliging in his manners, excepting a ſatirical ſmile generally predominating in his countenance, which gave an air of contempt, and affectation of ſuperiority, to whatever he ſaid.

His dreſs was ſlovenly, his appearance uncouth, and his addreſs embarraſſed; hard boiled eggs and water, being attended with little trouble in preparing, were his principal diet; he was generally found lolling in a ſort of wooden cradle, fixed in the middle of his ſtudy, ſurrounded by a confuſed heap of books on the floor, and a friendly ſociety of ſpiders, with their cobwebs.

From this poſture he did not always think the entrance of a ſtranger a ſufficient reaſon for raiſing himſelf; but if any point was propoſed, difficult to unravel, that intereſted his curioſity, or promiſed to add to his ſtock of knowledge, his attention was ſuddenly rouſed, and he was wonderfully alert in ſeeking for and pointing out the proper books, but frequently exclaimed to his viſiters, in the midſt of a learned converſation, "Don't hurt my ſpiders," a claſs of inſects for which he had a peculiar veneration, but mops and brooms were never ſuffered to be uſed in his apartments, but by ſtealth.

Notwithſtanding his ſedentary life, he lived to the age of eighty-one, leaving a large and curious collection of books for the uſe of the public, with a fund to maintain a librarian, and an annual allowance to the poor.

Magliabechi is one of the many proofs, that mere ſcholarſhip, without an active exertion of the ſocial affections, degenerates into that auſtere, ſolitary pride, which, wrapt in contemplation of paſt ages and other times, ſhuts its eyes againſt the preſent ſcene, and frequently abſorbs the whole man in a ſavage unconcern for his fellow creatures.

MALAGRIDA, GABRIEL, a native of Milan, and a Jeſuit, in the latter part of the ſeventeenth century.

During the greateſt part of his life, he had been a miſſionary in South America, where he conducted himſelf with orthodox zeal, and exemplary propriety; but, in the decline of life, forgetting his Chriſtian profeſſion, and proſtituting the ſacred nature of his office, he was accuſed of engaging in a conſpiracy with the Duke of Aveiro, and other noblemen, and of pronouncing abſolution on certain aſſaſſins, previous to their nefarious attempt on the life of the king of Portugal in 1757.

For this union of ſacrilege and homicide, for this worſt ſpecies of

of treaſon, murder, and fanaticiſm, he had almoſt eſcaped puniſhment, ſo powerful at that period, and at Liſbon, was the influence of the church.

During a long confinement, and in the imbecility of dotage, vanity, or madneſs, Malagrida having awakened the reſentments of the Inquiſition, by hereſy, in a moment drew down on his devoted head, the thunders of the holy office.

He publiſhed a book, which he called "The heroic and wonderful life of the glorious St. Anne, mother of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, dictated by the ſame ſovereign lady, and written with the aſſiſtance, approbation, and concurrence of her moſt holy Son.

In this curious production, he boldly and unequivocally laid claim to divine inſpiration, and cœleſtial intercourſe; he alſo was author of another heterodox Latin treatiſe, on the life and reign of Antichriſt.

The wretched and infatuated man, being queſtioned on the ſubject of theſe publications, far from denying what had been alledged againſt him, pertinaciouſly adhered to the aſſertions in his book, and after repeating a great deal of nonſenſical prophane jargon, concerning the ſubject of his hiſtory, *previous to her birth*, which it would be neither intereſting nor decent to relate, he ſolemnly declared, that the Almighty had repeatedly ſpoken to him with an audible and diſtinct voice.

A reader of common curioſity, who ſhould enquire for what purpoſe the Creator of the univerſe had departed from his cuſtomary mode of proceeding, would hear, with a ſmile or a ſigh, that it was to inform a pupil of St. Ignatius, that the name of St. Anne's huſband, was Joachim, by trade, a maſon; that ſhe founded a ſpiritual retreat in Jeruſalem, for ſixty-three women, of a retired life; that the building in which they lived, was erected by angels; that from this female ſociety, Nicodemus, St. Matthew, and Joſeph of Arimathea, had choſen each of them a wife; that the body of Chriſt was formed from a ſingle drop of blood from the Virgin Mary's heart, &c. &c.

It was in vain that Malagrida was told of the abſurdity, impiety, and indecency of what he ſaid; of the improbability of God's immediately interfering, for purpoſes ſo trifling, ſo inconſiſtent with his attributes and power.

The Jeſuit remained firm and un-

unmoved, boldly appealing to miracles he had wrought, in confirmation of the truth of his aſſertions, and poſitively declaring, that he had delivered many perſons from ſickneſs and danger, and that he had *procured heirs* for others.

He further informed the tribunal before whom he was examined, that having been applied to on a certain time, for his prayers, in order to ſecure the ſucceſſion of a noble family, they had promiſed ſix hundred milreis for our lady of the miſſions; and that when by virtue of his ſupplications to heaven, the deſired heir had been obtained, the parents would pay only two hundred.

He proceeded to inform the court, that in conſequence of this non-performance of the agreement, the child in queſtion was ſeized with ſudden ſickneſs, and in danger of dying, but that the ſame perſons again applying to him and paying the four hundred milreis, which had been promiſed, his prayers were repeated, and the infant immediately reſtored to perfect health.

Conſiderable pains were taken with the criminal, to prevail on him to recant and purge himſelf of the unmeaning and abominable hereſies contained in his books; the holy office was unwilling to proceed to extremities with an active and ſucceſsful miſſionary, who had on many occaſions proved himſelf a faithful and humble ſon of the church.

Argument and intreaty proving ineffectual, he was ſentenced to be burnt alive, but as a mark of mercy it was directed that he ſhould previouſly be ſtrangled; the following label being affixed to the offender as he was conducted to the place of execution.

ABANDONED IN THE FLESH.

Gabriel Malagrida, native of Milan, for feigned revelations and falſe prophecies, for lewd actions and heretical opinions, and for aſſerting, that the three perſons of the Trinity were father, ſon, and grandſon.

For various impoſtures, duplicity, prevarication, impenitence, and hardneſs of heart.

Such was Malagrida, who, if ſuffering death in ſupport of what he avowed, be any proof of its truth, afforded this teſt in its ampleſt and moſt unequivocal manner; he died indeed a martyr; but it was the martyrdom of a madman, who, inſtead of being put to death, ſhould have paſſed the remainder of his life in the cells of a mad-houſe.

It is worthy of remark, that his pro-

pronouncing abſolution on the Portugueze aſſaſſins, previous to their attempting to murder the king, is wholly unnoticed in the ſentence.

By a ſingular fatality, the name of this wrong-headed zealot has been applied by a malignant writer, notorious for the fabrication of unfounded libels, to a meritorious character of the preſent day, of exalted rank, and great political ſagacity, who hath more than once, filled with credit and ſatisfaction, the higheſt offices of the ſtate.

Although it hath been my error, or my misfortune, to differ in opinion with this noble lord, I eagerly embrace this opportunity of entering my proteſt againſt ſo prepoſterous a miſapplication; and, party politics wholly out of the queſtion, I ſincerely wiſh that more of our patricians would imitate his correct conduct; the foundations of a well-poiſed ariſtocracy would in that caſe be laid on the immoveable baſis of intellectual ſuperiority and perſonal worth, much evil and much diſſatisfaction would be ſpared; non gens doleret preſſa, rerum et candidior remearet ordo.

MANDEVILLE, BERNARD, an Engliſh phyſician patroniſed by the firſt Earl of Macclesfield, and author of the Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits, a book, which ſeeming to defend immorality, naturally excited conſiderable clamor.

The principle of Mandeville is, that in all ages great, commercial, populous and wealthy kingdoms, have, without a ſingle exception been corrupt and licentious; that wealth produces luxury, luxury vice, and vice miſery; the laſt point Mandeville, conſcious that his own life was very far from being correct, did not inculcate with ſufficient earneſtneſs, and preciſion; he perhaps thought it inconſiſtent for an indulger in groſs ſenſuality, to inforce arguments againſt himſelf.

It is nevertheleſs poſſible to be luxurious without being wicked, for without luxury, which is an indulgence of artificial wants, there can be no national greatneſs.

The peaſant quaffing his milk from a maple bowl or an earthen cup, and eating his frugal fare on a trencher, returns to his labor with contentment. The London merchant, muſt have the bowels of the earth explored, to furniſh him with a ſervice of plate, or he cannot enjoy his dinner. The ſimple meal of the firſt is all that can be afforded, in the infant ſtate of a country, which

which at firſt is only inhabited by cultivators; the ſplendid entertainments of the ſecond, are exactly calculated for a wealthy kingdom like Great Britain, which muſt have a population equal to its defence, and a regular employment for that population.

The miſtake of Mandeville and other writers is, that they do not draw a line between thoſe artificial wants which may be ſafely and innocently gratified, and thoſe which cannot.

Dr. Mandeville was one of that claſs of writers, who catching at odd ſubjects, are ſometimes as much indebted to the peculiarity of their topic, as the merit of their works. In his Virgin Unmaſked, he cenſures, and ſomewhat coarſely, the arts to excite deſire and get huſbands, frequently practiſed by women who wiſh to be conſidered as virtuous and modeſt; and in his Defence of public ſtews, he inſiſts that it is neceſſary for a certain part of the common ſtock of chaſtity to be ſacrificed, in order to preſerve the remainder; a poſition, ſtrongly corroborated by the ſcenes occaſionally exhibited at Portſmouth, Plymouth, and other ſea-ports.

In his attack on charitable foundations, and the motives which produce them, he treats Dr. Ratcliffe and his immenſe teſtamentary bequeſts, with conſiderable acrimony and acuteneſs; it was his cuſtom to call the excellent and reſpectable Mr. Addiſon, a parſon in a tye wig; having on a certain occaſion offended a clergyman, by the groſſneſs and indecorum of his language, the latter told him, that his name beſpoke his character, Man-deville, or a devil of a man.

Mandeville highly enjoyed the ſociety and port wine at Lord Macclesfield's table, where he predominated, and was permitted to ſay or do whatever he choſe; his ſallies after dinner were witty, but not always reſtrained by propriety and decorum; the pride and petulance of Ratcliffe, a common-place topic, and to *put* a parſon in a paſſion, a favorite amuſement.

On theſe occaſions, the chancellor, who loved his converſation, and reliſhed his humor, would affect to moderate, but by his irony, frequently increaſed their diſputes, and in general, concluded, with joining in the laugh againſt the divine.

A gentleman, with whom I formerly aſſociated, made no ſcruple in confeſſing, that his father owed his preferment to his

ſubmitting to be laughed at for a year or two at Lord Macclesfield's.

The luxurious feeding of the phyſician, who had *a tolerable appetite*, and loved good eating, was ſometimes interrupted by a queſtion from the peer. "Is this ragout wholeſome, Dr. Mandeville? May I venture to taſte the ſtewed carp? "Does it agree with your lordſhip, and do you like it?" was his general anſwer. "Yes," "Then eat moderately, and it *muſt* be wholeſome."

The nervous lady, ſinking under green tea, late hours and pharo, who cannot determine whether her chicken, is to be boiled or roaſted, till ſhe has conſulted Sir Walter; and the epicure who faſts or phyſics to provide ſpace for calipaſh, and calipee, will do well to conſider this doctrine, and apply it.

Moſt men can tell when they have eaten or drank too much; but the rare and more uſeful *ſcience* of knowing preciſely, when we have ſwallowed enough, is not eaſily attained. The loſs of a meal cannot be a very ſevere mortification to one who has regaled on an *entremette*; but it requires very conſiderable reſolution and forbearance, after a morning ride, and in a keen air, to ſit down to a well covered table, and make a moderate dinner.

I am convinced that the majority of us eat and drink too much, perhaps one third more than is ſufficient for health and nouriſhment; we then ſend for cathartics, which moderation would render unneceſſary, and regular exerciſe ſupply the place of; we expect what is impoſſible, exceſſive enjoyment and a good digeſtion, forgetting that exerciſe and moderation are the parents of health.

The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made,
Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains the trade;
By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil ſtrung their nerves, and purified their blood;
But we their ſons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten;
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a naufeous draught;
He 'ſcapes the beſt, who nature to repair,
Draws phyſic from the fields in draughts of air.

MAN, ISLE OF, and the Duke of Athol, the ſovereignty

reignty of which, in the year ſeventeen hundred and ſixty-nine, he diſpoſed of for ſeventy thouſand pounds, and an annuity of two thouſand pounds a year, on the Iriſh eſtabliſhment, a fair and full equivalent.

But after twenty-five years conſideration, his grace felt himſelf diſſatisfied with his bargain, he found, that with the ſceptre, he had diſpoſed of his rights as a ſportſman; in the pathetic words of Mr. Dundas, "A ſolitary grouſe was not reſerved for the duke;" a declaration from which, I beg leave to diſſent.

The duke *had a fair and proportionate ſhare* of the game, but was not content, till he had exerted his influence with government, *to engroſs the whole*. He wiſhed to procure a bill to be paſſed, which would authorize him or his deputy to enter the houſe of any perſon in the iſland, and ſeize their dog and gun, by which the domeſtic privileges of forty thouſand perſons, would have been ſubmitted to the pleaſure of one individual.

"I am not then," cried an exaſperated Manks farmer, "I am not to keep a dog or a gun:—and his grace hopes, by his new law, to increaſe the game; but he will find himſelf miſtaken; if from this hour, a partridge, or a grouſe is hatched within ten miles of my farm, or if a leveret lives to be a month old, may I be damned. I have hitherto ſubmitted to be devoured by theſe vermin, becauſe, as was but fair, I occaſionally ſhot animals who live upon my produce, but I am not I thank God, ſuch a fool, as to preſerve and feed creatures, for the uſe of a man, who wiſhes to deprive me of my only amuſement."

"The bill has been called a job," ſaid Mr. Dundas, "but I beg leave to contradict ſuch reports, which are equally falſe and ſcandalous." "It is clearly and inconteſtably a job," replied Mr. Burke, "for in my opinion, the definition of a job, is, the bringing forward a meaſure with private views, under the appearance of public benefit."

Will princes, peers, and great men, never learn wiſdom? Will nothing but *their own calamities* teach them underſtanding? I ſhould have hoped that one glance over a very narrow channel, would have deeply impreſſed the obvious doctrine of

Omnia dat qui juſta negat.

I ſhould have humbly conceived that other times than the preſent would have been choſen for attempting to violate ſolemn public agreements, for reviving obſolete and vexatious claims. Is

Is the preſent I would aſk, a fit ſeaſon for ariſtocracy to harneſs, and lead forth her ill favoured ſteeds, capariſoned in the burthenſome ornaments of exploded chivalry, and the tarniſhed trappings of faded pomp.

I would wiſh CERTAIN YOUNG MEN, of amiable manners, but boundleſs expence, to conſider theſe queſtions, and apply them. I hear with pleaſure, that on this intereſting ſubject, their worthy father has firmly and explicitly expreſſed himſelf in the language of patriotiſm, affection, and good ſenſe.

I wiſh not to interrupt the halcyon days of love and young deſire; human life is not long enough, nor rich enough to throw away or deſpiſe the bliſsful moments of connubial joy; I wiſh them only to ſecure a continuance of enjoyment by reaſon and moderation. The golden egg is indeed a precious, a uſeful tribute; but let not the poor bird be ungratefully cruſhed, or wantonly exhauſted, by exacting or unfairly *enticing* from her, more than the cuſtomary depoſit: a depoſit which has already reduced the portly bulk of ſuperfluity, and threatens to diminiſh, to a dangerous degree, the daily demands of neceſſary ſuſtenance.

MANON L'ESCAUT, a French novel.

This production, to me highly intereſting, deſcribes the errors and eccentricities of a hot-headed infatuated young man, of keen ſenſibility, and apparently not without diſcernment, well educated, and, till he beheld Manon, of ſober life and converſation; but ſuddenly faſcinated by a little Syren, who yielding to the ardor of a firſt paſſion, met him with mutual rapture, and at firſt, with maiden vows.

But after a ſhort, a tranſitory interval of ecſtacy and rapture, the frail fair one confeſſing herſelf unable to ſtruggle with the hardſhips of poverty, forſook her lover, the moment his purſe was empty, and diſpenſed her favors without partiality or affection, to the higheſt bidder; coolly defending her conduct, on the ground of abſolute, unavoidable neceſſity.

Yet the fatal attachment of our headſtrong youth, continues ardent and unabated, in ſpite of parental remonſtrance, or amicable interference; and notwithſtanding the moſt damning proofs of a total abſence of delicacy or a feeling heart, thoſe indiſpenſible requiſites, without which, youth and beauty, with moſt men, loſe half their attractions.

Un-

Unbiaſſed by duty, unſubdued by conviction, uncooled by ſuffering, he purſues the giddy unprincipled fair one through the various, the rapid contraſts of luxurious elevation, and wretched deprivation, which the life of a proſtitute ſo regularly affords.

Stimulated by want, and exhauſted by thoughtleſs prodigality ſhe loſes, as is generally the caſe with women who ceaſe to value chaſtity, ſhe gradually loſes ſight of moral rectitude; Manon, the frail, the faithleſs, but ſtill in her admirer's eyes, the lovely but unfortunate Manon, whoſe virgin vows he had firſt received, Manon becomes obnoxious to the violated laws of her country.

From a loathſome dungeon, in which ſhe had been confined; with her head ſhaved, in chains, and wrapped in the coarſeſt of garments, ſhe is conveyed on ſhipboard; the guilty aſſociate of a crowd of hardened wretches, and doomed, a miſerable exile, to a dreary uncivilized coaſt.

An account of her deſtiny reaches the lover, in a retirement to which the ſalutary reſtraint of paternal care had removed him: he burſts from confinement, traces, and at length overtakes the ſqualid groupe, on their journey to the ſea-port, and bribes the conductor to permit him to accompany them; ſatisfied, if after all his hardſhips, he can catch the averted grief-ſwollen eye of Manon, whiſper comfort to her ſoul, and if poſſible, lighten thoſe fetters which weigh down her tender limbs, and bear hard on that boſom, he has ſo often preſſed to his own, and kiſſed ten thouſand times.

Such are the animated expreſſions, ſuch the ſentiments, and ſuch the conduct of deſperate paſſion, of fondneſs or romance, which age and wiſdom will hear with indignation or contempt, but which are actually and frequently exhibited between fourteen and twenty-one; at a period when the impulſe of unhallowed delight too often reigns triumphant, undiſturbed, and unalloyed by prudence, or common ſenſe; a ſtormy unpropitious period, which frequently ſhipwrecks our future peace, and which every ſerious man, may be thankful he has weathered and paſſed over.

After eluding the anxious enquiries and reſearches of his family, and ſubmitting to ſhame, diſtreſs, and ridicule, he actually embarks, tranſports himſelf with a lawleſs band of outcaſts, felons and impures; expoſes himſelf to the perils of ſea voyage, the ſtench and ſuffocation of a ſhip's hold, the company and abominations

it contains, ſtill more loathſome and execrable.

He ſwallows, without repining, the black mouldy ſubſtance which they give for bread, and the ſcanty allowance of a fluid which has little reſemblance to water, and which he is obliged to ſtrain between his teeth before he can ſwallow it; ſtill thinking himſelf happy, if he is permitted to place himſelf near Manon, to reſt her head on his boſom, occaſionally breathe a ſigh of ſympathy and condolence, and *in turn* convey her to the grating of the hatchway, to recover her by a little air, from the effects of the noiſome, peſtilential vapour in which they are inveloped.

They arrive at the land of deſolation, where ſolitude alone is ſafety, where to behold the face of man, the wildeſt and moſt blood-thirſty of all its inhabitants, is certain death, where to be ſeen is to be devoured. The frame of Manon is not formed to endure the fatigues, and meet the evils which await her; ſhe ſickens and pines.

Shocked, after all his efforts, that Manon is likely to be ſnatched from his arms, he ſubmits, in agonies, to the regulation which ſeparates the ſexes during the hours of repoſe.

Tortured with fears that he ſhall not find her alive in the morning, he ſtarts from broken unrefreſhing ſlumbers, and concealed by the midnight gloom, darts to her mattreſs; in a mingled tumult of hope, fear, regret, and fond delight; he ſeizes her in his arms, conveys her from the hovel, and without exactly knowing whither to go, takes the firſt path which preſents itſelf; eager to find ſome friendly ſolitude, ſome den or cave, where he may himſelf adminiſter to her ſupport, by the fruits of the earth, and reſtore her health by tranquillity, a purer air, and the chryſtal ſtream.

A furious tempeſt overtakes them, one of thoſe tremendous hurricanes, which it is impoſſible for a European, who has not viſited ſuch latitudes to form an adequate idea of. Miniſtering angels of vengeance, are almoſt ſeen and heard, 'to ride on the whirlwind, and direct the ſtorm;' thunderings which ſhake creation to its axis, clouds burſting in torrents, and winds alternately blowing from every quarter; hurling into chaos and deſtruction animals, trees, and habitations, and blurring, in hideous havoc, the fair face of nature; ſcenes compared to which, the utmoſt fury of an Engliſh blaſt, is little more than the

the zephyr of a ſummer evening.

Manon, already worn down with pain and ſorrow, ſinks under the complicated horrors of her ſituation; after confeſſing the kindneſs of her lover, and her own unworthineſs, after the laſt ſad ſighs of tardy unavailing repentance, ſhe faints in his arms; he watches the laſt ſtruggle of departing life, ſhe cloſes her eyes for ever.

Her heart is no longer the ſeat
Of ſickneſs, of anguiſh and pain,
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

The unhappy man paſſes the remainder of the night amidſt the war of contending elements, mingling curſes and imprecations with the howlings of the wind, and peltings of the ſtorm; and impiouſly reproaching Providence, for not cruſhing him with a thunder-bolt at the moment of Manon's death.

As day-light approaches, he digs a grave with his own hands, in the looſe ſoil of that country, to protect the clay-cold lifeleſs form he ſtill adores, from wild beaſts; he depoſits his laſt, his only treaſure, in the earth, and has ſcarcely finiſhed the melancholy, the laſt labour of love, before exhauſted nature yields to fatigue, and deſpair, he falls into a ſtupor, becomes ſpeechleſs and inſenſible, and is diſcovered in this helpleſs ſtate, by perſons ſent in purſuit of the fugitives.

The peculiar circumſtances of his caſe, and the anxious enquiries of friends, at length reſtore him to his family, but never to perfect health and peace of mind.

Such is the rapid, incorrect outline of a romance, which once conſiderably agitated my feelings; and though many years have paſſed ſince its peruſal, I cannot contemplate the incidents it relates, without emotion.

Yet, as a literary production, it has been pronounced contrary to probability, nature and experience.

The critics aſſert, that how much ſoever any man might be faſcinated by firſt love, by the mingled bliſs of intellectual eſteem, and ſenſual paſſion; they inſiſt that it is impoſſible for an attachment to continue ſo unalterable and immoveable as this novel deſcribes, againſt the repeated attacks of unfaithfulneſs, profligacy, indiſcriminate impurity, vicious propenſity, and criminal indecorum; ſhocking circumſtances, ſufficient to clear the thickeſt miſt from before the eyes of the moſt doating lover, and

and to wake the moſt carnal of voluptuaries from his amorous romantic dream.

To many of the critical obſervations, and moſt of the moral deductions brought againſt the author, if I miſtake not the Abbé Prevot, I feel myſelf compelled to aſſent, but as to the impoſſibility of ſo infatuating an attachment, I differ from him widely in opinion; I was! and ſad to ſay, I *ſtill feel* myſelf a melancholy proof in favor of the poſſibility of ſuch a character as the lover of Manon, exiſting, with all its miſerable ſelf deluſions!!!

Seduced in the dawn of early manhood, by the faireſt of forms, by health's purple glow, and beauty's roſy beam, by accompliſhment, and endowments, tranſcendent and incomparable in the glowing, creative imagination of a boy, in full health, ſtrong ſpirits, and overflowing with claſſic imagery, paſtoral and romance, and impatient for a nymph, at whoſe feet he might pour forth an inexhauſtible ſtore of tenderneſs and love.

Yielding to the moſt intoxicating of all deliriums, I was loſt beyond redemption, in the tumultuous bliſs of ungovernable paſſion, before I diſcovered the object of all my hopes and all my fears, worthleſs like Manon, and even outſtripping her in flagitious enormity.

While undeniable fact ſtared me in the face, and incontrovertible conviction planted daggers in my heart, guilty pleaſure and buſy fancy ſoftened abominable delinquency and odious crime, into female frailty and venial error.

What we wiſh, we are too ready to believe, and nothing but a violent, a ſudden, a dreadful death, a death for many years never abſent from my thoughts, and brought on, as I have good reaſon to think, in contriving my own, no other poſſible event could have prevented me from purſuing the giddy, vain, the guilty, but enchanting creature, to preſent and everlaſting deſtruction.

Inſcrutable are the ways of Providence! what I conſidered, and at the moment deplored, as the death-wound to all my happineſs, ſaved me from everlaſting perdition!

It is difficult to argue on ſuch inſtances of ſelf-deception, for what rule of right reaſon can be applied to that, which is confeſſedly a mere affair of the paſſions, a mechanical operation of eyes and of nerves.

Deſire, like faith, depends not on the will; it is impoſſible for the

firmeſt man of us all to ſay truly, and without mental reſervation, I will, or I will not believe ſuch and ſuch propoſitions; I will, or will not diſlike ſuch or ſuch perſons; the buſineſs, in both theſe caſes, appears to be carried on, if not wholly, at leaſt in a great meaſure, independent of volition; we may proteſt and ſwear to our belief in the one, we may reſolve to deteſt, and fly from the other, yet in ſpite of ourſelves, the independent principles of faith, determined by evidence, and of incitements, which it is not eaſy to explain or controul, will remain firm and unmoved.

Fancy, in the golden morning of life, is a dangerous, an artful pleader, and if ſhe once condeſcends to receive a retaining fee from inclination, her power becomes irreſiſtible; ſhe can bring forward, in ſplendid colors, the fair proportions and attractive features of any object; throw into the back ground, or cover with impenetrable ſhade, the diſtortions ſhe wiſhes to conceal, while judgment and ſober reaſon are paralyſed by the magic wand of this omnipotent enchantreſs.

If cuſtom indeed could diminiſh indiſcretion, and prevalent example deprive ſin of her guilty bluſhes, I might have heſitated ſtill leſs in making this uncreditable confeſſion. Far other characters than myſelf, men of ſtrong intellect and high attainment, have had their Manons, over whoſe follies, falſehoods, and crimes, fond incredulity, and unbounded indulgence have thrown a convenient veil.

The records of our courts of juſtice, Doctors' Commons, and the pages of this collection, would produce numerous inſtances; theſe Circes, theſe Calypſoes of modern times, have equally and as eaſily converted the firſt of men, and the moſt contemptible of drivellers, into reptiles that creep, or brutes that wallow.

Proceeding on *the theory of agreeable ſenſations*, totally independent of moral beauty, or decorum, how often have we ſeen a foul adultreſs and unfeeling mother, the mercenary betrayer of her huſband and benefactor, the deſerter of her infant children, become a faſhionable character, looked up to, and adored, idolized by the men, and envied by the women?

How frequently has the palid, impure, unwholeſome appendage of a houſe of infamy, devoted to any rogue or any ruffian, who can preſent a piſtol, manœuvre a dice-box, or dexterouſly *ſport a volunteer*, at the deciſive moment of a rubber; how often have we ſeen THIS WHITE-WASHED

WASHED, BEPLAISTERED, BESCENTED SEPULCHRE OF PLEASURE, transformed into the goddeſs of the night; while fame, fortune, duty, and affection, were ſacrificed, trampled on, and forgotten?

Even friendſhip, to which we owe ſo much, that cordial drop, which induces us to ſwallow ſo many bitter draughts; friendſhip too often is the dupe of ill deſign, while our ſenſes and underſtandings appear to acquieſce in the deception; let me aſk the wiſeſt and moſt cautious of all my readers, if ſome of the pleaſanteſt and moſt intimate of their aſſociates are not, to their own knowledge, unprincipled raſcals, and deſigning, artful knaves; while the company of their real friends, of high intellect and attainment, who have given repeated proofs of good ſenſe, and the moſt diſintereſted affection, has been ſubmitted to, with torpid indifference, or avoided with ungrateful induſtry?

If it ſhould be aſked, how is the riſing generation to be preſerved from the aſſaults of furious paſſion, the deluſions of wayward imagination, and the ſnares of venal beauty, which have been ſo often declaimed againſt in various parts of this collection? I anſwer, indent early on their tender minds religious impreſſion; as they advance in years, chuſe pure ſociety for them abroad, remove the contamination of bad example from them at home; to the force of early precept, add the efficacy of good example; BE YOURSELF WHAT YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN TO BE.

Having laid your foundation on the adamantine rocks of reaſon and religion, the next great buſineſs is OCCUPATION; let your young men have as little leiſure as poſſible, not a ſecond of time more than is neceſſary for exerciſe, and refreſhment; let their mornings, that great, that ſacred, that irrecoverable portion of a man's life, be regularly devoted to literary application, perſonal, ſalutary accompliſhment, or reputable purſuit. He who lounges the beſt half of his day at a ſubſcription houſe, gallops it away in Rotten Row, or ſaunters it down St. James's-ſtreet, muſt inevitably ſink into *ennui*, without his bottle, his miſtreſs, or Faro at night.

If you have any regard for the body, ſoul, or eſtate of your deſcendants, find them USEFUL, REPUTABLE, OCCUPATION, or they will inevitably procure for themſelves, that which is deſtructive; find for them, or qualify them to find for themſelves, occupation; ſubject not your

your unhappy darling, whom you fondly conſider as the ſtaff and comfort of your age, to that moſt abject and loweſt ſtate of vaſſalage and wretchedneſs, which exclaims with yawning mouth and out-ſtretched arms, "*I know not what to do with myſelf*;" ſuch a character muſt tread the paths of ſin, and ultimately arrive at everlaſting deſtruction.

If rank and fortune place your ſon above the ſalutary ſpur of ambition, in the profeſſional roads of law, divinity, or phyſic; if parliamentary or diplomatic purſuits have no attractions in his eye, create for him artificial wants; let him travel, plant, water, build, marry, collect coins, paint, draw, collate, ſelect, or compile, do all things, or almoſt any thing, climb precipieces, bury himſelf in mines, deſcend beneath the ocean, rather than beat the faſhionable rounds, and join *the joyous, miſerable train*, who perambulate our ſtreets, crowd our coffee-houſes, diſturb our theatres, and infeſt our watering places; an idle, vicious, uninformed, reſtleſs, unhappy herd; the dupes of wretched females, or the plunder of caballing gamblers, the terror of decent women, the diſgrace and torment of their friends, their families, and themſelves.

But for impreſſing ſalutary admonition, and making uſeful deduction, it would ſeem unneceſſary and harſh to diſturb the halcyon days of domeſtic felicity, to depreſs the hopes of a riſing family, and augment parental anxieties; but in ſo momentous a concern, "we muſt be cruel, only to be kind," and there is not an axiom more probable in theory, more confirmed by practice, than the following: HE WHOSE ENTRANCE INTO LIFE, IS NOT DEVOTED TO TOIL, INURED TO LABOR, AND APPLICATION, WHO IS NOT FORMED TO HABITS OF RIGOROUS DISCIPLINE, AND SELF-DENIAL, DEPRIVES HIMSELF OF THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS; THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMINATION OF AN OPPOSITE CONDUCT IS LANGUID AND DESPICABLE INSIPIDITY; BUT, IN MOST CASES, AS WE ARE ALL FORMED WITH ACTIVE TENDENCIES, A CAREER OF WICKEDNESS, ENDING IN CALAMITY, FOR WHICH THERE IS NO REMEDY, AND IN WOES, WHICH WILL NOT TERMINATE WITH DEATH.

MAP OF THE WORLD, on a large ſcale, a uſeful idea, which originated with a late voyager in the Eaſt, eaſily put in execution by thoſe who have it in their power to ſpare a little time

time and money, and admirably calculated to impreſs geographical poſition on juvenile minds; indeed I think no academic inſtitution, or gentleman with a young family, ſhould be unprovided.

"I have often ſaid," obſerves the author I quote, "why not turn a level verdant plain, of a few acres, into a map of the world? In laying out the grounds of gentlemen, ſuch a thing would neither be abſurd nor unuſeful; the expence would not be great, and ſuperintending the execution would be ſalutary and pleaſant.

"Let a ſpot of level ground, 360 yards in length from eaſt to weſt, and 180 yards in breadth from north to ſouth, be encloſed by a wall, not more than two feet high; let thirty-ſix marks be made on the eaſt and weſt walls, and eighteen be made on the north and ſouth walls, to fix the degrees of longitude and latitude, at ſixty degrees, or ſix hundred miles aſunder.

"Let four pieces of oak timber be made, thirty feet long, and eight inches ſquare, with holes bored in them, at the diſtance of three inches or five miles, from one another; thus thirty-five inches, or three feet on this piece of timber, which is eaſily moved and put under cover, and which I mean to anſwer the purpoſe of a ſcale, are a degree; and the whole ſcale ten degrees or ſix hundred miles in length.

"Theſe ſcales being placed upon, or ſtuck in the ground, at any of the large diviſions of ten degrees made on the walls, and oppoſite to each other, afford an opportunity, by croſs log-lines, or packthread, of determining the particular town, city, or headland, that is to be marked on this map, in the ſame manner as upon a ſheet of paper on a table, with a Gunter ſcale, and a pair of compaſſes.

"The Continents and iſlands may be made of turf, the ſea repreſented by gravel; the boundary or outline, a hard terrace, or a border of box, as in gardens.

"At particular places on this ocean of gravel, poſts may be fixed up, indicating particular circumſtances of monſoons, trade-winds, currents, and other facts highly uſeful; ſuch a map is worthy the villa of a miniſter of a great commercial nation, it would adorn the environs of a royal palace, and is within the reach of many private gentlemen.

MARY MANCINI, one of the ſeven nieces of Cardinal Mazarine, who was offered with a marriage portion of five millions of livres, to Charles the ſecond,

ſecond, King of England; this favor the newly reſtored monarch declined, although he had earneſtly ſolicited it a few years before, during his exile, when the rouleaus of the cardinal would have been found extremely uſeful.

From the deſcription of this lady's perſon, given by one of her cotemporaries, Madame de Motteville, *ſome douceur* ſeems to have been neceſſary, to procure for her a huſband; "Mary's complexion," ſays this ſatirical biographer, for we muſt recollect, that it is a woman who deſcribes a woman, "Mary's complexion, was brown, nearly approaching to yellow, her neck and arms were lean and ſcraggy, her mouth wide and flat; her figure indeed was good, and her teeth white, but there was a remarkable vacant ſtare in her eyes, which ſeemed to prove a total abſence of ſenſibility and animation."

Yet notwithſtanding theſe unpromiſing appearances, ſhe excited the youthful gallantries of Louis the fourteenth, who, when it was thought neceſſary to form for him, a ſplendid nuptial alliance, left her, *it is ſaid*, with conſiderable regret.

It was during their laſt interview, that a ſpirited remonſtrance of Mary Mancini is recorded, it proves that ſhe *was not* wholly without ſenſibility and animation. It breathes at once, tenderneſs, indignation, and good ſenſe.

When the perſon arrived who was to convey her to a convent, the young monarch could not ſuppreſs his tears: "YOU WEEP" ſaid the ſubject of the preſent article, "WHO ARE A KING, AND YET SUFFER A WOMAN WHOM YOU SAY YOU LOVE, TO BE TORN FROM YOUR ARMS."

In this inſtance, I fear, the young monarch acted with a duplicity, which in ſuch caſes is practiſed much oftener than is ſuſpected, even by the perſons who are guilty of it.

To thoſe readers who may feel diſpoſed to ſmile at the imaginary difficulty with which a young man would quit ſo very plain a face, it may be ſufficient to obſerve, that the ugliеſt of women are not without their attractions, and are often the moſt agreeable and faſcinating companions; that there is no end to variety in taſte, and that the pleaſure derived from an intercourſe between the ſexes, much oftener depends on the peculiar humour, nerves, conſtitution and temper of the lover, than the charms of the lady.

How many tireſome inſipid evenings have been paſſed by the editor of this collection, and a thouſand

thouſand of his readers, with inanimate beauty; while on other occaſions, the ſtrongeſt emotions of love, friendſhip, and deſire, have been excited, by an object which did not poſſeſs the ſmalleſt ſhare of perſonal attraction; a ſhort ſketch which may help to account for this circumſtance, will be found under the article UNACCOUNTABLE ATTACHMENTS.

Wives, as well as huſbands, who are of opinion, that perſonal beauty only, without regard to temper and intellect, is a qualification ſufficiently attractive and permanent to ſecure nuptial felicity, would do well to peruſe this article with attention.

A practical application of the doctrine here, and in other parts of this collection, meant to be inculcated, would, I hope, arreſt thoſe diſhonorable ſcenes exhibited every term in the court of King's Bench and Doctor's Commons; the *petits ſoupers* of Marybone and Soho, would not, in that caſe, be ſo often reſorted to, and many a heart-ache would be effectually prevented in Cornwall, and beyond the Tweed.

MARY, the beautiful, but unfortunate Queen of Scotland, ſeduced by ſtrong paſſions, and the influence of unworthy attachments, to acts of indecorum and imprudence, which clouded her life with misfortune, and concluded in untimely death.

I have peruſed with pleaſure many elaborate attempts to reſcue the character of this frail fair one from obloquy and reproach; I have ſeen the artifices of her inſidious, her unnatural ſiſter, clearly laid open by the maſterly pen of an acute critic, and a candid hiſtorian; I am convinced that Elizabeth was the enemy of her fame, her fortune, and her life.

Yet, after a cool and impartial review of the conduct of the Queen of England, I cannot help conſidering it as in a great meaſure juſtified, by the alarming combination of Mary and her abettors; by the general circumſtances of the times, and of the two countries; and by the rebellious diſpoſition of a conſiderable portion of her ſubjects, exaſperated by the ſuppreſſed, but malignant bigotry of the old ſuperſtition, and ready to ſeize every opportunity of diſturbing the reign of their triumphant enemy.

The unbecoming haſte with which the ſubject of this article transferred her affections, or her perſon, from the impulſes of fear, revenge, or a ſofter cauſe, placed

new

new arms in the hands of her invidious rival, and too often induced the unhappy queen to follow the advice of ſelfiſh or ill-deſigning favorites, who diffuſed over her character, in many reſpects amiable and endearing, the dark ſhades of their own ſanguinary vices. Theſe circumſtances were gradually productive of mutual injury and hatred, embittered by perſonal jealouſy, religious rancour, and national prejudice, which, after a revolution of ſeveral centuries, is not yet extinguiſhed.

A thouſand intermingled reaſons of policy and juſtice, at laſt ſeem to have rendered it abſolutely neceſſary, that one of them muſt be deſtroyed; a ſtate of things, in which I believe few of us placed in the circumſtances of Elizabeth, would long heſitate on whom the lot ſhould fall; and I am perſuaded, as well by original documents, as by the concurring teſtimony of the human heart, on ſimilar occaſions, in all ages, that Mary was practiſing againſt her ſiſter the ſame arts, which failed of ſucceſs only from a want of policy or power.

Had the Queen of Scotland been born in other times, and trod the ſtage of life in other circumſtances, ſhe might have proved the glory of her ſex, and an honor to her country. Had Elizabeth been graced with beauty, or Mary been leſs fair; had the Engliſh heroine been a catholic, or the lovely Caledonian not a papiſt, her life might have paſſed unembittered, her death, in all probability, would not have been premature.

In a picture of the murder of David Rizzio, the terror of the favorite Italian, and the diſtreſs of his miſtreſs, are admirably repreſented by Mr. Opie; one of the aſſaſſins, who is in the act of inflicting a deadly wound on the unfortunate muſician, is a portrait of Peter Pindar, for which he ſat at his own expreſs deſire.

The ſatiriſt probably imagined, that he who had for years been *cutting up* kings, would be no bad repreſentative of the demoliſher of an unpopular minion, who, with all his faults as a miniſter or a man, has left us ſeveral Scotch airs, remarkable for pathetic ſimplicity, exquiſite taſte, and admirable effect.

It has been ſaid, and not unaptly, of the three hiſtorians of this unhappy queen, that the narrative of Camden, whoſe annals were reviſed and corrected by James the firſt, is almoſt wholly without truth; that Buchanan has told the whole truth, and more than the truth; that Melvil has ſpoken the truth, but not the whole truth.

"When Henry the third King of France," says a respectable historian, "was informed of the preparations made for the execution of Mary, his brother's unfortunate widow, he sent Bellievre as an ambassador extraordinary, to intercede with Elizabeth in her favor.

"An audience being granted him, by the Queen of England, the envoy addressed her in an eloquent and pathetic speech, in which he urged with earnestness, the sacredness of royal blood, and the ties of relationship; and dwelt with peculiar emphasis on Christian charity, forgiveness of injuries, and that natural affection which one sister ought ever to entertain for another.

"He was heard with silent attention, but at the same time," says the author I quote, with a *sang-froid*, unsuitable to the abominable transaction he relates, "Bellievre was privately instructed, to solicit, in his majesty's name, the decollation of Mary, and to urge many strong reasons for her being immediately put to death; as the only means of insuring the life of Elizabeth, and preserving her kingdom in tranquillity."

I thank God, that the persons guilty of such atrocious, and unnecessary diplomatic duplicity, were neither of them Englishmen.

MASON, WILLIAM, an English poet, Precentor of the Cathedral at York, and editor of Gray and Whitehead, an office productive rather of disquiet than fame or profit.

Mr. Mason has been mentioned as writer of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, a composition generally attributed to Mr. Tickle, and which I had rather be the author of than of any other poem in the English language. Besides a fine vein of solemn irony, it abounds with frequent flashes of the *vivida vis animi*; the metre is terse, and the language glowing, in a degree not often occurring in Mr. Mason's performances.

I acknowledge, with pleasure I acknowledge, that many sublime and many beautiful passages occur in Caractacus and Elfrida, which may vie with the noblest productions of the Grecian drama. But if we look for, or wish to find, in Mr. Mason's writings, a rapid succession of affecting incidents, if we expect to be melted with pity, fired with rapture, or hurried by the magic wand of poetry,

Ultra flammantia mœnia mundi,

we

we ſhall be diſappointed by declamation, or the cold correctneſs of claſſical erudition.

In his Engliſh Garden, adhering to the ſimplicity of nature, he has ſhaken off that tendency to elaborate ornament, which ſo peculiarly marked his early compoſitions; it contains much uſeful technical knowledge; the narrative is naturally introduced, well managed, and intereſting; having occaſion to mention the agonizing ſmile of deſpair, he calls it ſuch a ſmile as quite *out-ſorrows* tears. Yet this performance, inheriting the fault of all long didactic poems, is ſometimes dull; its moral tendency, and public-ſpirit, cannot be too highly praiſed.

It is to be lamented, that the life of a man ſo deſervedly eminent in literature, a friend to rational liberty, and a clergyman ſo exemplary, ſhould have been conſumed among vergers, vicars-choral, and ſqueaking chanters; and that his declining days were embittered by frivolous altercations with bookſellers, and the vexations of a country hoſpital.

Petty contention and provincial ſtriſe,
Beſtrew'd with thorns his private path of life,

ſays a ſatirical rhymer, who has introduced him as an unſucceſsful candidate for the laureat, and diſmiſſes him, by ſaying, that lawn ſleeves, not laurel, are his, and every churchman's dream. I believe it was generally underſtood, that this intelligent member of our eſtabliſhed church had been diſappointed in certain proſpects of honor and preferment, towards which his merits, his hopes, and certain promiſes had taught him to look.

This obſervation cannot be conſidered as any reflection upon Mr. Maſon, when we ſee around us ſuch numbers of clergymen, of high acquirement and pure character, neglected and unprovided for.

I have mentioned his conteſts concerning literary property, and agree with him in his cenſures of *certain arts* ſometimes practiſed. With a few exceptions, how rarely are authors enabled to reap any benefit from the labours of their pens; they frequently are ſhivering in want, or pining in neglect, while the bookſeller is feaſting on a fourteenth edition.

In his *provincial* diſputes, Mr. Maſon was the advocate for frugality; and his propoſals for conducting the lunatic aſylum at York with economy, being negatived, he uſed ever after to call that excellent inſtitution *the lunatic hotel*; in this, and I believe in every

every act of his life he meant well, but I ſhould have voted with his opponents, on myfavorite ground, general expediency.

MAXIMUS, a Grammarian of Africa.

This learned heathen was a cotemporary and antagoniſt of Saint Auſtin, and a lamenter of the downfall of paganiſm; the following are ſome of his words addreſſed to his Chriſtian opponent.

"Quis ferat Jovi fulmina vibranti præferri *Mygdonem*; Junoni, Veneri, Minervæ, Veſtæ, *Sananem*; et cunctis, proh nefas, diis immortalibus, Archymartyrem, *Namphanionem*, atque alia odioſa nomina; horum buſta, rejectis templis majorum, ſtulti frequentant; in Romanorum deos tela vibrant *minime duratura*.

In his prophetic expreſſion, minime duratura, Maximus was groſsly miſtaken.

"Sed quæſo, vir ſapientiſſime, ut, remoto facundiæ robore, et omiſſis Chryſippæis argumentis, ipſa re approbes, quis ſit iſte deus, quem in locis abditis, *componitis*: nos etenim deos noſtros palam et ante oculos et aures omnium adoramus, et per ſuaves hoſtias propicios efficimus."

"Non habemus," replies St. Auſtin, "ut apud vos, Deum *ſtercutium*, Deam *Cloacinam*, *Venerem*, *Calvam* Deum *Timorem*, Deum *Febrem*; ſcias, a Chriſtianis, nulla vitioſa et imbecillia numina adorari, ſed unum ipſum deum qui fecit omnia."

"Who can endure," ſays Maximus, exaſperated by the triumphs of Chriſtianity, "Who can endure that Jupiter the thunderer, ſhould give place to Mygdo, that Sananes ſhould be preferred to Juno, Venus, Minerva, and Veſta, or, horrid to relate, that the immortal Gods are to be neglected for Namphanio the arch-martyr, and other hateful names; rejecting the religion of our forefathers, ſhall we ſuffer the relics of theſe reptiles to wage ineffectual war with the gods of victorious Rome?

"But tell me," continues Maximus, "laying aſide the parade of rhetoric and *Chryſyppæan arguments*, who and what is this inviſible Being whom ye have ſet up in your own imaginations, and to whom you perform vows in ſecret places? It is the cuſtom with us, to worſhip *our* gods openly, and in the ſight and hearing of all, and to render them propitious by ſweet ſmelling ſacrifices."

"We have no dunghill deities," replies Saint Auſtin, "we worſhip not a Cloacina, a bald-pated Venus; we have not ſanctified Fear, nor do we worſhip Fever

Fever as a Deity; nothing vicious, nothing imperfect is the object of a Chriſtian's devotion, we adore only God, who created all things.

MEAD, EDWARD, a phyſician of eminence, a patron of literature and ſcience.

His work on poiſons is a complete hiſtory of what had been ſaid on the ſubject, and contains a conſiderable ſhare of botanic and chymical knowledge, for the days in which he wrote; on the plague, he evinced extenſive reading, and much precautionary utility, in guarding againſt that ſcourge of mankind, which prudence may ſhut out, but the moment it appears, nature and unavailing art ſink into torpidity and death.

Ratcliffe's advice to him, that if he did not uſe mankind ill they would uſe him ſo, is mentioned in another part of this collection. That medical veteran, could not mean to adviſe an actual breach of moral rectitude. He knew from experience that a phyſician, in his intercourſe with mankind, would meet with many worthleſs, impoſing people, and that a neceſſary attention to his own intereſt, would ſometimes render it neceſſary to turn the arts of deſigning ſelfiſhneſs againſt itſelf.

During the moſt flouriſhing period of Mead's practice, from 1737 to 1752, his annual receipt was eight thouſand guineas, equivalent to more than double the ſum in the preſent times, and greater than Ratcliffe's medical income at any part of his life. But Ratcliffe was ſcientific in an art, with which the ſubject of my preſent article was wholly unacquainted, accumulation.

Dr. Mead is ſaid to have kept a miſtreſs, at the expence of four hundred pounds a year, when, by a confeſſion of the girl, which does little credit to her gratitude, there was no other intercourſe between them, than his innocent paſtime of toying with her hair, which was remarkably fine, and hanging in luxuriant curls, at once ſhaded and contraſted the beauties of her neck.

Since my former edition, I have been informed, on good authority, that in this female attachment, advantage was taken of the goodneſs of his heart, to impoſe on and deceive him; that in a moment of weakneſs or of paſſion (and where is the man without them) he became the dupe of female art and fineſſe. The pecuniary allowance, I am alſo told, is exaggerated, and that an intercourſe, commencing from the nobleſt and moſt charitable motives,

tives, was converted, by malignancy, felfiſhneſs, and miſconception, into an illicit and preposterous connection.

This circumſtance did not eſcape the ſcrutinizing eye of irritated reſentment, and Greenfield, his exaſperated antagoniſt, with whom he carried on a paper war, eagerly ſeized the opportunity. "Puella," (for this curious diſpute was in Latin) "fabri vincula tibi ſinxit, amoris tardi, et langueſcentis in via vinculoſa; for ſhe was the maid or daughter of a blackſmith in Fetter-lane.

Greenfield a cotemporary phyſician had, by writing and practice, endeavoured to introduce the internal uſe of cantharides, which as he obſerves, was not a new thought, but had been exploded, as dangerous, from a want of neceſſary prudence and caution in thoſe who had given them. Some diſagreeable conſequences which took place in one of his patients, came to Dr. Mead's knowledge, and he cenſured the practice; both parties loſt their temper and Mead proſecuted his opponent, for a mode of treatment which, it was ſaid he had adopted himſelf.

Woodward and Mead had violent, and frequent altercations, which at laſt ended in an accidental perſonal rencounter; they both drew, but according to Woodward's account, Mead did not love cold iron, and was retreating, when Woodward making a falſe ſtep, fell down; his antagoniſt then ran in, and demanded, as he ſtood over him, if he would ſubmit, and aſk his life. "If you offered me your phyſic," ſaid Woodward, "I would certainly beg for my life, but I have no fear of your ſword, and certainly ſhall not aſk it." Further conſequences were prevented by amicable interference.

A modern phyſician, after ſteering clear of the factions of a court, the perſecutions of a college, the intrigues of an hoſpital, the ſmiles or the frowns of apothecaries, nurſes, children, and old women, on ſurveying the life and moſt of the actions of Dr. Mead might ſafely ſay, "I will go and do likewiſe."

Who would believe, if it was not confirmed by reſpectable authority, that this learned and eminent phyſician made a journey to Paris at the age of ſeventy, to receive leſſons from Dupré, the famous French dancing maſter?—Being accidentally ſurprized by an acquaintance in the very act, he diſcovered no confuſion, begged leave to finiſh his leſſon, and then obſerved, "I am not aſhamed to own, that what the majority of mankind perform for pleaſure, I undertake

dertake for health; and having found myſelf every day leſs able to go through the ſedentary drudgery of my profeſſion, I thought the amuſement of a journey to Paris, and a little gymnaſtic exerciſe under *Doctor* Dupré, might, by varying the ſcene, be uſeful to my conſtitution, and I already find the advantage."

MEDIOCRITY, an apology for.

Authors coming under this deſcription have been frequently accuſed of ruſhing incontinently to the preſs, on the vain preſumption that they are able to communicate pleaſure and afford information to mankind, when they cannot but know that nine out of ten of their readers, are ſuperior in abilities and general knowledge, to the man who fancies he can inſtruct them.

For ſuch writers, I met with the following excuſe in a modern publication.

"To adapt themſelves to the taſte and talents of every claſs of readers, requires a verſatility and extent of powers which ſcarcely any man has been found to poſſeſs; one perſon generally ſpeaking, may be and often is agreeable to one ſet of companions, who are nearly on a level, as to mental faculties with himſelf, but his converſation as well as his literary productions will probably not be reliſhed by others, becauſe his ſtyle of writing or of reaſoning, is above or beneath their capacity.

"In theſe circumſtances it is happy for the public, that authors of different talents come forward, each of whom, in any public matter which engages attention, diſcuſſing it in his own way, produces a mode of arguing, fitted for the capacities of thoſe of his own claſs; and as the number of cloſe and accurate reaſoners, is ſmall, in compariſon with thoſe who are incapable of philoſophical inveſtigation, it frequently happens that on popular ſubjects, THE BEST WRITTEN BOOK IS NOT THE MOST USEFUL, AND THAT AN INFERIOR PERFORMANCE IS OFTEN BETTER CALCULATED TO ENGAGE THE ATTENTION, AND CONVEY INFORMATION TO COMMON READERS.

"The Principia of Sir Iſaac Newton, were not in general eſteem even among men of ſcience, till they had been repeatedly explained and commented on, by men of abilities, very inferior to the immortal author; and it would be an invidious talk to produce a liſt of all the books which have afforded materials for a great number of popular

pular performances, which without theſe neglected or unknown originals, would never have exiſted.

"It has been frequently remarked by naturaliſts, that ſtorms, birds, and inſects ſcatter the ſeeds of trees, plants, and flowers upon the ſurface of the globe; it is thus in the literary world, that the arts and ſciences are often happily diſſeminated by men who do not ſoar above mediocrity, yet are adapted by nature to that inferior but neceſſary office."

The inference to be drawn from theſe reflections is this; we ought not in every inſtance to accuſe thoſe authors of vanity, and preſumption, who occaſionally attempt to pleaſe or inform mankind, although their abilities may appear not to be of the higheſt order; and though they may occaſionally convey truths, generally known, we may reſt aſſured, that many individuals receive improvement from theſe ſecondary channels, who have neither ability nor opportunity to explore the fountain head.

MESSALA, MARCUS VALERIUS, an eminent Roman, the political aſſociate of Brutus and Caſſius, the friend of Horace, of Ovid and Tibullus, who eſcaping the bloody proſcriptions which followed the battle of Philippi, ſoon after made his peace with Auguſtus, and filling with credit ſeveral important offices of the ſtate, paſſed his declining years in the ſociety of friendſhip, beauty, elegance, and learning.

He felt that common evil of extreme old age, a gradual loſs of his faculties; this circumſtance, together with a painful diſeaſe, rendered him weary of life, and being without the ſoothing reſources of Chriſtianity, which would have taught him to look to another and a better world, he ſhortened his days by voluntary abſtinence, according to the prevailing cuſtom, and what was called *the philoſophy* of that age.

During a converſation with a learned friend who has ſometimes embelliſhed theſe pages with his own productions, and frequently improved them by judicious correction; the ſubject of this article, and other eminent characters of antiquity, were ſeverely cenſured for making their peace, and living on any terms with the tyrants and deſpots of their country; on this occaſion, the excellent Titus Pomponius Atticus, did not eſcape cenſure, becauſe *he was open to all parties, but influenced by none*, ſo far as to be hurried into hoſtility.

"Inſtead

"Inſtead of ſurviving Brutus, Caſſius, and his other illuſtrious aſſociates, and courting the favor of Auguſtus, Meſſala ſhould have ruſhed into the thickeſt of the battle, and have conſidered life as no longer valuable, when the liberty and conſtitution of his country were deſtroyed."

Such was the concluſion of an elaborate harangue, which exhibited more fire of imagination, and declamatory violence, than cool attention to the ſituation, and circumſtances of thoſe terrible times.

It is by no means my wiſh to deny to Brutus, the praiſe of diſintereſted patriotiſm, but I very much doubt, whether the public peace, and private happineſs of the Roman people would have been at all improved, had the legions which eſpouſed his cauſe, proved victorious.

The aſſaſſination of Julius Cæſar ſo repeatedly praiſed as a god-like act by Cicero, I have ever conſidered as unwarrantable, and fraught with a long train of calamities; it laid the foundation for a long conteſt in which the beſt blood of the country was ſpilt, and the moſt excellent members of the community deſtroyed.

After conſidering the conduct of Brutus, I am inclined to regard him as a ſpecies of character which has been frequently exhibited in our modern revolutionary æra; not endowed with any extraordinary abilities, but of conſummate reſolution, and inflexible republican pride; ſo attached to firſt principles, and of ſo iron a temperament, that in his march to the attainment of his purpoſe, he trampled under foot friendſhip, feeling, and affection, totally diſregarding the ſtate of the public mind, and the utter impoſſibility of forming or continuing a pure republican edifice, from the corrupt materials of which, the Roman maſs, at that period, was compoſed.

Such was the temperament of Brutus, that I am of opinion, a character like this, is at all times, and in every reſpect, more injurious to the great intereſts, and more ſubverſive of the peace and happineſs of mankind, than the moſt corrupt and flagitious tool of abſolute deſpotiſm.

In the preſent inſtance, the ſtabber of Julius Cæſar paved the way for, and almoſt excuſed, the timid ſyſtematic cruelty of Auguſtus, the bloody craftineſs of Tiberius, and the abominable enormities of their ſucceſſors.

Perhaps it may be aſked what was the conduct that Brutus ought

ought to have purſued? To this queſtion it is not eaſy to give an anſwer, as in moſt inſtances it requires leſs judgment to ſay when a man has done wrong, than to point out *how* he would have done right.

At all events, the republican patriot ſhould have conſidered the certain danger he incurred of interrupting the peace of his country, which, conſidering its previous tumults, and its conſequent horrors, was at the moment tolerably happy.

He ſhould have weighed in an even ſcale the advantages he expected by removing the dictator, and the evils which exiſted from his continuing to live; Brutus ſhould alſo have determined whether the motives by which he was impelled, originated from pride, impatient of ſuperiority, or from a pure regard for the ſafety of the commonwealth.

The following is part of a letter written by this celebrated republican to Cicero, on hearing that the orator had interceded in his favor with Auguſtus; it gives a better picture of the man and his mind, than an octavo volume of antitheſis and eloquent declamation.

"Your zeal and concern for my ſafety, though proofs of your fidelity, give me no pleaſure, it is better not to be ſafe, than to be protected by Octavius; I am aſhamed of the wretched ſtate to which we are reduced; our ſervitude is not aboliſhed, we only have changed maſters.

"If you have that ſincere value for me which you profeſs, and I believe, *can you wiſh me to viſit Rome by permiſſion of a boy?* May the immortal gods ſhower down their vengeance upon me, if I conſent that the heir of him whom I put to death ſhould enjoy that abſolute dominion, which I would not allow to his predeceſſor: I would not ſuffer my father, were he living, to enjoy more power than the laws and the ſenate have conferred.

"In the cities of Greece, when the tyrants were deſtroyed, their children periſhed with them; yet am I to beg my life of him who has aſſumed the name of the tyrant? I am to poſt a ſuppliant to Rome, which had not magnanimity to accept of liberty when offered to it; to Rome, which has more dread of a ſtripling, aſſuming the name of their late king, than confidence in itſelf? Recommend me therefore no more to Cæſar: to ſupplicate a boy in my behalf is ſetting too high a value on the few years of life which remain."

Yet, according to democratic arithmetic, Brutus was wrong, for

for Cæſar, as well as Auguſtus, had clearly the voice of a deciſive majority.

METHODISTS, a ſociety of Chriſtians, whom, in an article aſſigned to Mr. Weſley, I have been accuſed of juſtifying and defending, becauſe I aſſerted they had purified the vulgar, and amended the mob; a purpoſe ſurely beneficial, by whatever means it be attained.

In anſwer to this it hath been obſerved, that ſince Methodiſm has been ſo prevalent, the vices of the lower claſſes of ſociety have been to the full as numerous, but of a different and leſs manly ſpecies. They will not, ſay their enemies, be notorious drunkards, profligates, or profane ſwearers, but they will backbite, equivocate, lie, and creep ſlily to bed with their neighbours wives. To obviate all ſuſpicion of partiality, I ſhall preſent to my readers ſome arguments brought againſt them by Biſhop Lavington, whom the Methodiſts have called a theological buffoon.

"However deſirous we may be to ſee a reformation of manners, or a further propagation of the goſpel, this great work is not likely to be accompliſhed by extravagant, wild, fanatical, ridiculous enthuſiaſts."

The author, in a humorous way, then proceeds to queſtion the Methodiſts in the following manner, extracted from their own writings:

"What heart can hold out againſt your perſuaſive eloquence, your flights, and your alluſions, melting, tender, amorous, ſoft, and ſweet? God gives you a text, and directs to a method on the pulpit ſtairs; the bleſſed Lamb reveals, and Siſter Williams, who is near the Lord, opens her mouth to confirm it; Jeſus rides triumphantly from congregation to congregation in the chariot of the goſpel; the Preacher ſits in his dear Lord's arms, leaning in his boſom, and ſucking the breaſts of his conſolation.

"The arrows of the Lord fly through the congregation, and Mr. Whitfield gives them a home ſtroke. Heavily, indeed, do they drive when God takes off their chariot wheels; but when he hath anointed the axletree, it is ſweet to be at *full ſtretch* for God, to come to a ſaving cloſure with Chriſt, to leap into a fiery furnace, in our way to heaven, while poor ſinners hang by a ſingle hair over the flames of hell."

How pretty is it when "infants, babes, and ſucklings of grace are borne on the ſides of Chriſt, dandled on his knees, and walking under the droppings of his

his blood, while from the lovely face and lilly lips of the ſweet Jeſus, diſtill precious promiſes, and ſweet ſmelling myrrh.

"In the mean time, among our ſoul-ſeeking brothers, our ſweet ſocieties of women, our love-feaſts, our precious, poor, ſweet, little lambs, a gracious melting is viſible; to their abſent friends on the top of Piſgah, to thoſe ſweetly ſleeping on that bed perfumed by our Lord, a thouſand kiſſes are ſent.

"When brother Whitfield preached, the ſmiles of a cherubim were in his countenance; the hearts of the hearers were melted into tears; they had an over-weening fondneſs for him; they ran, and ſtopped him in the alleys, they hugged him in their arms, and ſaid, 'Where thou goeſt, I will go, where thou lodgeſt, I will lodge."

In Mr. Whitfield's account of God's dealing with him, continues Biſhop Lavington, he aſcribes to the Holy Ghoſt what any man in his ſenſes would be aſhamed to own. Beſides a deep tincture of ſuperſtition, enthuſiaſm, and vain glory, the narrative is boyiſh, ludicrous, filthy, naſty, and ſhameful, equally ſhocking to decency and good ſenſe.

"About this time," ſays Mr. W. "I grew popular in my own country; after ſermon, enquiry was made who I was? hearty groans were at times heard through my congregations; two little children were ſent home crying to their prayers, and a girl of thirteen told me ſhe was pricked through and through with the power of the word.

"I carried high ſail, thouſands and tens of thouſands crouded to hear me; my ſermons were called for; when I preached, one might walk upon peoples' heads; God ſuffered not a tongue to move againſt me; I was admired, preſſed, ſaluted, hands kiſſed, and hugged; they melted, wept, and hung on me as an angel of God.

"When their firſt-born departed, tears, cries, ſighs, and bitter groans burſt forth, water guſhed even from ſtony rocks. Favours, entertainments, liberalities from gentlemen, ladies elect, and honorable women, and a ten pound bank bill for myſelf. Come, ye Phariſees, and ſee the Lord Jeſus getting himſelf the victory; every thing falls before me; dear brother Harris reminded me, and God ſuggeſted to me, that I was like Joſhua, ſubduing nations, and dividing the land."

"Hell trembles before brother Whitfield," ſays a Mr. Seward; "the kingdom of darkneſs tot-

ters,

ters, and is ſhaken. The Lord revealed himſelf to a child about ſeven years old, in an amazing manner; the ſpirit gave her to wreſtle in rapture and earneſtneſs for the churches, which convinced her an uncommon work was wrought on the earth. Many ſuch inſtances of the outpouring of the ſpirit have we amongſt us. I fell from my horſe without injury, for God ſent his angel to preſerve me; I was loſt in a wood, and he ſent a guide to ſet me right.

"At our love-feaſt," ſays Mr. Weſley, "I was ſeized with a fever, a pain in my back and neck, a cough and hoarſeneſs that I could hardly ſpeak. I knew my remedy, and immediately kneeled down; in a moment the pain was gone, God took away my hoarſeneſs, and I lifted up my voice like a trumpet." At another time, the Creator of the Univerſe cleared up the weather, conducted the Methodiſts out of a wood, and provided their paſtor with man and horſe.

Whatever favours and promotes their cauſe is from God; all oppoſition and obſtruction is from the Devil. "I had," ſays Mr. Whitfield, "for the moſt part, power over my ſecret and darling ſin, but being, on a certain occaſion, overtaken in liquor, Satan gained his uſual advantage over me." By this method, ſin is conſidered as an involuntary thing, and the impulſes of a man's own luſt and intemperance, are imputed to Satan.

"But of all our trials and buffettings," obſerves Mr. Weſley, "we found the moſt trouble from a ſpirit of laughter, which neither myſelf nor my hearers were able to reſiſt, though it was pain and anguiſh unto us. Some were offended, and would not believe but we could help laughing if we would, but Satan ſoon taught them better; for being ſuddenly ſeized in the ſame manner, they laughed without ceaſing for two days, a ſad ſpectacle to all. On a certain day, we walked out to ſing Pſalms in a meadow, and could not refrain from this affection of Satan, though ready to tear ourſelves in pieces, and were forced to go home without ſinging another line."

It is ſhocking to hear, ſays the biſhop, their preſumptuous and uncharitable application of divine judgments; they conſider the misfortunes of their enemies as ſo many puniſhments inflicted by Providence on their oppoſers. Mr. Weſley, on hearing of the death of any perſons of that deſcription, generally obſerved, "They are gone to give an account of their hard uſage of the Methodiſts." I cannot but think,

ſaid

ſaid the ſame perſon, during the rebellion of ſeventeen hundred and forty-five, "that whenever there hath been any thing like a public attempt to ſuppreſs us, public trouble ariſeth in the land."

Mr. Whitfield in his anſwer, cenſures the irreligious and unchriſtian banter of the prelate, acknowledges miſtakes in his paſt writings and conduct, many of which are to be laid to the ſcore of youth and inexperience. The biſhop's account of the Montaniſts, Mr. W. diſallows, as being in a good part taken from a hiſtory of that ſect, by Dr. Lee, of St. John's college, a work on which no great reliance can be laid.

Mr. Whitfield might alſo have added, that there is not a ſingle production of the Montaniſt writers extant, the whole of our knowledge of them being drawn from the ſuſpicious and exaggerated accounts of their bittereſt enemy. "You acknowledge," he continues, "that like the Montaniſts, we both ſet out with warm pretences to reformation. The ſincerity of our pretenſions, can be beſt determined by him to whom all hearts are open.

"With the ſame candour, you accuſe us of *beginning* our adventures by field-preaching, forgetting or omitting, at the ſame time, a very eſſential circumſtance, that we did not *begin* field-preaching, till we had been driven from the pulpits and the churches. You accuſe our preachers of being attended by a ſturdy ſet of followers, with clubs under their cloaths, menacing and terrifying all who dared to oppoſe us; but, alas, the countenances, and, in two inſtances, the limbs of our paſtors, can bear witneſs, that if there be a ſet of ſturdy followers attending our preachers, it is to vilify, abuſe. interrupt, and beat us.

"But why rake up the aſhes of the dead? Mr. Seward, as well as myſelf, in the heat of zeal, wrote many unguarded things. Our treatment of Archbiſhop Tillotſon's memory was too ſevere—I condemn myſelf heartily for it; but if, in this defamatory employ, we have been culpable, you take care not to fall ſhort of us.

"My prayers for ill uſage, perſecution, martyrdom, and death, poured forth in the hurry of an irregular, but well meant zeal, I retract, as ſufferings for Chriſt will come faſt enough of themſelves. Severities and mortifications are, you ſay, another method of gaining a reputation for ſanctity; but were not our Saviour

our and St. Paul, occaſionally diſciplinarians? Might not the Methodiſts, in common Chriſtian charity, have uſed abſtinence, for a nobler and a more important end, to prevent, while they were preaching to others, their being themſelves caſt away?

"I acknowledge, with concern, that many unwarrantable paſſages occur in my journals; they were my earlieſt performances, written in the heighth of my firſt popularity, a popularity ſufficient to have made a ſtronger and an older head than mine run giddy; your cenſure is juſt, on my ſaying I could walk on foot no longer, but was conſtrained to go in a coach, to avoid the hozannas of the crowd.

"With reſpect to cœleſtial interpoſitions, God's dealings, and other terms I at times may have made uſe of, they may have been indiſcreet; yet I cannot but think, from paſt experience, that God *hath*, at times, vouchſafed comfortable aſſiſtance and ſupport to the great and glorious work we have undertaken.

"To your harſh cenſure of our doctrines, I can only ſay, they are the great foundation ſtones of the reformation, for which Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, ſuffered at the ſtake. I AGREE, THAT GOOD WORKS DO NECESSARILY SPRING FROM A TRUE AND LIVELY FAITH, AS A TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS; BUT I ALSO INSIST, THAT PROPER MOTIVES, A FIRM TRUST AND RELIANCE ON GOD, AND THE MERITS OF OUR SAVIOUR AND REDEEMER JESUS CHRIST, MUST NECESSARILY PRECEDE THESE DESIRABLE ENDS."

MICA, CHARLES EMANUEL, a private ſoldier of the principality of Piedmont, who without education or a knowledge of hiſtory, which by placing before us great examples, is admirably calculated to inſpire noble ſentiments, exhibited the reſolution and firmneſs of a hero.

In the year ſeventeen hundred and ſix, the French army having over run Savoy, entered Piedmont, laid ſiege to Turin, and encountered various difficulties from the vigorous ſallies, and obſtinate defence of the garriſon. At length they gained poſſeſſion of a ſubterraneous gallery leading directly to the centre of the town, which they reſolved to ſurpriſe the following night. But a body of miners were that moment working exactly under the ſpot; one of them, Mica, the ſubject of my page, as ſoon as he heard the French over his head, concluded that if a blow was not directly ſtruck, Turin would be loſt.

The

The mine was already charged; but not having at hand what engineers call a *fauciſſon* which would have enabled him to retire, he ſaw no alternative, but to admit the enemy, or ſacrifice himſelf: glorioufly preferring the latter, he communicated his deſign to the party, recommended his wife and children to the king, begged his aſſociates to pray for his ſoul, and inſiſted on their retreating as faſt as poſſible.

On their making a ſignal, that they were out of danger, Mica ſet fire to the train, the mine blew up in a moment, and involved himſelf and enemies in convulſive ruin, and promiſcuous carnage.

His ſovereign lamenting that the ſafety of his capital had been purchaſed at the expence of ſo valuable a life, ſettled on his widow and children, an eſtate which his deſcendants ſtill enjoy.

MIDDLETON AND BOLINGBROKE, thus mentioned by a late eminent writer.

"Bolingbroke had a ſtrong mind, but was a diffuſe writer, and a ſorry philoſopher; Dr. Middleton poſſeſſed deep penetration, and hiſtorical accuracy, but wanted reſolution; he ſaw to what his principles would lead, but did not for obvious reaſons think proper to draw his concluſions."

MILTO, a bewitching and dangerous woman, a native of Ionia, and the favorite miſtreſs of Cyrus, whom, according to the luxurious cuſtoms of the Eaſt, ſhe accompanied in his memorable, but unjuſtifiable, march againſt Babylon.

An account of his expedition has been given to poſterity by the maſterly pen of Xenophon, an eye witneſs of, and a reſpectable actor in, the intereſting ſcences he deſcribes; yet it is to be lamented, that ſo long a ſpace elapſed between THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND, and the time when he actually wrote his Anabaſis.

At the death of her royal lover, this fair appendage of a Perſian camp, with other articles of ſplendid ſuperfluity, or cumberſome pomp, became the property of Artaxerxes, the conqueror and brother of Cyrus; and ſuch were the charms of her perſon, or the powers of her underſtanding, that the GREAT KING became the ſlave of his captive, although an eſtabliſhment of three hundred concubines, beſides Atoſſa, his lawful wife, ſhould ſeem to have left little for the depravities of imagination, and leſs for exhauſted nature.

I will not dwell on the indecorous verſatility of that heart, which

which could thus almoſt inſtantaneouſly turn from the bleeding and mutilated corſe of a vanquiſhed hero, to the embraces of his triumphant rival. Some allowance muſt undoubtedly be made, for the ſtern laws of war, and the groſs unſentimental texture of an Eaſtern attachment, which generally commencing with force, and continuing in coercion, is ſaid to be broken without a ſigh, and repaired without a ſtruggle.

In ſuch caſes, the fate of woman and of weakneſs has ever been decided by the ſword, and Milto, like many a European dame in ſable weeds, probably moderated paſſion by policy, ſuppreſſed oppoſition, becauſe it was unavailing, and forming a compromiſe between her feelings and her ſituation, diſguiſed or ſoftened the harſhneſs of inexorable neceſſity, by the merit of an early compliance.

Yet from her ſubſequent conduct, I fear that Milto was a prude, or a coquette; ſhe became a ſource of domeſtic diſcord in the conqueror's family, and finally deprived him of the affections and loyalty of his eldeſt ſon.

It had been the cuſtom, almoſt from the foundation of the monarchy, for the heir apparent, on his arriving at a certain age, to be proclaimed ſucceſſor to the throne, for the uſeful purpoſe of cruſhing competition, and preventing the dangers of a vacancy. On this occaſion, the young prince was always allowed to aſk a favor, which in no inſtance had ever been refuſed.

Thoſe who know by painful experience, the timid ſolicitude of love, are beſt qualified to judge of the diſtreſs of Artaxerxes, when, in the face of the whole court, his beloved ſon demanded, on an occaſion which barred refuſal, the fair favorite of his boſom.

From the rigid and ſuperſtitious obſervances of Perſia, backed by the ſolemn perſuaſions of the high prieſt of the ſun, the young prince became poſſeſſed of the enchanting Milto, who is a ſtriking example of that aſtoniſhing influence, which, *ripened beauty* has been obſerved, from management, dexterity, and *other arts*, to exerciſe over hot headed, raſh young men.

The unhappy father declaring, what no woman ought ever to be made acquainted with, *that he could not live without her*, ſoon after reclaimed his captive; family diſſention, and conſpiracy, real or pretended, followed, and ended in the death of his ſon.

Thus beauty, which long before the days of Helen and Troy, had

deſtroyed kingdoms, and made fools or madmen of the wiſeſt and braveſt of heroes, fatal beauty, ruinous alike to itſelf and others, deprived the Perſian monarch of the miſtreſs of his heart, and his kingdom of a much loved prince.

I have been cenſured for crouding the pages of this collection with narratives of female frailty, a ſpecies of miſconduct which, it has been ſaid, ought ever to be aſſigned to the infamy and oblivion it deſerves, I have obſerved, and again repeat, that my purpoſe is to point out to the ſex, the omnipotence of their charms, even when illicitly exerted.

Could women be perſuaded to exert their influence correctly, and diſpenſe their ſmiles to good men alone, firmly rejecting every advance from infamous or debauched characters, I am perſuaded, that a moſt deſirable revolution would take place in the manners of the age. Such gentle, but irreſiſtible cenſors, would ſupply the glaring, the rapid decay, of moral and religious impreſſion, and operate to the full as effectually, and far more pleaſantly, than the moſt elaborate additions to our penal code.

MILITARY GLORY, a thirſt for, called by a late writer, the common vice of the moſt exalted characters.

This *declamatory flouriſh*, I cannot but conſider as a miſtaken and, in the preſent ſtate of Europe, an ill-timed prejudice; how can that be *vicious* which enables us to expel a foreign invader, or protects us from domeſtic tyranny.

The military ſpirit, *like other ſpirits*, may be and often is, ill-directed, but any people, wholly devoid of it, and like the Dutch, neglecting or deſpiſing it, for other purſuits, will, *like them*, be plundered by free-booters.

Without it, no one bleſſing we enjoy is ſafe or permanent, and, however terrible the truth, I am more than ever convinced, that the ſword, the muſket, and the cannon, are the great collateral bulwarks of civilized ſociety.

MILTON, JOHN, an Engliſh poet, ſomewhat quaintly deſcribed by Richardſon, as *an antient, born fifteen hundred years after his time.*

A violent attack made on the genius and originality of the author of Paradiſe Loſt, is noticed in LAUDER's article; Dr. Bentley, alſo treated him with diſreſpect: but later times have wit-

witneſſed an attempt on the other ſide of the queſtion; an attempt to idolize and almoſt deify the republican, at the expence of the poets, and moſt eminent writers of antiquity.

"Compared to Milton," ſays this extravagant and ſingular writer, "Homer is a frog, and Virgil a gnat, Eſchylus, Sophocles, Euripides mere flies buzzing in the ſunſhine of Shakeſpeare. I am aware of incurring critical reſentment by this declaration; but never having profeſſed allegiance to critics, whom I conſider as comets, to ſcare genius, and miniſters of vengeance, I inſiſt that perfection in literary compoſition may exiſt in ſpite of, and in oppoſition to Ariſtotle, and all the little technical cobwebs of his apprentices, Quintilian and Boſſu."

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

It has been often ſaid, that if a miniſter, or any other ſervant of the public, acts or adviſes to the beſt of his judgment, he can do no more, that he has a right to ſit down contented, under the benignant ſhelter of royal prerogative.

The obſervation is not without truth, yet this protecting doctrine may be carried to a dangerous extreme, ſo as to be productive of careleſſneſs, or corruption, in the conduct of public functionaries. If a premier or a privy counſellor was occaſionally obliged to pay ſmart-money, and refund (themſelves or their favorites) ſome part of that wealth, which had been accumulated by the very war, they had raſhly produced, the effects it might produce would be ſalutary; and there are precedents upon record, in favor of that mode of proceeding.

In Sweden, after the unpopular and unſucceſsful war of ſixteen hundred and eighty, a committee was choſen from the different legiſlative bodies, to enquire into the conduct of the miniſters and ſenators, who had voted for hoſtile meaſures. The regiſters of the council were examined, the damage ariſing from each reſolution computed, and a proportionate ſhare levied on the private fortune of each individual; the aggregate amount was applied to repair, in ſome degree, the pecuniary derangements, produced by the meaſures in queſtion.

I know not if this method of aſſeſſment has been yet communicated to Mr. Pitt, among the ways and means.

This article has been conſtrued by ſome of my readers, into a diſapprobation of the preſent war,

which it never was deſigned to be; the new conteſt in which we are engaged I conſider as juſt, neceſſary, and not to be avoided but by a diſgraceful compromiſe of preſent hope and future ſecurity.

MIRELEES, ANDREW, a tanner of Leith, near Edinburgh, of regular habits, and apparently of ſober life, in a country and at a period, when, whatever *other* improvements wealth and refinement have produced, laxity of conduct or of faith would not have eſcaped notice and puniſhment.

In January, ſeventeen hundred and forty-nine, he was called by buſineſs to Haddington, fifteen miles from his houſe, but not returning, his wife and family were conſiderably alarmed; at two o'clock in the morning, after long and anxious expectation, his horſe galloped into the yard in a bloody condition, and wounded in ſeveral parts of the body.

Naturally concluding that Andrew was murdered, they made application to a magiſtrate, and a proclamation was iſſued the next day, offering a reward for apprehending the ſuppoſed murderers.

A maſtiff which uſually followed the tanner, was found ſtabbed in ſeveral places, and dead. Two drunken chairmen were alſo met carrying a ſedan, in which the coat, hat, wig, and ſpurs, of Mirelees, were found, alſo a large claſp knife in one of their pockets, all of which were bloody.

The men could give no ſatisfactory account, but ſaid they had carried a ſick perſon to Muſſelburgh (which was fact) and that on their return, they had met with perſons who made them drunk; that they found the coat, &c. in the road, on their return: under theſe circumſtances they were both committed to priſon.

It appeared, from enquiry, that Mirelees had dined at Haddington, where he received twenty-five pounds, at half paſt five o'clock; that he called in his way home at Muſſelburgh, within five miles of his own houſe, but could be traced no further.

Five weeks after the proclamation was iſſued, Mr. Burton, an Edinburgh tradeſman, returning from Sheffield to Leeds, was ſurprized, as he paſſed through the kitchen of an inn, to ſee Mirelees, in the chimney corner, quietly ſmoking his pipe. After the ardor of curioſity, and the ſtare of wonder, were ſatiated, Burton prevailed on the fugitive to accompany him immediately to Scotland.

Mirelees

Mirelees made oath before a magiſtrate, that ſoon after leaving Muſſelburgh, he was met by two perſons in a poſt-chaiſe, who ordered him to ſtop, which he refuſed, when they ſuddenly jumped out, ſtabbed his horſe and his dog, and forcibly dragged him into the carriage, which then drove on at a furious rate. They halted at ſeveral towns to change horſes, but would never ſuffer him to alight, nor indeed did he know where he was, till they arrived at the black ſwan in York; from this inn, after keeping him confined three days, they removed him at midnight, and at laſt releaſed him in a foreſt, where they quitted him, and he never ſaw them again: they neither demanded money, nor in any reſpect, except abridging his liberty, offered violence to his perſon.

On the ſtrength of this affidavit, one chairman was diſmiſſed from confinement, the other unfortunate man having, in the interval, died in priſon. The chief juſtice being made acquainted with the circumſtances and ſtory of the tanner, ordered him to be apprehended as an impoſture; but he found means to eſcape on board a ſhip bound to Zealand, where he was afterwards ſeen, but never could be prevailed on to explain his conduct, which was proved by his flight to be unjuſtifiable, if not unaccountable.

From this inſtance, which is upon record, judges and juries may learn the fallibility of circumſtantial, unaccompanied by poſitive evidence. I fear few of my readers, appointed as jurymen, to decide on the poor chairmen, would have conſidered them as innocent of the murder, had Mirelees never appeared. What would have been their feelings, had either of thoſe unhappy men been executed before his return!

MARVEL ANDREW, a Patriot, and what is rare, a diſintereſted patriot, during the reign of King Charles the ſecond.

He is ſaid to have regularly dined, during the ſitting of parliament, at an ordinary in the Strand, not far from Northumberland-ſtreet; the houſe has been pointed out to the editor, and within theſe laſt twenty years, was in the ſame occupation, but is now ſo no longer.

Being met at the door by a friend, who thought it not exactly the place for a member of the houſe of commons to frequent, he expoſtulated with him on the ſubject; "I have dined," replied Andrew, "on a piece of excel-

excellent boiled beef, a roaſted pigeon, and aſparagus, which coſt me, including the ſerving man's gratuity, two ſhillings and ſixpence; and WHO WOULD SELL HIMSELF FOR HIRE, WHILE HE CAN HAVE SO GOOD A DINNER FOR HALF A CROWN.

MISFORTUNES OF ROYALTY.

From the days of Saul, and a long liſt of idolatrous kings, whom he and his ſucceſſor deſtroyed; to Tarquin, Darius, the Stuarts, and the dynaſty of the Bourbons, cruſhed before our eyes by the iron ſceptre of a republic; hiſtory is little more than a delineation of the follies and crimes, the miſeries and oppreſſions of kings, of the abject ſubmiſſion, the ſanguinary, but ineffectual violence of their ſubjects.

Such ſpectacles, it is honorable to our natures, as feeling men, and particularly uſeful to us as Engliſhmen, to contemplate with ſympathy and regret, but not to forget the great purpoſes of moral application, and uſeful deduction.

Let it not be forgotten, that, whilſt once in a century, ſome unfortunate monarch and his family are exiled or extirpated, millions of ſubject are daily and hourly ſuffering, evils more bitter than death, evils, which moiſtening their morning morſel and their evening cup, with the tears of anguiſh, eſcape general obſervation, becauſe they are not exhibited on the conſpicuous theatre of public life.

Yet it is to be lamented, that the experience of others, which in many inſtances, affords a cheap, a ſecond-hand, but a uſeful ſpecies of wiſdom, in the caſes of which I am ſpeaking, is found to produce no ſalutary effect. After ſuch long and bloody catalogues of crimes and puniſhments, of cruelty and oppreſſion, it is to be doubted, if a ſingle ſovereign has been taught moderation in the plenitude of power, or one nation pacific, temperate, firmneſs in the trying moments of revolutionary retribution, when paſſion generally triumphs over reaſon, and reſentment overwhelms the bounds of juſtice and practical utility.

Wealth and power, in all ages, have corrupted the human heart, while the turbulent ſpirit of democracy, burſting forth occaſionally, to havoc and deſtruction, has deſtroyed what it ought to have corrected; then retiring, like a tyger to its den, ſurfeited with carnage, again ſubmits to impoſition and tyranny, under a new form.

Thoſe politicians who are advocates

vocates for ſternneſs and ſeverity, on the part of kings and miniſters, inſiſt, that there is no encouragement for inducing ſovereigns to act with mildneſs towards their ſubjects; they produce Louis the laſt King of France, in ſupport of their doctrine.

"In this caſe," ſays a writer, remarkable for a brilliant and artful arrangement of the ſound ſide of a cauſe, "in this caſe, the people of France rebelled againſt a good and beneficent monarch, with more fury, rage, and inſult, than ever the moſt exaſperated ſubjects demonſtrated againſt the moſt ſanguinary of tyrants; their reſiſtance was made to conceſſion, their revolt from protection; their blow was aimed at a hand, holding forth graces, favors, and immunities."

Yet it is impoſſible to defend the unhappy Capet from the charges of duplicity and counteraction; open in moſt caſes to conviction, and earneſt in ſearching for information, he was unfortunately always of opinion with the laſt perſon he converſed with, provided his arguments were conducted with decent plauſibility and common ſenſe. On this principle, and under ſuch diſcordant impreſſions, his orders in the ſame day, and often in the ſame hour, were contradictory; and thoſe who had left him, perhaps only a few hours were confirmed in their opinion, of his total want of ſincerity.

Placed in a ſituation which required the faculties, reſolution, and rapid perception of a being ſuperior to man, the poor king, with many eſtimable qualities, but a total abſence of firmneſs and depth of thought, was puzzled how to act, he was not qualified for the perilous precipice on which he ſtood.

Surrounded by perſons, neither able nor inclined to adviſe for the beſt, he had not ſtrength of mind to adopt the open, ſtraight-forward line of conduct, which would have led to glory and ſafety; diſtracted by hopes and fears, by paternal affection, and conjugal love, his wavering, inconſiſtent conduct, deprived him of the confidence of his ſubjects, malignity rapidly ſucceeded to ſuſpicion, and overwhelming ruin enſued. The king ſhould have yielded implicitly, and unreſervedly, to the ſpirit of the times, or he ſhould have rouzed early from his uxorious and ſenſual propenſities, and have thus expreſſed himſelf; "I am ready to reſign my crown or my life, but while I am your king, I will not conſent to be ſtripped of the prerogatives of a ſovereign."

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On the contrary, ſeeming to yield to, but privately obſtructing the democratic march, he offended, and was alternately deſerted by all.

Unhappy deſcendants from a hateful line! an Engliſh ſpirit wars not with the dead, your misfortunes have thrown a veil over your faults, the ſternneſs of impartial juſtice yields to a more gentle influence.

With all my *ſuppoſed* tendencies, could I have entered by ſupernatural helps, your priſon in the temple, I would have encircled you with an inviſible mantle, the little Capet ſhould not have been forgot; I would have conveyed you from your durance, to ſome ſequeſtered ſpot.

Far from civil diſcord, contending factions, avowed enemies, and falſe friends; you ſhould have paſſed your lives in the lap of comfort and domeſtic peace, I would have dethroned you only to have made you happy.

It is a common reflection in certain circles, to lament that Louis the ſixteenth, his princes and nobles, did not by an early and vigorous exertion, ſuppreſs the firſt tendency to popular tumult; the fact is, early attempts *were* made, but ſuch was the corrupted ſtate of things, ſo thorough a conviction of the neceſſity for *doing ſomething*, had pervaded all ranks, that the ſoldiers were found unwilling to point their bayonets againſt their fellow citizens.

For this reaſon it was, that the arts of corruption, intrigue, and counteraction, were ſo long preferred to actual hoſtility; for of what uſe was it to wage open war, when the neceſſary weapons either dropped from their graſp, or recoiled againſt the hand which weilded them.

MISTAKEN SCEPTIC. A late writer, who fancies *he has demoliſhed Revelation*, obſerves, that it is common for the defenders of Chriſtianity, to inſiſt that the rules inculcated in the ſcriptures, and the life there injoined, are beſt calculated for rendering men happy in *this* life, even if there were no ſtate of future exiſtence.

"I will not take up my reader's time," he adds, "by refuting ſuch reaſoning, but merely quote the following paſſage.

"If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men, moſt miſerable."

But theſe words uttered by one, with a proſpect of ſpeedy martyrdom before his eyes, are, I believe, generally conſidered by our moſt able divines, as applicable only to the early diſciples of Chriſt, and the firſt preachers of

of the goſpel; they bore the mockery, taunts, revilings, and injurious treatment of the world, underwent the moſt grievous torments, and faced death in its moſt terrifying form; thus imitating the example of, and confirming their faith, in a crucified Redeemer.

And if there *be* no ſtate of general retribution, no world beyond the grave; men burnt alive, ſawed aſunder, devoured by wild beaſts, and ſuffering tortures in a thouſand ways, may ſurely be conſidered as *of all men moſt miſerable*, loſing their comforts here, and their rewards hereafter.

MITCHELL, ANDREW, an Engliſh Reſident at the court of the heroic King of Pruſſia, to whom he was a perſonal favorite, though he oppoſed many of the ſceptic and political aſſertions of that monarch, with frank but decent firmneſs.

"By the help of God," ſaid Mitchell on a certain occaſion, "we have gained a victory over the French." "How is this, my friend," ſaid the king, "is God one of your allies?" "YES," replied the envoy, in a ſarcaſtic way, "AND THE ONLY ONE WHO DEMANDS NO SUBSIDIES OF US."

MOB, a method of ſuppreſſing one, without bloodſhed.

In the year ſeventeen hundred and ninety-two, the women of Toulon declared themſelves in a ſtate of inſurrection, and aſſembling in great crowds, threatened to hang the magiſtrates if they did not lower the price of ſugar. The procurator ſyndic at firſt laughed at their threats, but the multitude refuſing to diſperſe, he aſſembled the council general of the commune, and ordered the fire engines, with a plentiful ſupply of water, mixed with ſoot, to be drawn out in battle array; by a vigorous diſcharge of this ſmutty artillery, the inſurgents in petticoats were completely routed, and quietly returned to their homes.

MODERN BIOGRAPHY. "A good life," ſays a pleaſant writer, who occaſionally tantalizes the public with a fragment or an extract, though few are better qualified to amuſe and inſtruct us, by literary and political communications, "a good life was formerly a phraſe confined to the Stock Exchange, but it is now extended to the bookſeller's ſhop, and it is become abſolutely neceſſary for a man to *live on*, in order to preſerve his character.

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"The death of an eminent perſon is conſidered as the ſignal for attack; out comes his life, character and behaviour; he is treated as a felon condemned, with this difference, that the criminal receives ſentence *after*, and the perſon exhibited, *before* conviction.

"The lives we frequently ſee, warrant ſome ſuch ſentence as this: your memory ſhall be conſigned to Arthur Anecdote, Eſq. to be by him anatomized, cut, ſlaſhed, mangled, and ſerved up to the public, at the ſmall price of three ſhillings."

In anſwer to this humourous ſtricture, which in ſome reſpects is well founded, it may be ſaid, that while private anecdotes are ſo eagerly purchaſed, and with ſuch avidity peruſed, it is natural to expect that in the literary, as in *other trades*, that commodity will be always ſent to market in the greateſt quantity, for which there is the moſt urgent demand.

The only effectual mode for ſuppreſſing this teazing propenſity, would be for the gentleman in queſtion, and no man is better able, to amend the public taſte, and turn general curioſity into more important channels, by his own literary exertions.

Till ſo deſirable an alteration takes place, we muſt not act like the luxurious epicure, who, after diſtending his ſtomach with *whipt-ſyllabubs*, *flummery*, and other flatulent unſubſtantial viands, complained that he had no appetite for Engliſh roaſt beef. Inſtead of attributing his miſtake to the vitiated caprice of his own appetite, he ſtormed and ſwore at the purveyors who furniſhed the various articles of his table.

After all that hath been ſaid and ſung on the ſubject, I have my doubts, whether the benefits produced by the faſhionable cuſtom of ſcrutinizing into perſonal hiſtory, do not over-balance the inconveniences *it is ſuppoſed* to produce.

A ſmile, a bluſh, or a ſigh, may be occaſionally raiſed by the diſcovery of amorous intrigue, Newmarket adventure, private profligacy, or public tergiverſation; but it is an undeniable fact, that much of crime, much of malice, and much of meanneſs, is prevented by this literary tribunal, which thus obliges individuals, however exalted their rank, to paſs in review before the public, and ſtigmatizes or praiſes their actions, according to their intrinſic merits, after the parties are out of the reach of the King's Bench, or the Old Bailey.

The *crying evil* is, that thoſe who

who undertake the buſineſs, too often want ability, honeſty, and independence.

It is recorded, on indiſputable evidence, that the odious Counteſs of Macclesfield, the unnatural mother of Savage, carried with her to the grave, the anguiſh of a wounded heart, inflicted by the arrows of the preſs; in this inſtance, it has been ſaid, that the offender was puniſhed, but not amended.

Yet a certain notorious character, famous for his criminal accumulation of wealth, his guilty miſapplication of it, and ſtained by crimes which, though enormous, the laws could not reach: it is a well-known fact, that he reluctantly agreed to ſee and be reconciled to his only, his much injured ſon; that he conſiderably relaxed the habits of his life, and did *a little* good, *for fear*, (as he obſerved to a friend, and in his own language) for fear of *thoſe damned newſpapers*.

Let it not, however, be underſtood, that I am the advocate for calumny, the defender of poſthumous abuſe, or literary ſcurrility, which hath been ſo cruelly and often ſo unfoundedly poured forth on thoſe *who cannot ſpeak for themſelves*.

I appeal, without fear and without reſerve, to every page of this collection, and to every reader of it; I call on them to execrate and damn me and my book, to future times, if I have in any one inſtance, AND GOD SO HELP ME AT MY GREATEST NEED, if I have, in any one inſtance, diſplayed a character, reprobated an action, or animadverted on any party or any body of men, from private rancour, or mercenary motives.

In a work ſo miſcellaneouſly comprehenſive, it is impoſſible always to avoid error and miſſtatement, whenever clearly proved, and *decently* communicated, I frequently have been, I truſt I ever ſhall be ready, to acknowledge and correct them.

But to the paramount merit of good deſign, that only ray which ſhoots acroſs my literary gloom, however ineffectual my efforts, I lay a ſtrong claim, a claim which no motive ſhall ever prevail on me to relinquiſh or reſign.

For the virulent effuſions of ſelfiſhneſs and malevolence, in which the pen of the writer is converted into the bludgeon of a footpad, or the ſtiletto of an aſſaſſin; for mercenary invective, and baſe miſrepreſentation, legal and adequate remedies are at hand; but in our efforts to correct, let us be cautious that we do not deſtroy. On this occaſion, we ſhould call to our recollection,

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an axiom recorded in another part of this collection; BY THAT REPROOF WHICH TOUCHES NO MAN, NO MAN WAS EVER AMENDED.

MODERN Improvements in art, ſcience, and perſonal comfort, unknown to the ancients.

"I have often wiſhed," ſays a lively, but profound writer, "I have often wiſhed, that I had it in my power to exhibit to the ſages and heroes of ancient times, ſome of thoſe improvements which, though familiar to, and little thought of by *us*, could not fail ſurprizing and delighting minds like theirs.

"I would give to Ariſtotle, the electric ſhock; I would carry Alexander the Great to ſee the experiments at Woolwich Warren, and the evolutions of a modern batallion; I would ſhew to Julius Cæſar, the invader of the *barbarous* Britons, an Engliſh man of war; to Archimedes, a fire engine, and a reflecting teleſcope."

Having occaſion to ſpeak of an Engliſh ſailor, who, impelled by curioſity, courage, or raſhneſs, deſcended into the crater of Mount Ætna, and dipped his ſtick into the melted matter, the ſame writer obſerves. "If a reaſoning being could be permitted to penetrate with ſafety into the loweſt bowels and receſſes, which furniſh food to that burning volcano, how tremendous would be the ſcene; caverns, or rather cauldrons, of ſeveral miles extent, with fiery maſſes larger than the human eye can take in, rolling furiouſly about, with vivid flaſhes of fire brighter than the ſun; bellowings and roarings louder than thunder.

"The earth undermined by flames, and breaking in upon the fire with freſh ſtores of combuſtible matter; torrents or rivers of water, at the ſame time, pouring down on the burning maſs, the blaſt of which, repelled by ſuch an immenſe fire, driving before it vaſt rocks, ſtones, cinders, and aſhes, into the air."

A ſcene indeed awful and terribly ſublime, wanting only a Lucifer, a Belzebub, a Moloch, and their aſſociate ſpirits, to compleat the infernal vault, the fiery gulph, and ſulphureous Pandæmonium of Milton.

MONK, GEORGE, an Engliſh General, highly inſtrumental in the reſtoration of King Charles the ſecond, by whom he was created Duke of Albemarle, and otherwiſe rewarded; nor can it be denied, that Monk watched with patient vigilance the current

rent of popular opinion; that he ſeized with dexterity, the deciſive moment, when he might ſafely and effectually act for the royal fugitive; by this conduct, he prevented thoſe bloody ſtruggles, which muſt inevitably have taken place, had he declared himſelf, before the general wiſh for the king's return, had been intelligibly expreſſed.

I have been aſked by an ingenious critic, in what reſpect, as a ſoldier, a patriot, or a ſtateſman, the proceeding of General Monk, could juſtify the harſh and unqualified cenſure I have in another place beſtowed upon him; my anſwer ſhall be ſhort, and I truſt it will be ſatisfactory.

The error, or rather the crime of Monk, was his delivering up to a man, notorious for his profligacy, depravity, infidelity, and a total abſence of all moral principles, the people of England UNCONDITIONALLY; for it will not admit of doubt, that the exiled prince, without money or friends, an outlaw and a refugee in a foreign land, would readily and eagerly have agreed to any terms, as the price of reſtoring him to the throne of his anceſtors.

How many ſerious evils and bloody ſtruggles would an oppoſite conduct on the part of the general have prevented, had he prudently guarded the conſtitution by new barriers, and aſſiſted by able adviſers, re-traced and expreſſed in clear language, the preciſe boundaries of regal prerogative?

Conſidered in this point of view, I remain ſtill of opinion, that the conduct of Monk was culpably negligent, and ſelfiſhly time-ſerving; a charge in which I conſider Lord Clarendon, with all his good ſenſe and political moderation, as in ſome degree involved. It was his duty, as a man of honor and a patriot, to have adviſed his maſter to do that voluntarily, which Monk might have *inſiſted* on his doing; I ſhall continue to be of this opinion, notwithſtanding ſo much has been well ſaid by a late writer, whom I once loved, and now lament; and although he has dignified or caricatured the chancellor as an hiſtorian, with the epithet STUPENDOUS.

MONLUC, a Marſhal of France, in the ſixteenth century, a man of conſiderable military merit, and generally celebrated by French hiſtorians, who have omitted to remark the horrid cruelties he exerciſed on the perſecuted Hugonots.

Some of theſe unfortunate wretches fled for refuge to the city

city of Beziers, to which place Monluc and his myrmidons eagerly purſued them; but Simon, Count Monfort pleaded in their behalf, giving among other reaſons for mercy, that there were many zealous Catholics among the inhabitants. "We will not liſten a moment, God will diſtinguiſh and reward the faithful in another world; fall on, my gallant comrades," was the mercileſs reply, "and give yourſelves not a moments concern if a ſcore or two of the faithful ſhould periſh; the extirpation of hereſy is ſo important, that you muſt run all riſks, rather than ſuffer one of the hateful race to eſcape."

A double line of troops having been drawn round the town, to prevent a creature paſſing forth, the maſſacre became general and promiſcuous, men, women, and children, without a ſingle exception, were put to death; the monſters exterminated the inhabitants, went to maſs, and were taught to think they did God ſervice.

Monluc, the director of this atrocious proceeding, was afterwards dangerouſly wounded in the face, at the ſiege of Rabaſtens, a town on the river Tarbe, in the Upper Languedoc; in conſequence of this accident, which ſhattered both his jaws, and cruſhed the bones of his noſe, his face was ſo much diſfigured, and his countenance rendered altogether ſo horrible, that he never appeared afterwards without a maſk.

This circumſtance in a man, whoſe bloody actions had created a hoſt of enemies, was too peculiar and ſtriking to eſcape their animadverſions; and the ſectarian preachers, uniting fanaticiſm with rancour, inſiſted that his misfortune was a viſitation evidently called down from Heaven by his execrable conduct; they conſtantly deſcribed the diſfigured marſhal as a ſecond Cain, a monſter marked for univerſal deteſtation by the hand of God.

This military veteran had a younger brother, who was Biſhop of Valence, in Dauphinè, of whom it hath been remarked, that while the marſhal, during his whole life, was exhibiting ſtrong proofs of the moſt active catholic zeal, the eccleſiaſtic was ſuſpected of *inclining* to the opinions of the reformers.

On this different conduct of the two individuals, we may be permitted to obſerve that it was the duty of the marſhal, as a good ſoldier, not only to act, but even to think, *according to the word of command*; but that the biſhop, led by habit and education to purſue religious ſtudies,

was

was very likely to be led aſtray from the paths of popery, by nature and common ſenſe.

MONSEY, Dr. a phyſician and an oddity.

Poſſeſſing a conſiderable ſhare of literary acuteneſs, and knowledge of the world, but paying little regard to the feelings and eſtabliſhed cuſtoms of mankind, he too often rendered the good will and eaſe of others, ſubſervient to his own conveniency, whim, and caprice.

He firſt practiſed phyſic at Bury, in Suffolk, where he experienced the common fate of profeſſional ſituations in the country; great fatigue, long journies, and ſhort fees.

In a ruſty wig, dirty boots, and leather breeches, he probably would have ſunk into a *humdrum* provincial doctor, with the common queſtions by rote, the tongue, the pulſe, and the guinea; his merits not diffuſed beyond a county chronicle, and his medical miſtakes concealed in a country church-yard.

But he was haſtily ſent for to attend the Earl of Godolphin, a ſon of Queen Anne's Lord Treaſurer, by a daughter of John, the great Duke of Marlborough.

This nobleman, on a journey to his ſeat near the Gogmagog Hills, was ſuddenly and dangerouſly ill; nature or Monſey was ſucceſsful, and in the interval of recovery, the grateful earl, highly pleaſed with the converſation, as well as the ſkill of his phyſician, felt a wiſh to ſecure merit, ſo ſuperior to the poſt in which he found it; as he had long wanted an agreeable and rational companion, and a medical friend, ſo deſirable to a valetudinarian in the decline of life.

Having liberally rewarded Dr. Monſey, his lordſhip made an offer for his becoming an inmate and a friend on the fair ground of mutual favor and reciprocal obligation. The terms were accepted, he accompanied his patient to London, lived with him near thirty years, the remainder of his patron's life, and procured, through his intereſt, a medical appointment at Chelſea, and a handſome legacy on the death of his patron.

Lord Godolphin's life has been deſcribed as ſpent, rather in ſnug comfort, than brilliant diſplay; his ſupreme felicity, a well dreſt, and to do him juſtice, a well-eaten dinner, his game backgammon, and his favorite book, Cibber's Apology for his own Life.

It is not eaſy to imagine a greater contraſt than Monſey's journey produced; from the narrow rural circle, unvaried and unenlivened, from the ſenſeleſs egotiſm of the fox-hunter, the

ſilly minuteneſs, and teazing detail of the keen ſportſman, and the noiſy nonſenſe, ribaldry, and carouſings of fairs, weddings, and chriſtenings; from the obſtinate wrong-headed juſtice and his nervous wife; from the curate, the lawyer, and the apothecary; from the unintereſting pertneſs of conceit, and the benumbing dullneſs of ignorance, he was ſuddenly depoſited in the metropolis, the region of elegance, the fountain of politeneſs, and the land of promiſe.

He was introduced to many of the firſt characters of the age, and ſucceſsfully cultivated a friendſhip with Sir Robert Walpole, the Earls of Bath and Cheſterfield, and with Mr. Garrick. Thus treading the pleaſanteſt path of life, the happy medium between leiſure and fatigue; poliſhed ſociety, and literary amuſement, might be ſaid to ſtrew the way over with flowers.

Yet, in a long intercourſe with the great and the gay, he never degraded himſelf by abject flattery, conſtantly preſerving a natural plainneſs of manners, and an unreſerved ſincerity of behaviour, to thoſe who remember it, by no means an unpleaſing one. He ſpoke the truth, and what ſometimes gave offence, the whole truth, which afforded malignity an opportunity for ſometimes crying him down as a cynic and miſanthropiſt; but his cenſures, though ſevere, were generally juſt, and for the moſt part directed againſt vice, impudence, or affectation.

An intercourſe with David Garrick muſt have been highly deſirable to any man of common taſte and diſcernment, and Monſey always conſidered it as the ſolace and ornament of his life: but thoſe beſt acquainted with the manager, however they admired and loved him, all knew, that although eager to ſeek and enjoy a joke at another man's expence, it nettled him when raiſed at his own; it was the amuſement of many an hour at Hampton, to produce ridiculous ſtories, or raiſe a laugh at the doctor, who retorted ſometimes with warmth, and often with ſucceſs.

"Garrick will certainly quit the ſtage," ſaid Dr. Mark Hildeſley, Biſhop of Sodor and Man, many years before the retirement of Roſcius: "He never will do it," ſaid Monſey, "as long as he knows a guinea is croſs on one ſide, and pile on the other. This proverbial reply was violently reſented by our inimitable actor, he ſent his friend an anonymous letter, containing at length the emphatic words of Horace,

—— Ab-

——Abſentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit alio culpante, ſolutos
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, omiſſa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger eſt hunc tu Romane caveto.

A friendſhip productive, for twenty years, of mutual pleaſure, inſtantly ceaſed, and, as intimate friends are often converted into bitter enemies, their diſpute was exaſperated by ſevere recrimination; while officious intermedlers, who affected to lament their diſagreement, ridiculing and exulting at their quarrel, heartily laughed at the joke. "I thank you," cried Monſey, to Lord Bath, who attempted to reconcile them, "but why will your lordſhip trouble yourſelf with the ſquabbles of a merry-andrew and a quack?"

After Lord Godolphin's death, it was again his fate to ſhift the ſcene; deprived of a friend who delighted, and a patron who liberally ſupported him, he retired to Chelſea, and exchanged the ſplendor of a wealthy peer, and an agreeable circle of London acquaintance, for ſolitary apartments at the college, a plate at a table provided for the governor and other officers of the houſe, his time-piece, and a veteran female ſervant. Soured by diſappointment, and a change of circumſtance and ſituation, he felt exertion neceſſary, to prevent the inroads of ennui and diſcontent, and laboured to fill up the intervals of life, which had been hitherto completely and agreeably occupied.

In this nice point, ſo productive of crimes or of follies in us all, he partly ſucceeded, by the aid of books, correſpondence, mechaniſm, backgammon, and profeſſional purſuits; but he could not entirely eſcape the ſhafts of chagrin, which after the moſt elaborate bulwarks we raiſe againſt external attack, too often originate from an enemy within.

A gradual alteration was obſerved; genius, attic wit, happy alluſion, and the well-told anecdote, were mellowed and improved on the canvas, but the gentle tints, the delicate colouring, the minute blending of light and ſhade, the morbidezza of refined manners produced by the attrition of elegant ſociety, were gradually impaired; he confeſſedly poſſeſſed the fortiter in re, but neglected the ſuaviter in modo.

At the hoſpital for military invalids, Dr. Monſey became acquainted with Mr. Cheſelden, an able lithotomiſt, and unaſſuming man, the friend of Pope, poſ-

ſeſſing a turn for mechanic contrivance, and a knack at rhyming, which he always induſtriouſly concealed from the tranſlator of Homer.

This dexterous and ſucceſsful operator was more gratified by a compliment on his chariot ſprings improved by his own invention, the ſplendor of his equipage, or a well-turned extempore ſtanza, than by being called the firſt ſurgeon in Europe. By humouring theſe harmleſs foibles, and introducing his name in his epiſtles, Pope ſecured profeſſional attendance gratis, and the uſe of his carriage, houſe, and ſervants.

Monſey's retreat at Chelſea was diſturbed after Mr. Cheſelden's death, by diſputes with Mr. Ranby, a ſurgeon, mentioned in Mr. Adair's article.

By a prepoſterous or corrupt regulation, it had been cuſtomary for the ſurgeon to make out a quarterly bill, for attendance and application, contrary to the mode wiſely adopted in every ſimilar inſtitution, where economy and good management are at all attended to, which clearly point out a certain annual ſalary as the moſt eligible method.

It was in vain that the phyſician, who, by virtue of his office, inſpected the bill, detected error and mis-ſtatement; it was to no purpoſe he proved, that the medical and ſurgical expenditure at Greenwich, for ſupplying ſeveral thouſand marine penſioners, annually amounted to leſs than five hundred pounds; while the ſame purpoſes, for leſs than a quarter of the ſame number of military veterans, coſt more than five thouſand a year.

The Doctor uſed to ſay with exultation, that his preſent majeſty approved of his conduct in this official difference; but ſuch is the power of corrupt influence, that Ranby's bill was paid; and the buſineſs continues ſtill to be conducted in the ſame manner.

It was Monſey's misfortune to launch into the boundleſs ocean of metaphyſics, which ſo many adventurers explore, without rudder, ſail, or compaſs. His voyage produced the uſual return of doubt and diſappointment; to thoſe who are infatuated by ſuch unprofitable purſuits, it may be uſeful to obſerve, that he confeſſed he owed to theſe ſtudies, a great part of the unhappineſs of his life. He profeſſed himſelf a ſtaunch ſupporter of the Unitarian doctrine, and when the Athanaſian creed was mentioned, he never failed burſting forth into violent expreſſions of abhorrence and diſguſt.

A gentleman, if I miſtake not, Mr. Robinſon, a brother of Mrs. Montague's, was lamenting the

the deplorable irreligion of the times, and concluded an orthodox, but well-meant harangue, by ſaying "And doctor, I talk with people who believe there is no God." "And I," ſaid Monſey, "talk with people who believe there are three." The frightened Trinitarian inſtantly left his profane companion.

The ſubject of this article has been compared to Swift, whom indeed he reſembled, in the predominating, and ſometimes the tyrannical ſpirit, with which he affected to rule his company, and controul the converſation of thoſe with whom he aſſociated: he expected, and in moſt inſtances exacted, ſubmiſſion from all.

Medico et philoſopho nihil indecens, was alſo a favorite adage with the phyſician, who, like the Dean, though a man of naſty ideas, was not like him, a man of *oriental ſcrupuloſity*.

The author of the Lady's Dreſſing Room, and Monſey, who often produced an almond, which he boaſted had travelled four times down his throat, might have *imaginations* equally filthy; but, while Swift, in his dreſs, habits, and waſhings, was delicately nice, the doctor was groſsly deficient in decency and common cleanlineſs; ſo widely different was the practice of men, who appear, at firſt ſight, to have profeſſed the ſame theory.

Swift, delineating and laying open the nauſeous receſſes of naſtineſs and filth, for the purpoſe of inculcating perſonal purity and decorum: Monſey, from a philoſophic or an affected contempt for troubleſome delicacy, and fantaſtic prudery, hunting for, and delighting to dwell on, objects, which all who wiſh to preſerve a reliſh for life, turn their eyes from and avoid.

Monſey was a whig, in the moſt liberal and extenſive ſenſe of the term, a friend to a limited monarchy, and a mixed government: Swift, on the contrary, was a rank high churchman, a ſtickler for the infamous Sacheverel, a tory, with all the narrow bigotry of his party, an enemy to the religious, and (except in a few inſtances, where temporary popularity ſwayed him) to the civil liberties of mankind.

Dat Deus immiti cornua curta bovi, ſeems very applicable to the Dean, whether baſking in the warm ſunſhine of Harley's favour, or weilding a deſpotic ſceptre in the little chapter of St. Patrick's.

"How happens it," ſaid Sir Robert Walpole, "that no one contradicts me, or beats me at billiards, except Dr. Monſey?"

"They get places," replied the Doctor, "I am thought an honeſt fellow, and get an invitation to dinner."

His ſurly antagoniſt, Ranby, was ſucceeded by Mr. Adair, a ſketch of whoſe life is given in this collection.

Two characters more oppoſite could not eaſily have met; Monſey, with a proud conſciouſneſs of vigorous intellect, literary acquirement, and rugged merit; Adair, gentle, accommodating, pleaſant, and ſuperficial, poliſhed by elegant intercourſe, and adorned with gentleman-like qualities; the firſt ſecuring by ſtubborn eccentricity, that public notice he ſeemed to deſpiſe: the laſt, by humble, but more ſeducing arts, collecting the rays of court ſunſhine, and winning the affections of the fair: one, rich in the maſſy bullion of ſterling genius; the other ſufficiently ſtored with the uſeful current coin of mild manners, politeneſs, and attention.

As old age, with its cares, advanced, an aſperity of behaviour, and a neglect of decorum, was obſerved in the doctor; the young and the gay exclaimed againſt him, as an interrupter of thoſe various and minute rules, which, however trifling they may appear to the ſage and the philoſopher, eſſentially contribute to the eaſe and comfort of modern life.

From this charge he cannot be wholly exculpated; but idle, ſilly, vain women, and *men like women*, excited in him the moſt violent effuſions of anger and contempt.

He was charged with avarice, an accuſation often beſtowed on laudable prudence, by the ſelfiſh, the fooliſh, or the profuſe: if, in general, he appeared too fond of money, it did not prevail on all occaſions, for, in two inſtances, he burnt a hundred pound bond, having ſo far aſſiſted two induſtrious tradeſmen, who were able, but would have been diſtreſſed to repay it.

The great vulgar, who affected to treat him cavalierly, and meanly imagined that a fee cancelled all obligation, he often cut down, by repeatedly inſiſting "That the attentions of a friend can never be repaid with money." One of theſe inſignificants, a ſhabby placeman, whoſe wife was once celebrated for beauty, ſent him a ten pound bank note, for attendance at a diſtance, during a long indiſpoſition, when he knew it had coſt the doctor twice the ſum in chaiſe hire.

The note was inſtantly returned; the formal empty prater coolly pocketted the affront, and after frequently impoſing on him

in

in money tranſactions, had the aſſurance to repeatedly apply for advice, and the impudence to ridicule and abuſe the phyſician *behind his back*.

Ill uſage and repeated pecuniary frauds ſoured the doctor's temper, and his behaviour was gradually tinctured with ſuſpicion and acrimony. If however, his parſimony, in many inſtances, degenerated into meanneſs, if his mode of life was not equal to his income, let it be remembered, that he was conſtantly obſerving the diſgraceful, and often the tragical effects of diſſipation; that he had the warmeſt affection for his daughter, whoſe numerous offspring he felt himſelf bound to provide for; that he had a purſe to aſſiſt the unfortunate; and we may at laſt be induced to confeſs, that he had an amiable reaſon for his weakneſs.

Such, with all his foibles, was Monſey; but the hour was rapidly approaching, when infirmity clouded his faculties, when the eye which enlivened, and the ear that liſtened to his friend, began to fail, narrative old age came on, and languor, pain, and petulance, ſucceeded to wit, which ſet the table on a roar, and ſallies of ironical ſarcaſm, which no power of face could reſiſt.

The edge of the ſword had cut through the ſcabbard, the candle had burnt to its ſocket; he had exceeded the age of man, the accompliſhment of his century was at hand, and he declared, in the querulous voice of decrepitude, that to him the world was a deſart, that he had out-lived his faculties, his pleaſures, and his friends, that he was tired of life, but, like many fools and many philoſophers, afraid to die.

§ As biography, however amuſeing, ought not to be wholly unprofitable, the life of Monſey holds up a ſalutary leſſon to young men of talent and enterprize. From a profeſſion, which, even in the country, might have rendered him, if not a brilliant, a uſeful and reſpectable member of ſociety, he was awakened, by what the world generally conſiders, a fortunate accident, to more ſplendid and intereſting views. Rouzed by the enticing voice of ambition, luxury, or eaſe, he deſerted the Poſt in which Providence had placed him, and ruſhing to the metropolis, on the wings of hope and expectation, paſſed the ſunſhine of his beſt days in affluence, amuſement, and inactivity.

Having acquired conſiderable knowledge, both of books and of men, he was again depoſited in the ſhades of retirement, and from inclination or diſappointment, took

took a ſatirical turn, attempted to correct ſhabby enormity, to reform the abandoned, ſubdue the impertinent, and mortify the vain. From a neglect of the little, rather than the great duties of life, from a haughty unaccommodating ſeverity, to the ill qualities of others, rather than a want of good ones in himſelf, did he not often fail?

Did not the ungracious ſternneſs of his efforts generally counteract his beſt intentions? Does it appear that his extraordinary powers, learning, and talents for converſation, rendered him more feared or loved? Did they advance him on the road to happineſs, or ſmooth his paſſage through life?

As a phyſician, he was a diſciple of the Boerhaavian ſchool, and of Sydenham, and ſcrupulouſly adhered to rules and ſyſtems, which he uſed to ſay were ſanctioned by ſixty years experience; he knew not, or neglected the acknowledged modern improvements, both in theory and practice, yet he deſerved the praiſe of minute and accurate delineation of ſymptom, of undeviating attention to nature, and I underſtand from a medical friend, that his prognoſtics were remarkably correct, and generally juſtified by the event. That he was a naſty dog, wore a dirty ſhirt, and was eternally preſcribing ptiſans and contrayerva, was the utmoſt the malignity of Ranby could object againſt him.

His pen was not often exerciſed either on profeſſional or miſcellaneous ſubject, for public view: yet, accounts of uncommon diſeaſe, and in ſome inſtances, of his ſucceſsful treatment, have been occaſionally printed. As a votary of the muſes, he was ſucceſsful, in the walks of humor, ſatire, and occaſionally the amorous and tender. At the age of eighty-four he addreſſed a copy of verſes to Miſs Berry, a young lady of Chiſwick, a poetical effort, which would have done no diſredit to Pope; who indeed with the feelings of a man, could, at that time, behold Miſs Berry, without love, emotion, and deſire!

It has been ſaid, that the ſubject of this article was regretted by few, and that a man ſo generally diſliked as he latterly was, muſt have been groſsly wrong, and radically defective in principle or practice. An economiſt and a reformer of abuſe is ſeldom popular, the very exiſtence of ſuch a character depends on lopping off the ſuperfluous branches, of corrupt perquiſite, official fraud, or ſenſual gratification.

To this, another reaſon may be

be added: from a circle of friends exalted by rank and abilities, and in general adorned with uſeful or polite learning, he was removed to Chelſea college, the civil and domeſtic offices of which inſtitution, ought to have been occupied by diſabled or diſbanded military veterans, as it was founded for the expreſs purpoſe of a well-earned retreat, for the brave and unfortunate: but this foundation, which ought to have been devoted to national charity, was over-run by the valets, grooms, or election jobbers, of a Fox, a Ruſſell, a Phipps, a Grenville, or a Rigby.

By this prepoſterous miſapplication of public rewards, a menial, by ſhaving the paymaſter, bruſhing his coat, his ſhoes, or marrying his miſtreſs, was inſtantly dubbed a gentleman, and became the companion of a general, a knight of the Bath, a phyſician, and a divine.

To men ſprung from the worſt dregs of the worſt ſociety, frequently elevated for obſequiouſneſs or vice, ignorant and ſelf-conceited, can we wonder that Monſey repaid inſolence with ſatirical invective and contempt? But real unaſſuming merit, in the pooreſt and loweſt ſituations, he treated with good-nature and winning familiarity: the heart-felt gratitude he often experienced from patients of this claſs, he ever ſpoke of as the moſt gratifying fee.

He was the laſt man to arrogate adventitious merit, from ſplendid connection or intellectual excellence: a creature (he would often exclaim) palſied by the contraction of a nervous fibre, and ſenſeleſs on the ground, from the burſting of a capillary; an animal, whom with all our refined ſtruggles, we can ſcarcely keep ſweet and wholeſome, has vaſt pretenſions to ſtrut on the ſtilts of ſelf-importance.

To conclude, Dr. Monſey poſſeſſed a lively imagination, pointed wit, keen ſenſibility, and its general companions, ſtrong paſſions, which he took little pains to curb: his curioſity was ardent, inſatiable, and often troubleſome, but his communications were rapid, copious, and intereſting: his vein of humor was rich, luxuriant, and (as is the nature of all humor) ſometimes groſs, and ſometimes inelegant.

His penetration was deep, his opinion of human nature, warped by injuries of the ſelfiſh and unprincipled, was culpably unfavorable; his memory was incredible, pouring forth, in an unexhauſted flow of words, the treaſure of paſt years, which frequently,

quently, like other treaſures, was not without its droſs. He was a ſtorehouſe of anecdote, an ample reſervoir of good things, a living chronicle of other times.

His wit was not the keen, ſhining, highly-poliſhed, well-tempered weapon of a Sheridan, a Courtney, or a Burke, it was rather the irreſiſtible maſſy ſabre of a coſſack, which, if the ſharpneſs of its edge proved deficient, demoliſhed by the weight of its blow.

His faults he was too lazy or too proud to conceal, they were prominent: a vitiated taſte feaſting on garbage, and ſeeking, like the foul fiend, in bog, ditch, or obſcene receſs, for converſe or contemplation, objects, which as I have before obſerved, moſt of us fly from, or reject: his dreſs was neglected, and odiouſly begrimed, like his face and hands, with ſnuff, that ſworn enemy to cleanlineſs and comfort; his deportment was unſeemly, and his language too often diſguſting.

To the eſtabliſhed clergy, who were fond of inſulting or calumniating the diſintereſted motives of his friends, who ſeceded from the faith and creeds of the church of England, his behaviour was rancorous, unforgiving, and illiberal; but in general they were even with him, and neither gave nor received quarter.

Whilſt he was ſhaking off with violence, the diſgraceful manacles of prieſtcraft and ſuperſtition, he did not ſufficiently guard himſelf againſt the comfortleſs bigotry of ſcepticiſm, which, like religious bigotry, narrows the intellects, and hardens the heart, to the ſoft calls of ſocial affection.

Yet after ſurveying the ſituation, cotemporaries, and uſage which Monſey experienced, let not the Chriſtian, the courtier, or the philoſopher, be too ſure, that he would have acted a different part, or have quitted the ſcene with more approbation.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION, a ſingular one, intended for a man who ſuffered an ignominious death, fifty years ago.

"To the memory of the *unfortunate* Boſavern Penlez, who finiſhed a *harmleſs life*, by a diſgraceful death.

"He was the ſon of a clergyman, well educated, and generally eſteemed; but, actuated by principles, laudable, when well directed, and properly reſtrained, hurried by *virtuous zeal*, and an honeſt deteſtation of public ſtews, he joined with a party of rioters whom

whom he accidentally met, in demoliſhing thoſe diſgraceful receptacles of iniquity, thoſe corrupters of the riſing generation.

"Of four hundred perſons concerned, he alone was condemned to die; that he deſerved mercy, appears from his forbiding his aſſociates to reſcue him, which they might eaſily have done in the uproar and confuſion of the moment; but the executive power, which he had thus reſpected, at the expence of his life, refuſed to ſave him, though ſtrongly importuned.

"That reſpect *which was due to him when alive*, was however paid to his remains; the inhabitants of St. Clement Danes, interred his body in their church yard, and perſonally attended the laſt offices of an unhappy youth, whoſe death was occaſioned by the warmth of his indignation againſt a moſt diſgraceful and deſtructive ſpecies of public nuiſance.

"By his example, may poſterity be admoniſhed to avoid intemperate zeal, and learn to reſpect laws, *even the moſt oppreſſive*; *may they think themſelves happy under that government which doth truly and indifferently adminiſter juſtice, to the puniſhment of wickedneſs and vice.*"

There are ſeveral reaſons for my admitting ſo extraordinary a production into this miſcellany; one is, that the whole of it, from firſt to laſt, is a ſophiſtry, grounded on groſs miſrepreſentation and falſehood, more particularly thoſe paſſages which I have printed in Italic.

A reader uninformed on the ſubject, will hear with ſurprize, that this unfortunate youth of harmleſs life, and, who in the poetic proſe of the inſcription, is deſcribed as a perſecuted martyr, a much injured reformer of national grievances, had conſidered a houſe of ill-fame, attacked by a lawleſs and exaſperated mob, as affording a favorable opportunity for plunder; that he had for this purpoſe entered the premiſes, and at the moment of his apprehenſion by the officers of juſtice, had in his poſſeſſion the property he had ſtolen.

This will alſo account for another remark of this public-ſpirited man, who choſe to write an epitaph to the memory of a thief; he obſerves, that this *virtuous zealot*, "was the only one of four hundred perſons concerned, who ſuffered death. The truth is, he was the man who moſt deſerved it; he violated the laws in a two-fold manner, by adding robbery to outrage, and was the only criminal guilty of both offences; the majority of the rioters being a collection of ſailors, mad with

with intoxication, and irritated by ſome real or imaginary injury, received from the tenants of the houſe in queſtion.

There ſeems to have been another reaſon for this writer's making A FELON THE HERO OF HIS TALE; a powerful party at that period oppoſed the miniſters of the crown, and thought no methods of injuring their adverſaries unlawful, however prejudicial to public peace.

It may ſurprize a reaſonable and reflecting man to hear, that the execution of Penlez was ſeized on by certain literary partizans of that day, to throw an odium on adminiſtration, fan the flames of diſcontent, and as plainly appears by the concluding paragraph of the inſcription, to diſſeminate ſedition and foment rebellion, under the inſidious pretext of religious cant, and the maſk of political irony.

If it were not for hurting the feelings of men whom I love and reſpect, but whom, on the ground they at preſent tread, *I ſhall ever oppoſe*, I could produce a caſe ſtrongly in point, a hero, nearly reſembling the ſubject of this article, *in his merits, his patrons, and the ſtrong ſympathy his misfortunes excited*, although it is to be lamented that the termination of his career was not on the altar of the public juſtice of that country, whoſe lenity he abuſed, whoſe laws he violated, and whoſe inſtitutions he vilified and traduced.

MONSTROUS BIRTH, a curious way of accounting for, according to the theory of a Sectarian phyſiologiſt.

At Boſton in New England, on the ninth day of October, ſixteen hundred and thirty-ſeven, the wife of William Diex, formerly citizen and haberdaſher of London, deſcribed as *a very proper young woman*, was delivered of a large female child, ſtill-born, but alive within two hours of its birth, ſo monſtrous and miſhapen, that the like hath not been ſeen.

It ſeemed to have no neck, but the head was placed as it were between the ſhoulders; the ears were like thoſe of an aſs; the breaſt and back like a thornbeck covered with ſhárp prickles; the arms and hands were like thoſe of other children; but inſtead of toes, it had on each foot three claws with talons, like the foot of a fowl; over the eyes, horns were budding forth, &c. &c. &c. but I will not diſguſt my readers by dwelling on the unpleaſant deſcription, as it is for the ſake of the remarks with which the relator concludes his narration, that this article is introduced.

Con-

Conſiderable pains were taken to conceal this unſeemly production, by the midwife, and it was ſecretly buried; but this worthy woman and her aſſociates, not being remarkable for taciturnity, or for retaining what they know, the matter reached the ears of the governor, who, giving no credit to the report, and finding that it produced a ferment in the public mind, ordered the child to be taken out of the earth, "when its horns, claws, and other unnatural appendages, were ſeen by more than a hundred people.

"It ought to be obſerved," ſays my authority, a reſident on the ſpot, and whoſe manuſcript account is now before me, "it ought to be obſerved, that the father and mother of this monſter, were *of the higheſt form of over-refined familiſts*, very active in ſupport of their party, and in reproaching the elders, who had lately privately admoniſhed, and at laſt, publicly reproved them, for holding, and obſtinately defending, many ſtrange opinions; among others, that Chriſt and the church together are the new creature; that there is no inherent righteouſneſs; that Adam was not made after God's image, &c.; the woman employed as a midwife by Mrs. Diex, was alſo *notoriouſly familiar with the devil.*"

Thus a monſtrous conception, in the hands of a dexterous Polemic, anſwered the double purpoſe, of covering with diſgrace an unbeliever, and at the ſame time of confirming the undoubted orthodoxy of his own opinions.

MORRIS, VALENTINE, for a ſhort account of his zeal, his misfortunes, and the injurious, the cruel alienation of Perſfield, ſee the latter part of Captain Baillie's article, in the firſt volume.

MORE, HANNAH, a female inſtructor, a dramatic writer, a poeteſs, and author of many publications, whoſe moral and religious tendency, and the warm philanthropy, by which they are evidently inſpired, have indiſputably eſtabliſhed her claim, to rank with, if not precede, the great benefactors of mankind.

In the courſe of a diſpute with a certain luxuriant dramatiſt of her own ſex, it was malignantly obſerved, that her intimacy with David Garrick, clearly accounted for the literary reputation ſhe had ſo prematurely acquired. I confeſs that the lady to whom I allude, had abundant reaſon to com-

complain, but the various and important productions of the ſubject of my preſent article, ſince the death of her invaluable friend, have eſtabliſhed beyond a doubt, the vigor and originality of her powers.

How few in the paths of literature, how very few can boaſt, that the purity and utility of their writings have kept pace, with their intellectual endowments (too often alas in an oppoſite ratio) but the rare praiſe, of not having ſent a page to the preſs, without a ſtrong, a palpable bias to mend the manners, or adorn the heart, is the envied praiſe of Hannah More.

Of a writer who has thus pre-eminently attained, what ought to be the pride, and moſt aſſuredly is the chief and only legitimate purpoſe of literature, our happineſs here and hereafter, what more can be ſaid?

Cedite Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii.

If this ſhort tribute of well-earned and ſincere approbation, ſhould catch the eye of the perſon who is the ſubject of it, I wiſh her to conſider it as a trifling memorial of gratitude, from one, who has peruſed her works, and liſtened to her converſation, with pleaſure and inſtruction.

Mr. Burke once obſerved to Sir Joſhua Reynolds, at Mr. Garrick's, "What a delight you muſt have in your profeſſion?" "No, Sir," ſaid Dr. Johnſon, taking up the queſtion, with his uſual deep toned emphaſis, "No, Sir, Reynolds paints only to get money."

A ſpirited argument was the conſequence of this unexpected declaration, in which Miſs More, with a gallantry, inſpired by a love of the arts, took a decided part againſt the doctor, and was eloquent in defence of the diſintereſtedneſs of Sir Joſhua; inſiſting, with much of reaſon, and truth on her ſide, that the pleaſure experienced by the artiſt, while working with his pencil, was derived from higher and more luxurious ſources, than guineas and bank-notes. "Only anſwer me," ſaid the moraliſt, in a ſolemn and impreſſive tone, fixing his eyes at the ſame time on thoſe of the lady, "Did Leander ſwim acroſs the Helleſpont, merely becauſe he was fond of ſwimming."

At the moment of returning to the preſs with a new edition, my printer informs me, that a literary adventurer has copied the preſent article, and procured its inſertion into a reſpectable publication; this I conſider as a compliment; but if he had not,

in his hurry ſtamped it as his own, by adding his initials, the favor would been equally valuable; this *gentleman* is not aware of the load of obloquy and error he takes on himſelf by aſſuming the productions of the editor of this collection. With a grain or two of ſterling metal, he will encumber his ſhoulders with tons of droſs.

He is not *ſtealing* a feather from the wings of an eagle, or plucking the graceful plume of an oſtrich; it is *poor thieving* to be tugging and pulling at magpies and parrots; theſe ſilly birds will not part with their cloathing without ſcreaming as well as clawing. L'ouvrage ne vaut pas la chandelle.

MOUNTAGUE, RICHARD, a clergyman of Stanford Rivers, in Eſſex, in ſixteen hundred and twenty-five, but whether the ſame perſon who was ſucceſſively Biſhop of Chicheſter and Norwich in the reign of King Charles the firſt, I am not able to determine.

He was author of a cloſely printed quarto of three hundred pages, on points of controverſy between the catholics and proteſtants, to which he gave the title of APPELLO AD CÆSAREM.

The dedication, which is addreſſed to the king, concludes with the following words, "defende me gladio et ego te defendam calamo; if your majeſty will protect me with your ſword, I will defend you with my pen."

Mr. Mountague alſo publiſhed a book which he called, "A new Gagg for an old Gooſe, being an Anſwer to an old Gagger of the Proteſtants:" and in the preface, informs his readers, that this pamphlet was occaſioned by certain buſy catholic prieſts, breaking into the pale of his pariſh in Eſſex, endeavouring to make proſelytes of his neighbour's wives, and to lead captive, other ſilly people.

"But I ſoon put to flight theſe *terrible ſhawe fowls who ſharre poor ſouls* that have not the faculty of diſtinguiſhing between chalk and cheeſe; theſe *horrible marmolyceues*, that put young children out of their wits."

MOUNTEBANK; an adventurer of this deſcription in the reign of King George the firſt; having collected an audience, he addreſſed them in the following words.

"Being originally a native of this place, I have for a long time been conſidering, in what manner I can beſt ſhew my regard for my brother townſmen; and after maturely weighing the ſubject,

ject, I am come to a reſolution of making a preſent of five ſhillings to every inhabitant of the pariſh; it will, I own, be a heavy expence, and I hope no one will attempt to profit from my liberality, who is not really and truly a pariſhioner."

The multitude preſſed forward with open eyes, as well as mouths, caſting earneſt looks on a green velvet bag of ample dimenſions, which hung on the arm of this generous man.

"I know you are not ſo fordid," continued the orator, "and ſo mercenary, as to value my bounty merely becauſe it would put a few ſhillings into your pockets; the pleaſure I ſee ſparkling in your eyes, cannot be produced at the thought of dirty pelf, which to-day is in your hands, and to-morrow may be in the gripe of a miſer, a highwayman, or a pawnbroker.

"I perceive what it is that delights you; the diſcovering in one whom you conſidered as a ſtranger, the warmeſt and moſt diſintereſted friend, you ever had in your lives. Money, my good people, too often tempts the young and the indiſcreet, to indulge in liquor and other exceſſes, to the deſtruction of their health and underſtanding.

"In order therefore to prevent what I meant for a benefit, being converted into an injury, I freely preſent to every brother townſman, *(dipping his hand into the green velvet bag)* this ineſtimable packet, which contains a box of pills, a paper of powders, and a plaiſter, which has not its fellow in Europe, for violent bruiſes and green wounds, whether by knife, ſword or piſtol.

If applied on the patient's going to bed; I pledge my reputation, that the ball, if there is one, ſhall be extracted, and the fleſh be as ſound as the palm of my hand before morning.

"But for thoſe who diſlike the pain and ſmart of ſuch things as plaiſters and ointment, and who are not fond of trouble, let me recommend the powder; it acts, ladies and gentlemen, by ſympathy, and was the joint invention of three of the greateſt medical men that ever lived, Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelſus. If you have a few grains only of this powder in your poſſeſſion, you may, without fear, ruſh into the thickeſt of the battle, and defy broad-ſword, pike, or bayonet.

"All I ſay is, get wounded, get crippled, get mangled and hacked, like a crimped cod; the longer, the deeper, the more numerous the cuts are, the better ſhall I be pleaſed, the more deciſive is the proof it will afford

of

of the merits of my invaluable powder.

" Give yourſelf no ſort of uneaſineſs, only wrap the part affected in a clean white handkerchief; then getto bed and to ſleep *as ſoon as you can* ; in the mean time let the weapon which did the injury be rubbed nine times, with a ſmall quantity of the powder, and take my word for it, you may follow your uſual occupations the next day.

" Of the pills, I need ſay nothing; they have long pronounced their own panegyric, and there are full directions ſealed up with them. But as you live rather out of the way of the great world, it is but fair to tell you, that they procure huſbands for ſingle women, and children for thoſe who are married ; they are great ſweeteners of the blood, and wonderful improvers of the complexion" *(I will not fatigue my readers, by continuing his diſplay of the virtues of his medicines ; it was too long, too elaborate, and too minute to be repeated in this place.)*

" The ſelling price of theſe matchleſs remedies," ſaid the doctor, " has been ſix ſhillings *for time immemorial*, but as I am reſolved to ſtand to my word, and as I do not practice phyſic for the love of dirty lucre, if you will throw up your handkerchiefs, with the ſmall ſum of one ſhilling tied in each, merely to pay travelling charges, and ſervants wages, I freely make you a preſent of the reſt of the money, according to my original promiſe.

" Beſides medicines, which no maſter of a family, nor indeed any one who values his life and limbs, ought to be without; the favorite of fortune will be entitled to a ſuperb and elegant piece of maſſy plate." *(This attractive article was immediately brought forward and diſplayed.)*

A ſmall number of the crowd, who were ſo abſurd as to doubt any thing the doctor ſaid, beginning to ſmell a rat, marched off in ſilence, but the maſs was not formed of materials capable of reſiſting ſo complicated an attack on their feelings and underſtandings ; the preſent of a crown to each man, at firſt ſo confidently promiſed, had diſſipated all fear of impoſition, for how could one, who acted ſo much like a gentleman, be ſuppoſed to want to *take them in*.

His oſtentatious parlarver had diffuſed a magic ray over his powder of poſt, his roſin and his jalap; for the paſſive infatuation of being cheated, is not without its pleaſures ; and the ſuperb piece of plate glittering in their eyes, and dazzling

dazzling their reaſon, compleated the conqueſt of the impoſtor.

He was proceeding in his addreſs, but a ſhower of ſhillings interrupted his harangue, and two hours were fully occupied in caſing his *brother townſmen* of their ſilver, and emptying the green velvet bag of the *ſix ſhilling packets*; while his aſſiſtants diverted the anxieties, and allayed the impatience of the people, by muſic and tumbling.

Handkerchiefs from all quarters dropped round the cunning knave; inhabitants of Brentford, or Kenſington, Chelſea, Turnham, or any other green, were *permitted* to contribute their ſhillings without any ill-natured queſtions being aſked, concerning the place of their reſidence.

The buſineſs of the day concluded with general ſatisfaction, as thoſe who did not get the rich prize, poſſeſſed that which was nearly equal in value; and the artiſt owned, at an inn, in the evening, over a duck and green peas, that the neat profit of his afternoon was, five and twenty guineas.

"At a moment too," ſays a cynic, who is fond of catching at every opportunity for eſtabliſhing an impious theory, "at a moment," ſays the ſnarler, "when a miſerable ſubordinate member of the profeſſion, in full view of the mountebank, and toiling *at his triple oar*, had booked only ten ſhillings, of which ſeven and ſix-pence came under the deſcription of debts irrecoverably bad; perhaps a worthy character, qualified by parts and attainments, for the taſk he undertook, and who had ſunk his little fortune, in furniſhing himſelf with the means of inſtruction."

I agree that the deſcription of the ſatiriſt *may* be correct, but I will not allow him to pronounce, on the fate of the two characters, or, as he is ſo very fond of doing, to arraign the wiſdom and juſtice of Providence; nor indeed can he do it with juſtice, till both individuals are traced to the end of their journey through life.

Authorized by general experience, and the logic of probabilities, the impudent and fraudulent quack, diſſipating his ſubſtance, as ſuch animals frequently do, in riot and profuſion, it is neither raſh nor uncharitable, to ſay, that his laſt ſcene was at the gallows.

The profeſſional man, who beheld with a tranquil eye, fools liſtening to a rogue, after treading the regular and ſatisfactory path of duty and uſeful occupation,

tion, probably paſt his laſt moments, in the calm confidence of hope; looking up with thankfulneſs to the Almighty, for competence and content, and for enabling him to exert his faculties uſefully in that rank of life, in which Providence had placed him.

MOUNTEBANK AND METHODIST.

A friend to the editor of this collection, and one who has often contributed towards it, accuſes me of being tainted with methodiſtical opinions; it is in vain, that I deny the charge, he nods, ſmiles and inſiſts on it he is right; as a kind of teſt he propoſed my inſerting the following, which was written forty years ago, and is ſaid to have been the compoſition of Mr. Foote; it was in the form of

A LETTER FROM A MOUNTEBANK DOCTOR, TO A METHODIST PREACHER.

Dear Brother,

It gives me great pleaſure to find you are ſo ſucceſsful in your labors for the public good: the vaſt multitude that attends your meetings, affords me ſufficient proof of your great abilities.

Now as we both depend upon the public for our ſubſiſtence, give me leave to propoſe a coalition between us, which I doubt not will prove of great advantage to both.

I have lately read your incomparable journals, which contain a narrative of your perils by land and by water; they afforded me great ſatisfaction, but your preaching in the fields, and your notable methods of collecting charity from the mob, have more than all, won my heart; this immediately convinced me you were one of our itinerant ſociety.

I felt an irreſiſtible ſympathy towards you, and could not reſt eaſy till I made you an offer of my beſt ſervices. I find the exacteſt ſimilitude in both our callings, and in our meaſures to render them profitable. You undertake to cleanſe and purify the ſoul, I do the like by the body; you are an enemy to the regular drones of your profeſſion, I am as much ſo to thoſe of mine; the mob are your beſt cuſtomers, ſo they are to me. You are the ſcorn and jeſt of all men of ſenſe, ſo am I; you turn the brains of *your* patients, I ruin the conſtitutions of *mine*.

From this reſemblance of character and practice, the alliance I propoſe will be attended with conſiderable advantage; but perhaps you may be fearful

of injuring your reputation among the fraternity; but you may be aſſured that they who lead ſilly women captive, who confound the order of the eſtabliſhed church, deſtroy the peace of private families, who diſcourage induſtry, and ſupply its place by canting, hypocriſy, and enthuſiaſm, be aſſured they will have neither cauſe nor courage to find fault with you.

If you agree to my propoſal, we will divide the mob between us; *there is fleece enough for us both*; my ſtage is large enough for both exhibitions; each ſhall take his hour in turn; my aſſiſtant merryman can twang a hymn of your own compoſing, very harmoniouſly, through his noſe, and put on as ſanctified a face as the holieſt of your tribe.

In the courſe of my private practice, if I find any of my patients departing, as will ſometimes be the caſe, in ſpite of all my endeavours, I ſhall turn them over to you; if you have now and then the management of a will, I expect to be remembered by way of legacy.

If you ſhould at any time have turned the underſtandings of your patients topſy-turvy, by converting zeal into madneſs, ſend them to me, and I will quickly reſtore them to their ſenſes by bleeding, purging, and bliſtering; by theſe means we may both reap a plentiful harveſt from the fears and follies of mankind; if you agree, I will call on you in a few days to enter further into the buſineſs, and am your's affectionately,

HURLOTHRUMBO.

MOYLE, WALTER, a learned writer, a uſeful country magiſtrate, and member for Saltaſh in Cornwall (of which county he was a native) during the latter part of the reign of King William the third, to whom, as the preſerver of our liberties, he was warmly attached, although a frequent oppoſer of his miniſters.

Mr. Moyle appears to have lived on terms of eaſy familiarity with many of the wits and eminent writers of his day; he criticiſed, and ſucceſsfully criticiſed the "Connection" of Dr. Prideaux; the author of that valuable work, being, if I miſtake not, his maternal uncle; and it is pleaſing to ſee, with how much delicacy and good ſenſe, he points out the miſtakes of his venerable relation, and opens the treaſures of a cultivated and well-ſtored mind, with the humility of a child, the depth of a ſcholar, and the politeneſs of a gentleman.

Evidently ſuperior to the dean in

in learning and information, he has performed a taſk which few controverſial writers have been able to accompliſh; he ſupports his own opinions in a maſterly and unanſwerable manner, without wounding the feelings of the worthy old eccleſiaſtic, who was thus, as it were, taught his own trade, by one little more than a ſtripling; in fact, the faculties and memory of Dr. Prideaux, from age and infirmity, began to fail before he had finiſhed his book.

Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, Congreve, Dr. D'Avenant, and John Dennis, were ſome of the aſſociates of Mr. Moyle; and a peruſer of the ſarcaſtic abuſe of Pope and Swift, poured out againſt Dennis, will hear with ſurprize, that the object of their acrimonious miſrepreſentation, was a ſound claſſic, and an able critic; not indeed without certain eccentricities of imagination, afterwards aggravated and inflamed by old age and diſappointment.

The ſubject of this article was alſo an intimate friend and correſpondent of Anthony Hammond, father of the elegy writer, a commiſſioner of the navy, and a reſpectable parliamentary ſpeaker, generally known in the houſe of commons at that period, under the denomination of the ſilver-tongu'd Hammond.

To this gentleman Mr. Moyle addreſſed his Eſſay on the Lacedæmonian Government, in which he gives a comparative outline of that and the Engliſh conſtitution, and deſcribes them both, though differing in form, as GOVERNMENTS BY LAWS AND NOT BY MEN; his opinion is clearly in favor of the mixed form, in which the evils of deſpotiſm and democracy, are equally avoided.

The following is part of one of his letters to Mr. Hammond, written from Bake near Loo in Cornwall, the reſidence of his family, dated January, 1698.

DEAR HAMMOND,

I hear with joy of your proceedings in the houſe of commons, and ſhould be extremely glad if you would ſometimes write to one who is impatient to hear what is doing, from ſo good a hand.

In our days of pleaſure we uſed to communicate our joys and our afflictions, but ſince thoſe days are over, and ſcenes of buſineſs and duty ſucceed, let us endeavour to keep up the forms of an agreeable correſpondence.

Pleaſures vary according to our age, and buſineſs diverts that ſpleen which would now and then break in upon retire-

ment; this is more eſpecially the caſe when the public good is the object; I would not conſtrain you to the drudgery of a regular correſpondence, but only a letter *on ſome great flight in the houſe*, as Wymondſole expreſſes it.

I was agreeably ſurprized by your vote againſt the admiralty, which certainly fore-bodes the downfall of the party; now you have made a breach upon the body, it will be eaſy to hunt them ſingly from the herd, and run them down as you pleaſe; *this miniſtry-hunting is good ſport.*

(With reſpect to the words I have printed in Italics, the ſubject of our preſent article, forgot to aſk himſelf, whether it was exactly right *to hunt a miniſter* on every occaſion, without firſt enquiring, whether the meaſures he was purſuing tended to the good of the country.)

But what is become of this famous party that was to carry all before them?

Has their wiſdom been proſtrated by Goodwin Wharton's apoplexy? Have they loſt their wit with Harry Mordaunt? Is their eloquence fled away with Sir Harry Hobart, or their impudence ſhipped off with Norris to the Eaſt Indies?

I find that Duncomb's trial (in Weſtminſter-hall) is to come on next week; I wiſh him a good deliverance, becauſe the court purſues him with ſuch implacable malice, for defending his honor and eſtate, againſt the will and pleaſure of an inſolent upſtart.

The difficulties in which he is involved, remind me of a paſſage I lately met with in ſome part of Cicero's works: "When Marius ſacked the city, one of his ruffians ſtabbed a perſon of conſideration, but the wound not proving mortal, the villain brought an action againſt the wounded man, *quod ferrum maligne receperat*, for not taking the thruſt up to the hilt."

(The anecdote referred to by Mr. Moyle, is mentioned in the oration for Sextius Roſcius, the injury which cauſed it was ſo atrocious, and the violation offered to the orator's client ſo enormouſly cruel and unnatural, that it neither required nor admitted of art or exaggeration, and from its affecting ſimplicity, has generally touched my feelings more than any of the orator's productions.

The name of the aſſaſſin, in this inſtance ſo extravagantly inſolent, was Fimbria, the injured man, Quintus Scævola, one of the few virtuous and honeſt men, of that age, which ſeems to have teemed with villains.

Orat.

Orat. pro Sextio Roſcio. Tullii Opera. ex Editione Lambini. odious Italic type, vol. 2. p. 906.)

But I return to Mr. Moyle's letter—

The town has of late been very barren of news; I have heard nothing from London ſince the ſun and moon baulked the aſtronomers, and ſince the race of the pig and the page.

The Duke of S. coming in, is to me a riddle; is he once more to be head of a ſinking party, or is he to be put between the two horns of the monarch's dilemma, the ſeals or the tower.

In reply to your queſtion, What are you doing? I anſwer, that I find my books as agreeable an amuſement, though not ſo profitable a ſtudy, as that in which Salway Winnington is embarked, which may probably qualify him, upon the next vacancy, to be a lord of the treaſury.

Give my ſervice to Jack Tredenham, alſo to Lord Peterborough, who I hear behaved like an Engliſhman in the houſe of lords.

I am, &c.

W. M.

At the requeſt of Dr. D'Avenant, Mr. Moyle tranſlated Xenophon's Diſcourſe on the Revenues of Athens, with ſome uſeful notes and illuſtrations; it was publiſhed by the Doctor with his Diſcourſes on the Public Revenues and Trade of England; "and was made Engliſh," he obſerves, "by a young gentleman, whoſe learning and ripe parts, promiſe greater things hereafter; in this his firſt eſſay, he hath ſhewn himſelf ſo great a maſter in his own as well as the Greek language.

"And it is hoped this example will incite others in his poſt, of his age, rank, and fortune, to turn their attention to commercial ſtudies, and the finances of their country; the learned reader will find, that Xenophon hath not ſuffered in the verſion."

In a prefatory addreſs to Dr. D'Avenant, the tranſlator obſerves, "that after a war carried on for ſo many years, and with ſuch expence of blood and treaſure, we have a fair proſpect of a laſting peace, and a happy ſettlement under a prince, who, having employed his arms ſo ſucceſsfully for the defence of our liberties, it is hoped will be as renowned in future ages for the peaceful arts, as his military exploits; that as his courage hath inſured our ſafety, his wiſdom will make us rich and happy, by improving our trade and navigation.

"For it is our commerce only that

that hath enabled us to ſupport ſo tedious a war againſt the moſt formidable power in Europe, and it is by that alone, we can diſcharge the vaſt debt we have contracted; the war, now happily concluded, having been, from our circumſtances and ſituation, peculiarly piratical, hath fatally interrupted, if not deſtroyed, our trade with France, which ought to be eſtabliſhed on a different footing from that in which it uſed to be conducted, by a new commercial treaty.

"The great trade to the Eaſt Indies, ſhould be ſo modified as to be rendered more ſubſervient to the manufactures and ſtaple commodities of England; but this will not be compaſſed till ſome public-ſpirited man, of a maſterly genius, be placed at the head of our affairs in India; and although we, who are his friends, ſhould be very loth to loſe him, it were to be wiſhed, for the good of the kingdom, that the gentleman (Dr. D'Avenant) whom common fame and the voice of the world, have long pointed out for ſuch a ſtation, would employ his talents in the execution of ſo uſeful a deſign.

"I preſent you with a tranſlation of Xenophon on Revenue and Trade; you will find your own maxims confirmed by the authority of one of the greateſt men that ever antiquity produced, and the only ancient author upon this ſubject now extant I need not point out to you, the force of his arguments, the ſolidity of his obſervations, the exactneſs of his calculations, the vigour of his judgment, the juſtice and freedom of his thoughts, unreſtrained by the narrow notions of party and faction.

That the true wealth and greatneſs of a nation, conſiſts in a well-employed population, is the prevailing doctrine laid down and inculcated through the whole of his treatiſe: Xenophon is, I believe, the firſt author who ever argued by political arithmetic, though it hath been ſo conſiderably improved of late years by ſeveral of our own countrymen, and rapidly advanced by your own ſucceſsful enquiries.

"With reſpect to my tranſlation, I have rather choſen to give the ſenſe and meaning of the author, than his exact words, nor will I pretend to ſay that I have hit his manner; the purity, poliſh, and unaffected ſimplicity of his ſtyle, are matchleſs graces, not to be imitated or expreſſed by the barrenneſs and barbarity of a modern language."

The following is part of Mr. Moyle's

Moyle's correſpondence with Congreve, who makes but a poor figure as a letter writer.

Bake in Cornwall, Oct. 7, 1695.

DEAR SIR,

I came home from the Lands-End yeſterday, and found your letter, with a humourous deſcription of John Abaſſus.

(This was a nickname given by the wits of Wills's Coffee-houſe, to a Suſſex country 'Squire, not very wiſe, who came up to town, as he ſaid, on purpoſe to ſee and get acquainted with the poets and clever-fellows of the age, he was accordingly admitted by them as a member of their ſociety, with a pompous ceremony and a ſolemn poetical conſecration. This he conſidered in a ſerious light, and boaſted of it when he returned among his country neighbours, as the moſt honorable diſtinction of his life.)

Since the dubbing of Don Quixote, and the coronation of Petrarch in the capitol, a more important proceeding has ſcarcely taken place; I hope none of the *Grave-Club* preſumed to laugh on the occaſion; Wycherley was in his element, and I would rather have ſat *there* than in the houſe of commons.

I confeſs I ſhould enjoy an hour or two now and then at Wills's Coffee-houſe; like Africa, it every day produces a monſter; and they are begot there juſt as Pliny ſays they are in Africa; "Beaſts of different kinds come to drink, mingle with one another, and beget monſters."

Preſent my humble duty to the new lord, (Halifax) and tell him, I am preparing an addreſs to congratulate him on his acceſſion to the throne of the rabble.

Pray let me have a little dramatic news, and let me know what progreſs you have made in your tragedy, (The Mourning Bride)

I am, &c.

W. M.

Mr. Congreve to Mr. Moyle.

DEAR SIR,

A letter from London to Cornwall, is like an antient Roman writing to a Cimmerian; the ſubterraneous habitations of the miners, and the Proximity of Baiæ, help the parallel a little, allowing Bake to be Cumœ, you muſt ſupply the place of a Sybil; and I aſſure you, wiſdom, little ſhort of an oracle, is expected of you when parliament meet.

We all think of you, talk of you, and wiſh for you at Wills's; there is not a monſter among us who does not lament your abſence;

ſence; the quibblers ſay, that ſince you quitted Covent Garden, it is no longer Eden or Paradiſe, for that it wants the tree of knowledge.

Pray return quickly to your affectionate friend,

W. C.

But it was on the ſubject of THE THUNDERING LEGION, which at a certain time agitated the learned world, that Mr. Moyle diſplayed the depth of his learning, and his acuteneſs as an antiquarian critic.

This maſterly piece deſerved and hath received the warm approbation of two eminent moderns, Moſheim and Gibbon.

He was firſt engaged in the controverſy, by an accidental converſation on the ſubject with Mr. King, a ſenſible and candid clergyman, of Topſham in Devonſhire, often miſtaken for Mr. King, afterwards created a peer and chancellor of England; they were cotemporaries, both natives of Exeter, and the noble lord had, if I miſtake not, previous to his exaltation, diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a publication on the Athanaſian controverſy; a book, in the preſent day, not eaſily procured.

The legend, which a learned reader will ſmile at my repeating, the legend, as related by Euſebius, is, that the good Emperor Marcus Antoninus, being ſurrounded by the Quadi and Marcomanni, was, with his whole army, in imminent danger of being cut to pieces; but unexpectedly and ſuddenly extricated himſelf from his perilous ſituation, by favor of a tremendous and miraculous ſtorm of thunder, lightning, and rain.

Strongly impreſſed with the notion of his being delivered by cœleſtial interpoſition, the emperor immediately on his arrival at Rome, ordered a column, ſtill extant, to be erected in honor of Jupiter, in which an exact, but faint delineation of the incident may be traced.

A circumſtance, the common effect of contending elements, and to account for which it ſhould not ſeem at all neceſſary to have recourſe to miraculous agency, was thus attributed by the heathen, to the timely ſuccour of their favorite deity, and by *ſucceeding* Chriſtians, to the actual interpoſition of the Almighty Creator of the univerſe.

On this occaſion it was aſſerted, that an entire legion of Chriſtians, who at that period ſerved in the Roman Army, had, in conſequence of this auſpicious event, which originated from *their* prayers, taken the name of THE THUNDERING LEGION.

This

This fabulous ſuper-ſtructure, built on a real fact, produced a controverſy, which was conducted with a mildneſs, decency, and forbearance, not always practiſed by polemicks: Mr. Moyle clearly and ſatisfactorily proved, that there was not, and could not be, an entire legion of Chriſtians, in the Roman army, at ſo early a period as the reign of Marcus Antoninus.

One of the charges brought againſt the Chriſtians of that period, was, that they refuſed to bear arms for the emperor, in the cauſe of their country; their refuſal, Origen candidly owns, and eloquently juſtifies:

"Conſidering the paſſive principles of the Chriſtians at that period," ſays Mr. Moyle, "I would as ſoon believe that my Lord Marlbro' had a whole regiment of quakers under his command, as that the Emperor Marcus Antoninus had an entire legion of Chriſtians in his army: indeed the impediments againſt a ſincere believer in the faith of Chriſt, ſerving in the Roman army, were *then* ſo numerous and important, that I cannot believe a miracle would be wrought for thoſe who could only be *mock Chriſtians* and *occaſional conformiſts.*"

Mr. Moyle alſo inſiſts, that the Thundering Legion could not poſſibly take its name from this, or any other circumſtance which took place under Marcus Antoninus, as there is indiſputable evidence of its exiſting by that appellation under Auguſtus, and during the reign of Trajan.

It is thus that learning and extenſive reading, ſupport the cauſe of truth and common ſenſe.

MURPHY, ARTHUR, a barriſter at law, an ingenious dramatic writer, and a ſucceſsful tranſlator of Tacitus; yet in *getting on*, as his brethren of the profeſſion call it, in Weſtminſter-hall, he hath been outſtripped by many of his cotemporaries, to whom he is far ſuperior in legal acquirement, as well as natural capacity.

An old aſſociate of Mr. Murphy's, to whom I once remarked this circumſtance, would not allow, that his tardy progreſs as a lawyer, was owing to diffidence, frequently the companion of merit, *but not always of an Iriſhman*; nor to his want of energy and dexterity, in the buſineſs of human life, often obſerved in literary men: "The great fault of Murphy," ſaid my Mentor, who had in his day united the three characters of a jockey,

jockey, a freſh-water-ſailor, and a ſolicitor, "The ſin for which he will never be forgiven, was, his appearing on the wrong ſide of the political running-poſt, on a certain occaſion, when ſo many able men and *ſpecial pleaders*, were thrown out, and diſtanced."

But whatever may have been his impediments, I ſincerely hope that the declining days of a writer, who deſerves well of literature and mankind are competently comfortable, although the contrary hath been reported; and without the moſt diſtant wiſh to hurt his feelings, I mention the ſubject, in order to awaken the ſympathies and enquiries of a generous nation, and in a country, where a virulent pamphleteer, of no extraordinary endowments, hath been placed in affluence for life.

The difficulty of deciding on a man's real character, through the thick miſts of prejudice and malevolence, has often been lamented; and if we were bound to ſubmit implicitly to the deciſions of certain writers, on the ſubject of this article, five-and-thirty years ago, he would be deemed a dull author, and unqualified for the various and important taſks he has undertaken; yet nothing can be further from truth, his dramatic pieces drew crowded houſes, and ſome of them ſtill continue popular.

As *modern comedies*, I confeſs they pleaſe me; in moſt of them correct gaiety of dialogue, an intereſting ſucceſſion of incidents, and lively repartee, are conſpicuous; he appears indeed to have peruſed the play-writers of his own and a neighbouring country, with advantage and attention, but ſeldom without acknowledgment; they may be compared without fear to the beſt productions of thoſe men, *or their deſcendants*, who at a certain period, were inceſſantly abuſing and perſecuting him.

When Mr. Murphy's intention to tranſlate Tacitus was announced, a certain invidious compiler, and a political opponent loudly propheſied, that he would fail, and now inſiſts, that his prediction is fulfilled; having at the moment preſumed to differ with this literary Procruſtes, I ſtill perſiſt in my opinion. The notes are pleaſant reading, and many of them original, but would have been equally valuable and more generally current, if certain political alluſions to the tranſient ſubject of the day, had not been ſo often introduced; it is not, that the editor's obſervations, are at all amiſs, but a tranſlation of Tacitus, is not exactly

actly the place, where we expect to find them.

I paſſed an evening, a few months ſince, with ſeveral agreeable men, who conſider cultivating a taſte for literature, as not at all inconſiſtent with their mixing in the buſy world; this, of all ſorts of ſociety is the moſt pleaſant, as it equally excludes the muſty pedant, and the ſuperficial coxcomb.

Repairing early to the place appointed, I feaſted my imagination, with the treat I was to enjoy, but judge of my diſappointment, when the whole time from an hour before tea, till our departure, was occupied, by two ſtrangers who had dropped in accidentally and uninvited, in a long and elaborate diſpute, whether in a famous ſimile, applied by Tacitus, I believe to Tiberius, an appropriate and accurate Engliſh word, had been given by Mr. Murphy, to the adjective *ignavia*.

Nothing could divert the learned torrent which was poured forth; I ſincerely regretted that cards never were introduced, in the houſe where we aſſembled; it was in vain that the friend who introduced me, repeatedly attempted to change the ſubject; the combatants obſtinately and loudly adhered to their favorite topic, and an evening, which but for theſe interlopers, muſt have been productive, paſſed off heavily and unſatisfactorily.

That he who hates vice will at length hate mankind, the favorite axiom of Thraſea, an eminent Roman mentioned by Tacitus, is emphatically repeated by his tranſlator, but he has not elucidated a paſſage at which moſt readers will pauſe; he ought to have laid down ſome preciſe boundary, where moderation ought to ceaſe, and a deteſtation of villainy is to begin.

If Thraſea or the Engliſh barriſter, would wiſh us to underſtand, or to accede to his words, *literally* and according to the *cloſeſt* ſignification of them, I beg leave to differ from them both; in that caſe, cenſure the moſt ſalutary but not the moſt agreeable path of literature, would inſtantly be cloſed, the ſatiriſt ſhould burn his pen, and the divine might abdicate his pulpit.

Nothing is more certain, nor is any thing more natural and common, than to ſee vice execrated, profligacy abhorred and powerfully declaimed againſt by men, who feel the warmeſt affection for the human ſpecies, and whoſe lives are a ſeries of the moſt benevolent actions.

The firſt acknowledged production of Mr. Murphy's pen, was

was a ſpirited defence of General Bligh, who commanded in the unſucceſsful affair of St. Cas, for which, at his return he was unjuſtly blamed; the young pamphleteer, applied a ſtory to the circumſtances of the caſe, which was thought applicable; "two men were walking on the banks of a river, into which one of them fell, and would have been inevitably drowned, but for the efforts of his companion, who drew him out by the hair of his head.

"The man whoſe life was ſaved, meeting his deliverer a few days after, inſtead of approaching him with gratitude and politeneſs, abuſed and threatened to cane him, for *lugging* him ſo ungenteelly by the hair of his head, and pulling out a gentleman in ſo unhandſome and unbecoming a manner."

Mr. Murphy became the opponent of Wilkes, and his famed North-Briton, and afforded a ſtriking example of the poſſibility of being a political antagoniſt, without violating private friendſhip, or outraging the manners of a gentleman. He conducted, if I miſtake not, a periodical paper, called the Auditor, but I have good reaſon for thinking, that he was NOT handſomely rewarded by Lord Bute; the barriſter did not exhibit ſufficient virulence, and ſcurrillity for a political pamphleteer, and a ſervant of all work; in theſe reſpects he was greatly excelled by many of his cotemporaries.

The APPRENTICE, his firſt effort, as a dramatic writer, was a laughable and well-timed farce, which effectually checked a ridiculous propenſity to ſpouting and acting, at that time a faſhionable folly, particularly injurious to the ſteadineſs and diligence of the young tradeſmen of the metropolis. Though cenſured by the critics as irregular, it exhibits many dramatic requiſites, became popular, and was introduced to the public with a ſingular accompaniment; the author *dreſſed in deep mourning*, and who in early life had a ſtrong inclination for acting, ſpoke the prologue which was propitiatory, written by Mr. Garrick, and of courſe good; for in hitting off ſuch little temporary effuſions, poor David has never been equalled; I cannot reſiſt the temptation to repeat a few of the lines.

Behold a wonder for theatric ſtory,
The culprit of the night appears before you;
Before his judges dares theſe boards to tread,

'With

'With all his imperfections on his head.'

No *acted* fears my vanity betray,
I am indeed what others only play;
Tho' coarſe my colours and my hand unſkill'd,
From real life my canvaſſes are fill'd.
My hero is a youth by fate deſign'd
For culling ſimples, but whoſe ſtage-ſtruck mind,
Nor ſenſe cou'd rule, nor his indentures bind.
A place there is, where ſuch young Quixotes meet,
'Tis call'd the Spouting Club, a glorious treat;
Where 'prentic'd kings alarm the gaping ſtreet.
There Brutus ſtarts and ſtares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts, a woollen draper;
There Hamlet's ghoſt ſtarts forth with double fiſt,
And frightens Denmark's prince, a young tobacconiſt.
Not young attornies have this rage withſtood,
But chang'd their pens for truncheons, ink for blood.
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
To check ſuch heroes and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reaſon, and their ſhop,
Is all our aim. — — —

It was not long after that Mr. Murphy performed the part of Othello with conſiderable applauſe, and many times, but being admoniſhed by his friends, that as he had choſen the profeſſion of the law, his acting on a London theatre might injure him as a barriſter, he ſoon after relinquiſhed the ſtage for ever, as a performer.

Yet this attempt could not eſcape the malignancy of Churchhill:

Can none remember, yes, I know all muſt,
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to duſt,
When o'er the ſtage he folly's ſtandard bore,
While common ſenſe ſtood trembling at the door.

The lines are good, and the parody on a fine ranting paſſage in Lee's Alexander, well rallied, yet nothing could be further from truth, as Mr. Murphy diſplayed a happy union of judgment and energy, and was much applauded: ſuch is too often the variance between poetry and matter of fact.

THE ORPHAN OF CHINA was his

his next production, which fully anſwered public expectation, and deſerves the praiſes it received; though occaſionally treading in the footſteps of Voltaire, in the two firſt acts, he has conſiderably improved on him; for the play of the ingenious Frenchman, with all its merits, if literally tranſlated and acted, would not have been tolerated a ſingle night by a London audience; an Engliſhman cannot liſten to the frigid narrative, long declamations, and whining love-ſcenes, formerly the characteriſtic of French tragedy.

The acknowledgments of the Engliſh author, were explicit, liberal, and candid, this pleaſed *the philoſopher*, but *the Frenchman* forgot afterwards to imitate it in his treatment of Shakeſpeare and Mrs. Mountague; which provoked an animated correction from Mr. Murphy, in the Gray's-Inn-Journal, a periodical paper, he conducted.

His DESERT ISLAND, an imitation of Metaſtaſio, or rather of Shakeſpeare's Tempeſt, was performed, the ſame night, with the Orphan of China; the author called it a dramatic poem, but venturing into a path, which no one ever trod with tolerable ſucceſs, but the Stratford Bard, he did not ſucceed; its acknowledged poetical beauties, and its pretty ſongs, admirably ſet by Dr. Arne, could not compenſate with an Engliſh audience for a want of buſtle; the author might have recollected, that nothing but ſweet echo, warbled by ſome enchanting ſyren, and two other ſongs, can prevail on a London mob, great as well as little, to tolerate even Milton's Comus, with all its claſſic language, and correct imagery.

Moſt of my readers have been amuſed with THE WAY TO KEEP HIM, a comedy, written for the expreſs purpoſe of teaching women to make home agreeable, if they expect to keep their huſbands there: it is a ſort of practical commentary, on the excellent, but old faſhioned ſong;

Ye fair married dames who ſo often deplore,
That a lover once bleſs'd, is a lover no more;
— — — — — — —
— — — — — — —
Uſe the man that you wed like your favorite guittar,
Tho' there's muſic in both, they are both apt to jar,
They ſhou'd never be us'd, but with delicate touch
Nor be handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

Mr. Murphy appears to have written it, after a peruſal of Congreve's

greves's Way of the World; but it is in my opinion far ſuperior.

A friend frequently mentioned in this collection, once beſpoke at a little village theatre, I believe a barn, Congreve's play, and The Way to keep Him, written originally in three acts, as an after piece; the houſe filled, and although the deciſion of country critics is not technically deciſive, yet they know and feel what pleaſes them; the reſemblance though ſufficiently palpable to *learned eyes*, eſcaped *their* notice, but one and all preferred the entertainment, as they called Mr. Murphy's piece, to Congreve's play.

But whether original or borrowed, or a little of both, the leſſon inculcated by The Way to keep Him, cannot be repeated too often.

A ſerious domeſtic good wife, and a ſtrict performer of all her duties, is diſtreſſed at the coldneſs, inattention and indifference of her huſband: expoſtulates with him on the cruelty of his conduct, and aſks what ſhe has done to give him offence. "Offence," cries the huſband, "nothing gives me offence, child, you know I am very fond of you, I like you of all things, and think you a moſt admirable wife; prudent, managing, careleſs of your own perſon, and very attentive to mine; not much addicted to pleaſure, grave, retired, and domeſtic; governing your houſe with exemplary propriety; pay the tradeſmen's bills (yawns) ſcold the ſervants, (yawns) and love your huſband; upon my ſoul a very good wife, as good a ſort of a wife (yawns) as a man would deſire to have."

The caricature is not badly drawn, but perhaps it may be aſked, whether, in caſes of nuptial indifference, the fault is wholly on the female ſide? and if it were, whether a prudent man would wiſh to ſee his wife (begging her pardon) cock of the company; ſinging the merrieſt ſong, talking the faſteſt and the loudeſt, and ſporting the wittieſt repartee! For himſelf, the editor frankly confeſſes, that he would not; during a few, and only a few hours, ſuch a companion would be agreeable, but afterwards ſink into hopeleſs inſipidity, or miſchievous petulancy. The wife, who is to conſtitute the felicity of a reaſonable man, is not formed of ſuch materials; ſuch a wife as I mean *might* be ridiculed, but would at the ſame time be envied by the giddy, the looſe, and the diſſipated; like her huſband, ſhe would be more frequently found in the back of the ſcene, than coming

coming forward oſtentatiouſly on the front of the ſtage.

But to return to Mr. Murphy; it was not long after the ſucceſs of His Way to keep Him, that having been long provoked by the rude malignity of a poetic triumvirate, Churchill, Lloyd, and Colman, who then tyranized over the literary world, he publiſhed his Examiner, a ſatirical poem, in which he attacked his enemies in their own way. He thus ſpeaks of his various aſſailants.

" See Authors on all ſides deſert their dens,
New edge their blunted wits and nib their pens;
All who in diſtant Hockley Hole reſide
— — — — — — —
All who in Moorfields ſcrawl a darken'd cell,
In the King's Bench, or at the Compter dwell,
On Ludgate Hill who bloody murders write,
Or paſs in Fleet-ſtreet ſupperleſs the night.
All form their ranks, they rail, they doom me dead,
And hurl their inky thunders at my head.
Still muſt I hear and never once reply,
To all the malice of the ſcribling fry,
Shall Lloyd and Churchill with epiſtles teaze,
And dine upon me whenſoe're they pleaſe.

His applying the following ſimile to the author of the Roſciad, is ſaid to have very much irritated Churchill:

" Thus ſome huge marble block
— — —
— — — — — — — —
— — — pleaſing to the ſight,
Where the blue veins meander and unite,
Oft, when the workman cleaves the pond'rous load,
Strange to relate, he finds a lurking toad.

In anſwer to the accuſations of plagiariſm brought againſt him perpetually by Colman, he thus replies.

" Yes, I will roam through each poetic ſhade,
Taſte ev'ry fount, and viſit every glade;
Crop from each antient's brow the faireſt flow'r,
And follow genius to th' Aonian bow'r,
Haply one ſpark of inſpiration gain,
Or from the muſe, or muſe inſpir'd train.
And if, like Phillip's ſon I ſigh in vain,

For

For ſome new world's yet unexplor'd domain;
Like him, yet let me make the old my own,
Its manners view, and leave no track unknown.

Perſevering in his dramatic career, he committed an error into which a moſt reſpectable writer of the preſent day has fallen; he endeavoured, but in vain, to ridicule old maids; a moſt prepoſterous and inexpedient miſapplication of talent and humor; a proof of bad taſte as well as want of feeling, as they are generally ſpeaking the moſt reſpectable, uſeful, and pleaſant women I meet with.

What would have been the fate of half of us in our infancy and childhood, without that moſt neceſſary family coadjutor, a maiden aunt; I ſpeak as I feel, I owe the little I poſſeſs of mental, and corporal ſanity to the diſintereſted exertions of one of the ſiſterhood, whom fools laugh at, but angels revere.

I have lately ſeen ſomething like a tendency equally abſurd and unpropitious; an attempt to laugh at and bring into contempt, that moſt excellent ſpecies of character to which the title of LADY BOUNTIFUL has been given; a character too rare alas in the preſent day, and too valuable to become the ſubject of coarſe merriment, and vulgar raillery.

Literary men who forget themſelves ſo much as to ſcatter againſt thoſe, who diffuſe health, comfort, food, and raiment to the poor, the aged, and the afflicted, thoſe darts of ſatire, which ſhould be hurled againſt vice and folly alone, how wretchedly do they proſtitute their office, how ſeverely ought they to be cenſured.

Mr. Murphy quickly ſaw his error, and the piece was withdrawn; his next production, ALL IN THE WRONG, is a dexterous imitation of Moliere's *Cocu Imaginaire*, which was alſo borrowed from an Italian writer, but conſiderably improved by the Engliſhman; it delineates, in a laughable way, jealouſy in all its varieties, before and after marriage.

I once invited a lady, in company with another of her own ſex, to accompany me to this play of Mr. Murphy's, but riſing in the middle of the performance, ſhe departed *cloudy* and abruptly.

Alarmed, leaſt illneſs might be the cauſe, I accompanied her home, when in reply to my anxious enquiries, ſhe anſwered *in tears*, that ſhe always thought me too much of a gentleman to offer a perſonal affront to a woman,

man, which, *as I knew her failing*, ſhe could not help conſidering it. Though a near relation, I had not the moſt diſtant conception that it *was* her failing, till ſhe confeſſed it; but I afterwards underſtood, her huſband, then abſent at Gibraltar, knew it too well.

My readers will perhaps be ſurprized at being told, that notwithſtanding this glaring abſurdity, her general conduct was proper, and that ſhe was generally conſidered as a ſenſible woman.

"Her huſband," ſaid a ſage matron, "is *fooliſhly fond* of his wife." Could it be for this that ſhe teaſed him? Was the rogue a ſly hypocrite, or are we to be puniſhed for our follies *in kind?*

His pleaſant farce, The CITIZEN, followed next, and was ſucceeded by THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER, which is ſaid to have been the moſt ſucceſsful and ſatisfactory of his pieces; indeed this affecting ſtory, ſo often delineated by hiſtorians, poets, and painters, could not fail producing a powerful effect in the hands of a man of dramatic experience, and maſter of ſtage effect; two points as eſſential to the ſucceſs of a play-writer as genius.

It was remarked on this occaſion, that Mr. Murphy diſclaimed all obligations to the Zelmire of Belloy, *beyond three lines*; it ſeems very evident, that he had read that play.

His opponents again accuſed him of *plundering the French*; in reply, the author obſerved, that it was better to do that, than to patch together ſuch wretched pieces as their's, with characters and incidents, hackneyed on the Engliſh ſtage for half a century, and then to cry out triumphantly, "We have not borrowed from France."

By way of ridiculing his adverſaries, he told a ſtory of a certain widow of the Iſle of Man, who had long perſecuted a clergyman for an epitaph on her huſband, which the eccleſiaſtic put off as long as he decently could; at laſt it was neceſſary to comply with her requeſt, or to quarrel, and he enquired if the deceaſed had any perſonal merit, or peculiar quality to diſtinguiſh him; all that he heard he recorded, which was, "*that he had never been out of the iſland.*"

Having in his Grecian Daughter awakened the mild emotions of ſympathy and pity; in ALZUMA, a ſtory founded on the Spaniſh exterminations in Peru, he boldly explored the regions of the terrible and ſublime, but was accuſed of ruſhing into *outre* and *extravaganza*; his enemies obſerved,

ſerved, that having on former occaſions robbed the living at Paris, he had now been ſtripping the dead in Greece, and inſtead of a proper Engliſh tragedy, had been tranſlating Sophocles and Euripides, changing only the names of perſons and places.

No One's Enemy but his Own, in my opinion, the beſt and moſt original of his little pieces, was condemned, as was What we must all come to, by a baſe combination of literary envy and party malignity; the laſt, after a period of fourteen years, being revived under the title of Three Weeks after Marriage, was received with conſiderable applauſe.

After a long pauſe, in order to reſt from his legal labors, ſome of which were not of the moſt ſoothing kind, and having recovered from certain political diſappointments, his beſt play, Know Your Own Mind, was performed at Covent Garden; in this comedy, he has happily contraſted heavy ſentimental ſlander, with light, off-hand, unſtudied, pleaſantry; the genteel rattan of polite raillery, with the bludgeon of baſe malignity.

The *Irreſolu* of D'Eſtouches is ſaid to have been in his eye, yet the French is traſh compared to the Engliſhman's ſterling; a rich and original vein of genuine humor, and piquante dialogue pervades every ſcene, and what is not the caſe with *all* Mr. Murphy's comedies, his good things are ſaid by Engliſh characters, wholly of our own growth; ſome of the *running down ſcenes* of Daſhwould, ſaid to have been drawn as a portrait of Foote, cannot be excelled for *deſperate, untameable vivacity*.

Sir George Squanderſtock's handkerchief tied up into knots, by way of parliamentary memorandums, and going the next morning with his country and the minority into the ſuds; the beau drinking valerian tea, and putting on falſe calves to his legs; the Baron (a fact) who had been put three times on the fire at Bath, and the dramatiſt might have added, once transfixed to a card table with a fork through his hand; Jack Spinbrain murdering other people's reputation, and at laſt, a ſuicide of his own; lawyers writing notes on Shakeſpeare; deaf nabobs raviſhed at concerts; and blind ones collecting pictures; an officer of a marching regiment with a black eye, and a hair-dreſſer wounded in the ſword arm, are hit off in a happy ſtyle.

The politician in petticoats, a fierce republican, who talks of the dagger of Brutus, while ſhe is pinning her tucker, and ſays

more of ſhip than of pin-money; who ſcolds at the royaliſts, goſſips againſt the act of ſettlement, has the fidgets for Magna Charta, and flirts her fan at the miniſtry and a ſtanding army; was a rough ſketch taken from Mrs. Macaulay.

The reply of Bygrove, with all his moroſe invective, his reply to the overbearing torrent of Daſhwould's wit, ought not to be omitted in the preſent faſhionable taſte for *perſiflage*.

"Go on, Sir Harry, ape your friend, grin at his tricks, be the nimble Marmozet, and play them over again; turn buffoon, deface and diſparage every character; with all your flaſhes of wit, let me tell you, you have been playing with an edged tool at laſt.

"AND WHAT DOES IT ALL AMOUNT TO, THIS MIGHTY WIT IN VOGUE?

"IT EXPOSES ONE MAN, GETS INTO THE SECRETS OF ANOTHER, AND PUBLISHES THEM TO THE WORLD; BETRAYS THE INTIMACIES OF FRIENDSHIP, AND SPORTS WITH FAMILY HAPPINESS, AND ALL FOR WHAT? AN ANECDOTE, AN EPIGRAM, OR A LAUGH."

But it is time to conclude an article, which hath fatigued the patience of my reader, and I take this opportunity, perhaps the laſt which may offer, of ſaying farewell to a literary veteran, who, in the courſe of a long life, protracted, I believe, to ſeventy, hath exhibited conſiderable induſtry and ſkill, and what he muſt *now* feel of far greater comfort, always of good deſign; a writer from whom I have received much pleaſure, and ſome inſtruction.

MURRAY, WILLIAM, Earl of Mansfield, an Engliſh judge, celebrated by Pope, ſeverely cenſured by Junius, and pronounced by the ſchoolmaſter of his early days, a lad of too much genius to make a good lawyer.

This prophetic declaration, if we may believe a late writer, was literally accompliſhed, for he will not allow the chief juſtice to have been maſter of the Engliſh law, and in a regular climax has followed up this and other ſingular opinions, by endeavouring to prove, that Lord Chatham was not an able ſtateſman, nor the late King of Pruſſia, a good general.

The preſent ſtate of France is a practical proof of the firſt Lord Chatham's abilities as a ſtateſman, had not his celebrated motion in the cabinet been cruſhed by *feeble connoiſſeurs*, the reſources of the perfidious Gaul would

would have been exhauſted, and his power cruſhed to atoms, grovelling in the duſt.

It is not the buſineſs of the preſent article, to unravel the ſubtleties of authors who delight in paradox, and make the worſe appear the better cauſe.

I would recommend to ſuch perſons, a book mentioned by Lord Cheſterfield, called *Quidlibet ex quolibet*. The author undertakes to qualify his reader to defend the moſt contradictory opinions; to prove that a highwayman is a worthy character, a proſtitute commendable, and the occupation of a pickpocket, a juſtifiable means of ſupport.

To imagine that Murray was deficient in precedents, pleas, demurrers, and pleadings, which a parrot, placed in a ſolicitor's office, could not help acquiring, would be like ſuppoſing, *that the Oxford waggoner did not know his way to High Wycombe.*

They are an affair of eye-ſight and memory; but it was the rare excellency of our barriſter, to decorate and enforce theſe official requiſites, by an early peruſal of books and of men, by taſte, a minute knowledge of life, and a rapid intuitive perception of the το καλον and the το πρεπον.

Dazzled by his brilliancy, and miſled by the general rule, that judgment and imagination are ſeldom united in the ſame individual, many cotemporaries refuſed to acknowledge that he was a ſound lawyer; yet, early in his profeſſional life, he was conſidered of ſuch promiſe, that Sarah, the firſt Dutcheſs of Marlborough, a woman of conſiderable diſcernment, ſent him a univerſal retaining fee of five hundred guineas.

With an eſtabliſhed reputation, a chief juſticeſhip, and a marriage into the Winchelſea family; he laboured in the year ſeventeen hundred and fifty-three, under the diſgrace of being a jacobite, and of courſe a fooliſh, as well as an ungrateful man to the Hanover family, to whoſe eſtabliſhment he was indebted for every thing he hoped for or enjoyed.

The calumny was ſtrengthened by the notoriouſneſs of national tendencies, at that time prevalent in Scotland, and the more intimate connections of ſome of Mr. Murray's near relations, with the fugitive prince.

"Your attachment," ſaid Junius, the keen and unforgiving aſſailant of Lord Mansfield, reſolved not to let ſlip ſuch a glorious opportunity for exaggerating invective; "your attachment to the cauſe of an unhappy prince,

prince, was expreſſed with the warmth of wine, and *ſome* of the ceremonies of religion.

The cabinet council gravely met on the buſineſs, the charge was ſupported by Lord Ravenſworth, a well-meaning, but weak man, the alarmiſt of his time, with more ſmoke than fire.

His lordſhip aſſerted, that Murray, Stone, Biſhop Johnſon, and a few others, had, twenty years before, dined at a Mr. Vernon's in the city, that full of wine, and probably with the remnants of early impreſſion, not entirely effaced, they had drank the health of the Pretender on their knees.

The matter was diſmiſſed, as frivolous, originating from honeſt, but officious zeal, and Murray retained his uſual influence and weight.

Awed by ſuperior intellect, or rather, as I am inclined to think, intimidated by language perſonal, coarſe and indecorous, he ſhrunk from parliamentary conteſt with Lord Chatham, a man, in intellect and acquirement, confeſſedly his inferior: this was called a torpedo benumbing a ſhark. The late Lord Aſhburton is ſaid to have found out this weakneſs in the character of the earl, and, as a barriſter, to have ſometimes taken an unfair advantage of it.

The frame of Lord Mansfield was formed for long life, his ſpirits ſeldom failed him; in converſation, his talents were eminent, and he had the luck to live with thoſe who could give him as good as he brought. For convivial talents, Foote, with a few exceptions, the beſt talker of his day, lived with him on terms of gay equality; Garrick, Whiteford, Warburton, Hurd, and Halifax, alternately graced his table; he was remembered by Pope in his verſes, and not forgotten in his will.

With all his attainments, ſcholarſhip, and wit, his piety and religion were eminent and conſpicuous; he was orderly, liberal, acceſſible, and courteous.

Early riſing, the cold bath, and if buſineſs permitted, a long walk every day, with a ſcrupulous indulgence in the pleaſures of the table, prolonged his life to eighty-nine.

At Caen Wood, where he ſucceeded, and improved upon Lord Bute, his woods, his pleaſure-grounds, and walks, ſhewed the ſimplicity and correct taſte of good ſenſe; nothing was gaudy, nothing trifling, nothing ſuperfluous, yet nothing wanting.

The ſpeech of Lord Mansfield, on the reverſal of Mr. Wilkes's outlawry, was the ſubject of con-

conſiderable notice and diſcuſſion, at a period pregnant with political ſtorms.

Thoſe who recollect the temper and ſpirit of thoſe times, when every man ſeemed ſeized with a paroxyſm of political inſanity, cannot deny the merit of firmneſs and magnanimity to the venerable chief juſtice, as he paſſed to and from the tribunal of juſtice, ſurrounded by the dæmons of party fury, and implacable malignity.

On theſe occaſions this noble lord reminded me of a mountain rearing its majeſtic head aloft, and unmoved, while the raging billows were daſhing and foaming ineffectually at its baſe. The commencement of his lordſhip's addreſs was thought peculiar.

"I have now gone through the ſeveral errors aſſigned by the defendant, which have been ingeniouſly argued, and confidently relied on, by his counſel at the bar: I have given my ſentiments upon them, and if upon the whole, after the cloſeſt attention to what has been ſaid, and with the ſtrongeſt inclination in favor of the defendant, no arguments which have been urged, no caſes which have been cited, no reaſons that occur to me, are ſufficient to ſatisfy me in my conſcience and judgment, that this outlawry ſhould be reverſed, I am bound to affirm it—and here let me make a pauſe.

"Many arguments have been ſuggeſted, both in and out of court, upon the conſequences of eſtabliſhing this outlawry, either as they may affect the defendant as an individual, or the public in general: as to the firſt, whatever they may be, the defendant has brought them upon himſelf; they are inevitable conſequences of law, ariſing from his own act.

"If the penalty, to which he is thereby ſubjected, is more than a puniſhment adequate to the crime he has committed, he ſhould not have brought himſelf into this unfortunate predicament, by flying from the juſtice of his country; he thought proper to do ſo, and he muſt taſte the fruits of his own conduct, however bitter and unpalatable they may be; and although we may be heartily ſorry for any perſon who has brought himſelf into this ſituation, it is not in our power, God forbid it ſhould ever be in our power, to deliver him from it; we cannot prevent the judgment of the law, by creating irregularity in the proceedings; we cannot prevent the conſequences of that judgment, by pardoning the crime.

"If the defendant has any pretenſions to mercy, thoſe pretenſions

ſions muſt be urged, and that power exerciſed in another place, where the conſtitution has wiſely and neceſſarily veſted it. The crown will judge for itſelf; it does not belong to us to interfere with puniſhment, we have only to declare the law.

"None of us had any concern in the proſecution of this buſineſs, nor any wiſhes upon the event of it; it was not our fault that the defendant was proſecuted for the libels upon which he has been convicted; I took no ſhare in another place, in the meaſures which were taken to proſecute him.

"It was not our fault that he was convicted; it was not our fault that he fled; it was not our fault that he was outlawed; it was not our fault that he rendered himſelf up to juſtice; none of us revived the proſecution againſt him, nor could any one of us ſtop that proſecution when it was revived.

"It is not our fault if there are not any errors upon the record, nor is it in our power to create any, if there are none; we are bound by our oath, and in our conſciences, to give ſuch a judgment as the law will warrant, and as our reaſon can approve, ſuch a judgment as we muſt ſtand or fall by, in the opinion of the preſent times, and of poſterity.

"In doing it, therefore, we muſt have regard to our reputations as honeſt men, and men of knowledge competent to the ſtations we hold; no conſiderations whatſoever ſhould miſlead us from this great object, to which we ever ought, and, I truſt, ever ſhall, direct our attentions.

"But conſequences of a public nature, reaſons of ſtate, political ones, have been ſtrongly urged, (private anonymous letters ſent to me, I ſhall paſs over) open avowed publications which have been judicially noticed, and may therefore be mentioned, have endeavoured to influence or intimidate the court, and ſo prevail on us to trifle and prevaricate with God, our conſciences, and the public.

"It has been intimated, that conſequences of a frightful nature will flow from the eſtabliſhment of this outlawry; it is ſaid, the people expect the reverſal, that the temper of the times demands it, that the multitude *will* have it ſo, that the continuation of the outlawry in full force will not be endured, that the execution of the law upon the defendant will be reſiſted; THESE ARE ARGUMENTS WHICH WILL NOT WEIGH A FEATHER WITH ME.

"If inſurrection and rebellion are to follow our determination, we have not to anſwer for the

the conſequences, though we ſhould be the innocent cauſe, we can only ſay, *fiat juſtitia ruat cœlum.*

"We ſhall diſcharge our duty without expectations of approbation, or the apprehenſions of cenſure; if we are ſubject to the latter unjuſtly, we muſt ſubmit to it; we cannot prevent it; we will take care not to deſerve it. He muſt be a weak man indeed, who can be ſtaggered by ſuch a conſideration.

"The miſapprehenſion, or the miſrepreſentation of the ignorant or the wicked, the *mendax infamia*, which is the conſequence of both, are equally indifferent to, unworthy the attention of, and incapable of making any impreſſion on men of firmneſs and intrepidity.

"Thoſe who imagine judges are capable of being influenced by ſuch unworthy indirect means, groſsly deceive themſelves, and for my own part, I truſt that my temper, and the colour and conduct of my life, have cloathed me with a ſuit of armour, to ſhield me from ſuch arrows.

"If I have ever ſupported the king's meaſures; if I have ever afforded any aſſiſtance to government; if I have diſcharged my duty as a public or private character, by endeavouring to preſerve pure and perfect the principles of the conſtitution, maintaining unſullied the honor of the courts of juſtice, and by an upright adminiſtration of, to give a due effect to the laws, I have hitherto done it without any other gift or reward, than that moſt pleaſing and moſt honorable one, the conſcientious conviction of doing what was right.

"I do not pretend to ſcorn the opinion of mankind, I wiſh earneſtly for popularity; I will ſeek and will have popularity; but I will have that ſpecies of it which follows, and not that which is run after.

"Tis not the applauſe of a day, tis not the huzzas of a fickle multitude, that can give a moment's ſatisfaction to a rational being; that man's mind muſt indeed be a weak one, and his ambition of a moſt depraved ſort, who can be captivated by ſuch allurements, or ſatisfied with ſuch momentary gratifications.

"I ſay with the Roman orator, and hope I can ſay it with as much truth as he did, "Ego hoc animo ſemper fui, ut INVIDIAM VIRTUTE PARTAM, GLORIAM NON INFAMIAM PUTAREM."

"But the threats have been carried further, perſonal violence has been denounced, unleſs public humour be complied with. I do not fear ſuch threats; I don't believe

believe there is any reaſon to fear them, it is not the genius of the worſt of men in the worſt of times, to proceed to ſuch ſhocking extremities.

"But if ſuch an event ſhould happen, let it be ſo; it might be productive of wholeſome effects; ſuch a ſtroke might rouze the better part of the nation from their lethargic condition, to a ſtate of activity. It might induce them to aſſert and execute the law, and puniſh the daring and impious hands which had violated it; and thoſe who ſupinely behold the danger which threatens all liberty, from the moſt abandoned licentiouſneſs, might, by ſuch an event, be awakened to a ſenſe of their ſituation, as drunken men are oftentimes ſtunned by a blow into ſobriety.

"If the ſecurity of our perſons and our property, of all we hold dear and valuable, are to depend upon the caprice of a giddy multitude, or to be at the diſpoſal of a riotous mob; if, in compliance with their humours, and to appeaſe their clamours, all civil and political inſtitutions are to be diſregarded and overthrown; a life ſomewhat more than ſixty, is not worth preſerving at ſuch a price; and he can never die too ſoon, who lays down his life in ſupport and vindication of the policy, the government and the conſtitution of his country."

MY TIME, O YE MUSES, a ſong beginning with theſe words, celebrated and popular in its day.

The lady who is the ſubject of it, was Phœbe, the daughter of the learned Dr. Bentley of controverſial memory, afterwards married to Dr. Cumberland, Biſhop of Clonfert in Ireland, and, if I miſtake not, mother of the author of the Weſt Indian, the Wheel of Fortune, The Jew, and a long catalogue of modern comedies, none of which make any approaches in excellence, to the intereſting pieces I have mentioned.

The compoſition which forms my preſent article, and which, *at a certain time*, I have repeated, with emotions, to be felt and underſtood only in *certain* ſituations, this charming little ſong, I have ſeen tranſlated into very reſpectable Latin verſe, as a college impoſition on ſome occaſion of frolic or miſchance, by a relation of the lady.

The ſentiments it contains help to illuſtrate an oft-repeated, and almoſt ſelf-evident propoſition, that the impreſſions made on our external organs, and internal

ternal feelings, whether pleaſant or painful, depend not ſo much on the general importance of the objects themſelves, as on the ſtate of our nerves, and the circumſtances which accompany them. The ſelf ſame ſcenes, which at particular times, and with certain aſſociations, are Paradiſe and joy, ſhall, on another occaſion, perhaps in the revolution of only a few hours, be converted by ſolitude, imagination, or miſhap, into a comfortleſs deſart, the valley and ſhadow of death.

But we muſt not forget the ſong.

My Time, O ye Muſes was happily ſpent,
When Phœbe went with me, wherever I went:
But now ſhe is gone, and hath left me behind,
What a ſad diſmal change, on a ſudden I find.
The fields look'd ſo gay, the weather ſo fair,
That *I* thought it ſpring, but 'twas owing to her.
The ſtream that was wont to run ſweetly along,
And danc'd to ſoft murmurs, the pebbles among,
Enchanted me quite, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleaſure to look at, and muſic to hear;
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
And ſtill as it murmurs, do nothing but chide.
My faithful old dog, whom I once us'd to ſee
Come wagging his tail, to my fair one and me,
Was by Phœbe encourag'd, and to him ſhe ſaid,
"Come hither, poor fellow," and patted his head;
Now I beat him and ſcold him, for why ſhould not Tray,
Be as dull as his maſter, when Phœbe's away?

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When walking with her, what ſights have I ſeen,
How gay were the flow'rs, how freſh was the green;
But now ſhe is gone, I find 'twas her eyes
Made ſo many beautiful proſpects ariſe;
Wherever we went, the birds ſung ſo ſweet,
And chirp went the graſshopper, under our feet;
Now Phœbe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The proſpects are gloomy, the melody gone;
'Twas *her* voice and *her* looks, as ſince I have found,
Gave charms to the ſcene, and improv'd ev'ry ſound.

NATI-

NATIONAL RESOURCES.

Among the various plans for adding to the revenue of the ſtate, it has been propoſed to revive and extend the old doctrine of Eſcheats, to make it impoſſible for any man, unleſs he has natural heirs, to bequeath more than half his property, the other half to come to the public.

The propoſer of this plan, I believe the ingenious Mr. Bentham, to whom this work has been often indebted, puts it in the way of paradox.

What is that mode of ſupply, of which the twentieth part, is a tax, and that a heavy one, while the whole would be no tax, and would not be felt?

The anſwer is, an extenſion of the exiſting law of Eſcheats; a law coeval with the firſt elements of the conſtitution.

By theſe means, and a limitation of the power of bequeſt, the enormous ſum of two millions per annum would be paid into the treaſury, without the expence of ſixpence in collecting it.

The great objection is, that in a century, ſuch an impoſt would ſwallow up all the property in the kingdom, and in the mean time expoſe rent-rolls, family-ſecrets, and ledgers, to the ſcrutiny of a tax gatherer: yet, I doubt if theſe evils are not produced in an equal degree by the income tax; in this, as in every other inſtance, private convenience muſt give way to the paramount and indiſpenſible law of public welfare. For this, and other reaſons, if the general opinion was to be taken *by the head*, I ſhould vote for adopting the law of Eſcheats, on this fair and important preſumption, that none would pay, but thoſe who could well afford it.

NAVAL DEXTERITY.

An engagement took place in the year ſixteen hundred and ninety, between the combined fleets of England and Holland, amounting to fifty-ſix ſhips, and the French, who muſtered nearly eighty.

The Dutch bravely advanced towards the enemy, but not being properly ſupported by their allies, were ſurrounded by the French admiral Tourville, and the whole of them muſt have been taken or deſtroyed by a ſuperiority in the proportion of four to one.

The Batavian commander, Calembourg, a good ſeaman and a courageous man, with admirable preſence of mind, obſerving there was a ſtrong current, and very little wind, inſtantly ordered his ſhips to drop their anchors, with all their ſails ſtanding.

The French, ignorant of the ſtra-

ſtratagem, were hurried away by the tide, which ſet rapidly up the channel, while their opponents, remained ſafe at anchor, and out of the reach of their cannon.

The bravery and prompt ingenuity of Calembourg were acknowledged by all Europe, while the *prudent caution* of Herbert, Lord Torrington, were univerſally cenſured. Soon after his arrival in London, he was committed to the tower; whether his impriſonment was followed by trial or puniſhment, the editor is not able to ſay.

NEGOTIATION with France, the propriety of, in the year ſeventeen hundred and ninety-three, a ſubject which engroſſed a conſiderable ſhare of public diſcuſſion, as well as private converſation.

In the courſe of the controverſy, thoſe who were of opinion, that whatever the provocations, or however alarming the conduct of France, negotiation ſhould, at all events, have preceded hoſtility, alluded occaſionally to the conduct of Cardinal Mazarine, who ſent an ambaſſador to England, during the uſurpation of Cromwell.

Certain courtiers doubting the propriety of ſuch a ſtep, and conſidering it as derogatory to the honour of their ſovereign. The cardinal replied to their objections in the following words:

"We do not ſend an ambaſſador for Cromwell's intereſt, but for our own. By being in England, he will have an opportunity of procuring intelligence, and putting us on our guard againſt any deſigns the Engliſh may be forming againſt us. Suppoſing that their preſent executive government *is* compoſed of villains; it becomes ſtill more neceſſary to watch their conduct; and were it neceſſary, for any political purpoſe, to negociate with Pandæmonium; if Lucifer, Moloch, and Belzebub, were hurled from their thrones, I would ſend an envoy to thoſe cunning ſpirits who had ſupplanted them, though they were the meaneſt devils in the infernal dominions."

It has been ſaid in anſwer, that the power of Cromwell, however odiouſly attained, and, in his efforts to ſupport it, tyrannically exerted, was at the time, to all appearance, firmly eſtabliſhed: that, notwithſtanding his policy in taking part with France againſt Spain, was injuriouſly warped by his paſſions, England, during his protectorate, enforced the reſpect, and excited the fears of Europe; that his authority, reared by a union of fanaticiſm and military deſpotiſm, on the ruins of the monarchy

narchy, did not depend on revolutionary fluctuation, or the impracticable reveries of theoriſts, who, in erecting their building, ſpoiled their tools, and threw away the neceſſary cements of public opinion and uſeful prejudice.

Yet, it may be aſked, if leaders, capable of making a ſtand, in many inſtances, ſo vigorous and deſtructive, have not in themſelves ſufficient ſtamina to preſerve their own energy of vegetation. The ſame ſtaff with which I level an aſſailant to the ground, will ſurely prove ſtrong enough for me occaſionally to correct my ſervants, and ſometimes to bear my weight on it, as I travel the road.

NEWCASTLE, DUTCHESS OF, the wife of an eminent royaliſt who devoted his life to the fortunes of King Charles the firſt, and whoſe eſtate was confiſcated, after his majeſty's death.

This lady, that firſt of characters, a good wife as well as a ſenſible and accompliſhed woman, was the daughter of William Baſſet, eſquire, of an antient family in the county of Stafford.

There remain of her works, dramatic, poetical, and epiſtolary, ſeven volumes, ſmall folio; in the firſt, is a well written life of her gallant and generous huſband, evidently executed by one who doted on the man ſhe deſcribed.

Prefixed to one of the volumes, is a whole length portrait of the dutcheſs, who poſſeſſing a conſiderable ſhare of perſonal beauty, muſt have powerfully excited thoſe paſſions which ſhe appears to have ardently felt.

After the battle of Worceſter, when the royaliſts, flying in all directions, were experiencing the difficulties of exile and pecuniary embarraſſment, the dutcheſs repaired to the metropolis, to collect part of the wreck of the fortunes of her lord.

Her perſon being recognized, the uſurpers ſent a peremptory order for her departure; to this notice, her grace boldly replied, "That if they expected any thing they could ſay or do, would deter her from her duty as a wife and a loyal ſubject, they were miſtaken; that ſhe deſpiſed their threats, defied their power, and was reſolved to remain in London, ſo long as her occaſions required."

Having procured conſiderable pecuniary aſſiſtance for the king, as well as the duke, ſhe repaired to the Continent without moleſtation.

When we contemplate the amiable

amiable character of the dutcheſs, her nuptial fidelity, her fortitude, her loyalty, and her intellectual endowments, it is not poſſible to view even her picture without admiration; ſuch is the charm of moral and mental beauty, far more attractive and durable than the tranſient ſtimulus of a ſwelling boſom, auburn treſſes, and love-darting eyes.

NEWSPAPERS, a powerful inſtrument in the hands of genius and dexterity, for diffuſing the opinions, and influencing the conduct of mankind.

If it were poſſible for the liberty of the preſs to exiſt in a deſpotic government, without changing the conſtitution, that alone would form a counterpoiſe to the power of the prince, and a certain degree of liberty would be immediately introduced. That regard to public opinion, and decency of character, which the ſultan himſelf muſt obſerve; would prove a powerful barrier againſt tyranny and oppreſſion.

In the circulation of *well-conducted* newſpapers, the public welfare is materially concerned; at trying moments, they give the alarm, and diminiſh danger, when they cannot prevent it; were they but *independent*, the crown could not ſhelter a bad miniſter, nor the miſguided multitude, a mock patriot.

Yet, ſuch is the magic omnipotence of corruption, it pervades the ſtudy of the literary man, and the cabinet of the ſtateſman; it diffuſes a ſickly yellow hue of party jealouſy over the report of a public debate; crippling the arguments, or obſcuring the illuſtrations, of an inimical miniſter, but extending the flowery harangue of many a favorite ſpeaker, through long columns of elaborate, and well-ſtudied periods; while the *bon-vivant* and his *chere amie*, yawning over their ſouchong, and ardent only for poignant paragraphs and modern anecdotes, curſe thoſe tedious diſcuſſions, which they will not attempt to read.

The ſame evil has alſo injured the impartiality of dramatic criticiſm. Ivory tickets and advertiſements of plays, with the ſmiles, the ſuppers, and the well-timed douceurs of managers and ſtage heroines, have long rendered our public prints the ſuſpicious vehicles of praiſe undeſerved, and miſ-placed panegyric. After retiring from the theatre, diſguſted with a bad play and execrable acting, have we not repeatedly ſeen, the nonſenſe and rant of the night, metamorphoſed the

the next morning into dramatic excellence, and firſt-rate performance.

The firſt newſpapers printed in England, reſembled an extraordinary gazette, they were called Engliſh Mercuries, and publiſhed during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to rouze national reſentment, and ſupport public ſpirit, againſt the terror of a Spaniſh Armada.

But a regular daily paper was not printed in this kingdom till the war between King Charles the firſt and the parliament; and it has been remarked, that in thoſe diſcordant times, as during the diſtracted ſtate of our Gallic neighbours, a printing preſs was conſidered a neceſſary and important part of the camp baggage.

Each party was deſirous of victory with the pen as well as the ſword, beſides the advantage of a rapid diffuſion of information. By Cromwell it was carried to Scotland, and Higgins printed the firſt paper in that kingdom, in 1652, it was called a Diurnal of ſome Paſſages and Affairs, &c.

The Romans had a publication which nearly approached to a modern newſpaper; it was called Acta Diurna, or Daily Occurrences, reſembling the preſent accounts of births, deaths, marriages, &c. An extract from one of theſe may be ſeen in Petronius. The debates of the ſenate were alſo publiſhed at the ſame period, under the title of *Publica Acta*.

The next paper of this kind appeared at Venice, and was called Gazetta, from the name of the piece of money for which it was ſold, and was diſtributed in *manuſcript*, long after the invention of printing. Of theſe, thirty volumes were collected by that *helluo librorum*, Magliabechi, and are ſtill preſerved in the library he left.

The Paris gazette, under the management of Monſ. Renaudot, followed next. In London, the Daily Advertiſer, of Jenour, led the way. The prodigious profits of this gentleman's paper, tempted a croud of competitors, too long to enumerate in this place. In 1793, the newſpapers publiſhed in England and Scotland, daily, alternate, and weekly, amounted to one hundred and ſixteen.

The attempts of moſt of them were ſucceſsful, which induced government to claim a ſhare in their profits, I believe, half a crown in every advertiſement, which with ſtamps and duty on paper, add to the public revenue with little or no expence in collecting, more than two hundred

dred and fifty thouſand pounds a year, beſides providing bread and employment for thouſands.

Newſpapers from their prodigious influence on the public mind, are regarded with a timid, hoſtile eye, by moſt governments, and are burthened with expences ſo enormous, that many have ſunk under the weight, and many, once boldly proclaiming ſedition and defiance, now almoſt hide their heads.

"I confeſs, with concern," ſaid a barriſter, "the licentiouſneſs of the preſs; but let us remember, it is a public creditor, to which religion, morality, genius, and ſcience, are indebted; it preſerved the conſtitution of our ſiſter kingdom, and reſtored our own. If, in aſſuming the office of a cenſor, it ſometimes goes aſtray, let it be controled with parental tenderneſs, like a favorite child; let us not, by injudicious ſeverity, injure its health, and break its ſpirits."

NEW TAXES. It hath been propoſed by a facetious writer, as part of the ways and means for the enſuing year, to raiſe a revenue on perſonal ſingularities, and indecorous cuſtoms.

He recommends to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to grant five guinea certificates, by which a man ſhould be licenſed to ſay rude things to the ladies; to tell long ſtories; to fall aſleep after dinner; to diſturb the company by loud talking; to diſpute and wrangle about trifles; to take ſnuff before the cloth is removed; indulgences, which once confirmed by cuſtom, it is almoſt out of a man's power wholly to reſign, and as ſuperfluous luxuries, certainly fair objects of taxation.

But the ſubject deſerves conſideration for more important purpoſes than a joke; and I earneſtly intreat my young readers, who, have to *fight* their way through life; I earneſtly intreat them to riſe early, and at once, in arms againſt theſe petty enemies, if they find them creeping on them.

The conqueſt at firſt will be eaſy, but if ſuffered to grow into inveterate habit, the odious reptiles ſwell to elephants, and never can be ſubdued; they increaſe with our growth, and gain ſtrength in proportion, as the faculties and frame become feeble.

How many men of vigorous intellect, and good hearts, from accidentally indulging in ſuch apparently unimportant trifles, and the impotence of their powers afterwards to reſiſt them, have rendered them-

themſelves miſerable for life, and driven into moroſe ſecluſion, have been doomed to aſſociate, during the remainder of their days, with mercenary companions, or illiterate vulgarity, which they encourage, hate, and deſpiſe.

NICHOLAS, Sir AUSTIN, a judge during the uſurpation of Cromwell, concerning whom the following circumſtances are related.

Having, while a boy at ſchool, committed an offence, for which, as ſoon as it was known that flogging would be the inevitable puniſhment, his agitation, from a ſtrong ſenſe of ſhame, or a peculiar delicacy of conſtitution, was ſo violent, that his ſchool-fellow, Wake, an intimate aſſociate, and father of the archbiſhop, remarked it with concern.

Poſſeſſing ſtronger nerves, and ſenſibility leſs exquiſite, he told him, that the diſcipline of the rod was a mere trifle, and inſiſted on taking on himſelf the fault, for which, after a mutual ſtruggle of friendſhip and generoſity, he ſuffered a ſevere whipping.

A fortuitous train of events, which often diſperſes ſchool-intimates into different profeſſions, and oppoſite quarters of the globe, guided Nicholas through politics and law, to a ſeat in the court of Common Pleas, and confirmed him a friend to the powers that are.

Wake, on the contrary, was a firm royaliſt and cavalier, whoſe zeal and activity rendering him highly obnoxious to his opponents, he was ſeized, tried for his life, at Exeter, and condemned by his old acquaintance, Nicholas, who, after a ſeparation of ſix and twenty years, did not recollect Mr. Wake, till he had paſſed the fatal ſentence.

The name catching his eye, a ſudden conviction, ſtrengthened by a few leading queſtions, flaſhed on his mind, that the priſoner at the bar, whom he had juſt ſentenced to an ignominious death, was no other than the fond friend of his juvenile hours; thoſe hours which, whatever be the colour of our fate, we all contemplate with a ſacred, a ſerious, and intereſting pleaſure.

I need not deſcribe the ſtate of a mind, in which civil diſcord had not obliterated gratitude and ſympathy: he beheld, with the moſt poignant emotion, the forlorn ſituation of that faithful aſſociate of his youth, who for him had undergone diſgrace and ſtripes; he ſaw, on every ſide, the hell-hounds of war, and the maſtiffs of the law, waiting, with eager impatience, to drag the

the man he once loved to untimely death.

But friendſhip, like other virtues, required the ſpeedy and effectual proof of exertion, or it would have been counteracted by the malevolence of party fury. After much oppoſition from the round heads, whom Mr. Wake's behaviour had exaſperated, a reſpite was granted, and Nicholas, unwilling to riſk a life he ſo highly valued to the uncertainty of letters, and the dilatory tardineſs of meſſengers, hurried immediately to London. He ruſhed into the preſence of the Protector, and would not retire till, ſorely againſt Oliver's will, he had obtained a pardon for his friend, againſt whom, from perſonal enmity or miſrepreſentation, Cromwell was peculiarly inveterate.

The fortunate royaliſt, from inattention, a magnanimous or an affected contempt of death, was a ſtranger to the name and perſon of his judge, and knew not the powerful interpoſition in his favor. Nicholas, alſo, had reſerved the precious, the important ſecret, in his own breaſt, till certain of ſucceſs; leaſt, by vainly exciting hope, he ſhould only add new pains to misfortune.

Returning without delay to Exeter, he flew to the priſon, gradually diſcloſed his name and office to Wake, and producing a pardon, the friends ſunk into each others arms: Nicholas, overpowered by the bliſs of conferring life and comfort on one, from whom he had early experienced diſintereſted friendſhip; Wake, unexpectedly ſnatched from death, by diſcovering, perhaps, the firſt friend he ever loved, in a party, whom he had always conſidered as uſurpers of lawful authority, as the wolves and tygers of his country.

NICHOLAS ANTHONY, a native of Lorrain, in the ſeventeenth century, ſtrictly educated in the Catholic faith, but diſcovering, even in his youth, a ſtrong diſlike to the church of Rome, he ſeized an early opportunity of diſavowing its tenets, haſtened to Geneva, and finiſhed his education in that ſeminary of Calviniſm.

Directing his principal attention to the Old Teſtament, he gradually imbibed the principles of Judaiſm, at length openly profeſſed it, and endeavoured to convert his parents and relations.

Repairing to Metz, he entered a ſynagogue on the Sabbath-day, and demanded of the Jews, admiſſion into their ſociety, profeſſing not only a

readineſs, but a ſtrong deſire to ſubmit himſelf to the ceremonies, enjoined by the Moſaic diſpenſation.

The Iſraelites were highly flattered when they found a learned man avowing their opinions, but mingling worldly prudence with zeal, and having been taught wiſdom by affliction, they adviſed him to apply to the Rabbi of Venice or Amſterdam, from whom the renegado received a civil refuſal.

In order to procure preſent ſubſiſtence, he became for a ſhort time preceptor to the family of a gentleman, to whom he had communicated the uncomfortable ſtate of his mind, as well as his finances. It was expreſsly ſtipulated that he ſhould not communicate his religious ſcepticiſm, and that he ſhould conform externally to the general opinions of the country in which he lived.

On this occaſion, Nicholas confeſſed to a friend, that he had a long and hard ſtruggle between pride of an independent ſpirit, and the urgency of want; but appetite prevailed, and he agreed to what he called an ignominious compromiſe.

Yielding to the intreaties of his patron, who hoped that he had ſeen and departed from his errors, he wrote to Geneva for a certificate of his conduct and ſtudies, and was appointed by the Synod of Gex, to a ſmall pariſh in that diſtrict, where he filled with decency and quietneſs the office he had been prevailed on to aſſume, for two years.

It was at length remarked, that he never mentioned the name of Jeſus Chriſt in his prayers, or his ſermons; that his texts were always taken from the bible, and that he explained paſſages which moſt Chriſtians have applied to the coming of the Meſſiah, in a different ſenſe.

Perceiving the ſeeds of diſſatisfaction and diſcontent among his hearers, it brought on a lowneſs of ſpirits, to which he was conſtitutionally ſubject, and gradually affecting his health, a fever came on, which impaired his intellects.

His inſanity rapidly increaſing, he gave utterance to feelings, exaſperated by long ſuppreſſion, and uttered the moſt horrid blaſphemies againſt the Chriſtian religion, and the Saviour of the world.

Being reproved for his impious extravagance, he challenged his opponents, and fixed a day for publicly defending his tenets againſt the neighbouring miniſters, to whom he unreſervedly avowed his abhorrence of the faith

faith they profeſſed, in bitter language.

As a proof of his fervor, his ſincerity, or his madneſs, he actually offered to burn off his right hand, provided his opponents would do the ſame; declining this ſpecies of fiery ordeal, they endeavoured by argument and perſuaſion, to reclaim him from his errors, but their efforts only increaſed his obſtinacy and vehemence.

As the gentlemen employed to bring Anthony to reaſon, appear to have been ſober and moderate men, I am ſurpriſed that they did not make uſe of a ſtraight waiſtcoat, and the coercion of a mad-houſe; he was to all intents and purpoſes, a deſperate and infuriate maniac.

The following evening he ruſhed naked into the ſtreets, where he paſſed the night, proſtrating himſelf *to the God of Iſrael*, but pouring forth on Chriſt and his followers, a foul ſtream of virulent invective.

Medical aid was at length procured for this miſerable creature, and as the violence of his delirium abated, he was leſs rancorous, but ſtill firmly attached to the law of Moſes, and equally unchriſtian in his declarations, notwithſtanding all the pains taken by ſeveral eminent divines, who viſited him.

As ſoon as the ſtate of his health permitted, the magiſtrates ordered him to be taken into cuſtody, and after repeated but ineffectual interrogatories, intreaties, and perſuaſions, he was at length ſtrangled, purſuant to a ſentence of the council, and his body burnt to aſhes in ſixteen hundred and thirty-two.

A late eminent infidel, not long before his death, and at his own table, ſpoke of the religious apoſtacy of the ſubject of this article, in a ſtrain of triumphant ſatisfaction, accompanied with nods, ſmirks, and a ſomething between a ſarcaſm and a jeſt, in a way *peculiarly his own*, which thoſe who knew him can eaſily recollect, but which it is not eaſy to deſcribe.

A gentleman preſent, who had been often provoked by his hinting doubts, and heſitating diſlike, thus addreſſed him; "Shall I never hear you give an open, downright opinion? why will you be eternally endeavouring to ſap our holy fortreſs, by inuendo, joke, ſuggeſtion, and implication? why will you not adopt an open, manly oppoſition, and confeſs your diſbelief at once? In this reſpect Anthony excells you; *he* honeſtly avowed his opinions. I congratulate you on agreeing in opinion with a madman, yet *he* had not ſo wholly

wholly loſt his ſenſes, as to abandon *both* diſpenſations."

NOLO EPISCOPARI, I am unwilling to be made a biſhop, words ſaid to be made uſe of during the ceremony of conferring that dignity on an eccleſiaſtic, and often produced, by way of raiſing a laugh at the expence of ambitious Churchmen.

Yet in the early ages of Chriſtianity, when forced ordinations were frequent, and during times of religious perſecution, when it was neither deſirable nor ſafe to be a prelate, there can be little doubt of their being pronounced with truth and ſincerity.

NORTON, SIR FLETCHER, a barriſter at law, ſpeaker of the Houſe of Commons, and on the receſſion of Lord North's adminiſtration, created Lord Grantley; a man of invincible countenance and vigorous intellect, but ſpoilt by a law education.

It cannot be mentioned but with regret, that ſo many young men, who bring with them to town worth, modeſty, learning, ingenuous and pleaſing manners, ſhould, after a few years at Commons, Weſtminſter-hall, and the circuit, exchange thoſe deſirable qualities, for inſolence and vanity.

Sir Fletcher is introduced in this place for having, on a certain occaſion, ſpoken the language of truth with energy, boldneſs, and I hope, not without effect.

The time to which I allude was when he addreſſed the king, on preſenting the civil liſt bill, in the year ſeventeen hundred and ſeventy-ſeven; and the Speaker's conduct ſurely deſerves more than common praiſe, when we conſider the circumſtances and ſituation in which he was placed; looking forward to a peerage, and poſſeſſing, at that moment, two conſiderable poſts, which in effect, though not in form, he received and held at the pleaſure of the crown.

"Your majeſty's faithful commons," ſaid Sir Fletcher, "your majeſty's faithful commons have granted a great ſum to diſcharge the debt of the civil liſt; and conſidering that whatever enables your majeſty to ſupport with grandeur, and dignity, the crown of Great Britain, in its true luſtre, will reflect honor on the nation, they have given moſt liberally, even in theſe times of great danger and difficulty, taxed almoſt beyond their ability to bear; and they now grant an income far exceeding your majeſty's higheſt

higheſt wants, HOPING, THAT WHAT THEY HAVE GIVEN CHEERFULLY, YOUR MAJESTY WILL SPEND WISELY."

This was a well-timed leſſon for kings, who ſeldom hear plain fact preſented to their ear, without flattery or miſrepreſentation.

I watched, I narrowly watched the royal eye, when this ſpeech was delivered, and declare, with pleaſure, I did not perceive one ſymptom of diſpleaſure deranging the mild ſerenity and dignified ſoftneſs of the Brunſwic countenance.

A lawyer, I mean a political lawyer, climbing the ſteep hill of preferment, for this paſſage has offended the profeſſion to whom I did not mean generally, to apply it; a political lawyer, the creed of whoſe profeſſion it is, that God and man muſt be given up, if they ſtand in competition with profit or preferment; a lawyer who could for a moment loſe ſight of theſe darling objects, deſerves much credit; and, conſidering the general habits and education of princes, who are taught to look on their ſubjects only as ſources of ſupport or amuſement, and to regard advice as inſolence, and reproof as treaſon; the king has an undoubted claim to conſiderable praiſe, for liſtening without reſentment, and afterwards elevating the ſpeaker to a peerage.

Were I to have my choice of chuſing, or rather of creating, *any little comfortable place* at St. James's, I would be appointed (ſtart not my good bed-chamber lords) I would be appointed, notwithſtanding the novelty of the poſt, ſpeaker of truth at court, with the privilege of repeating, at proper intervals, the ſentiments contained in this ſpeech to his majeſty; and I perſuade myſelf, from the active benevolence of his character, and his attention to the increaſing burthens of his ſubjects, that it would not be repeated in vain.

I cannot diſmiſs the ſtern virtues of Sir Fletcher, without repeating Mr. Burke's compliment to him, when ſpeaking of his appointment as chief juſtice in eyre. "*Your* dignity, Sir, is too high for a juriſdiction over wild beaſts; *your* learning and talents are too valuable to be waſted in gloomy pomp, as chief juſtice of a deſart. I cannot reconcile it to myſelf, that you ſhould be ſtuck up as a uſeleſs piece of antiquity."

It was remarked at the time, that the old lawyer did not cordially reliſh the orators expreſſion of being *ſtuck up as a uſeleſs piece of antiquity*, he had, for ſome time, been, growling over his diſ-

diſcontents; and the words, *juriſdiction over wild beaſts*, produced that kind of ſuppreſſed laugh, which is, of all others the moſt difficult to conceal, and the moſt provoking to the perſon who cauſes it.

In an intereſting debate on the privileges of the houſe of commons, which, in many inſtances, are thought to bear hard on the liberty of the ſubject, the words of Sir Fletcher were remarkably coarſe and ſevere.

"The reſolutions of this houſe," ſaid a gentleman whoſe zeal ſometimes warps his judgment, "the reſolutions of this houſe, are paramount and univerſally binding. The judge on the bench, and even the laws themſelves are ſilent, when *we* ſpeak." "The honorable member," replied Sir Fletcher, in a tone *not very harmonious*, "ſeems to forget there are too other branches of the legiſlature, whoſe aſſent is neceſſary to give efficacy to our deciſions; and as to the reſolutions of the houſe of commons, of whoſe power he boaſts ſo much, I ſhould regard them no more, than the determinations of ſo many coal-porters."

It has been obſerved, by a florid panegyriſt of the preſent reign, whoſe ſweetmeats were not cordially received in Downing-ſtreet, it has been obſerved, that Lord Grantley was the only inſtance of a new made peer kiſſing the king's hand in the queen's drawing-room. This obſervation muſt refer to ſome minute infraction of court etiquette, of which I lament my ignorance.

NORTON MAL-REWARD, a village in the weſt of England, ſo called, a monument of the ingratitude of William the Conqueror, or of the unreaſonable expectation of ſome of his followers.

It is mentioned in this place for two reaſons, the ſingularity of its name, and becauſe the editor, on a certain occaſion, galloping through it, was thrown from his horſe, and narrowly eſcaped a broken neck.

NOVERRE, a ſenſible director of ballets, and a claſſical dancing maſter, who has treated, with conſiderable learning and taſte, a ſubject and a ſcience, which, till reſcued by his dexterity, had long been abandoned to triflers, and often been rendered ridiculous by dull pedants, or ſuperficial coxcombs.

It was the good fortune of Mr. Noverre, and his book, to be graced with an excellent engraving of his head, in Sherwin's, the lamented Sherwin's beſt manner.

manner. Had his pages been leſs ſcientific than they are, the highly finiſhed performance of that eminent artiſt, would have given them current value, with connoiſſeurs and collectors.

"What a magnificent glory has Mr. Sherwin given to Noverre's head," ſaid an Oxonian to Tom Warton; "It is no glory, but a powder puff," replied the laureat. "And what but puff and powder, are half the glories of your calendar;" ſaid the Grand Compounder.

I have ſeen lines applied to Noverre, but know not, though I wiſh much to know, from whence taken, or by whom written; they began,

"De feu de ſon genie il anima la dance."

NUPTIAL INFIDELITY. The faſhionable crime of the day, a natural effect of profligacy and extravagance united, which diſabling its miſerable victims from moving in their own ſphere, and in their own way, render them deſperate, ſhameleſs, and undaunted, in ſeeking for, and ſeizing every opportunity of indulging whim, and diſſipation, to the utmoſt pitch of their bent; for I am clearly of opinion, that this groſs deviation from rectitude, is oftener the offspring of a ſordid avaricious ſpirit, or the reſentment of beauty once idolized, but now neglected, than the impulſe of genuine attachment.

My reaſon for giving an article to the vice of adultery, which from its frequency and its being varniſhed with a ſofter name, has almoſt ceaſed to wound the ear of the virgin, or the matron; my reaſon was, to ſuggeſt a hint to certain fair apologiſts for conjugal frailty, who, not ſatisfied with having injured the world by their example, and not content with remaining in the dark, back ground, properly aſſigned to infamy, have impatiently ruſhed forward on the ſcene, and polluted the preſs, by elaborate apologies for unhallowed indulgence.

Theſe miſtaken caſuiſts forget, that NOTHING CAN EXCUSE THEIR CONDUCT, NEITHER FOLLY, INHUMANITY, NOR THE MOST ODIOUS OF CRIMES IN A HUSBAND. The law in moſt inſtances, if they remain innocent, will protect them from injury and outrage, but *his* being brutal, will not in the moſt minute degree juſtify *their* being criminal.

Hateful forced marriages have alſo generally been produced as an exculpatory argument, but this will not bear the touchſtone of examination; for what parent, what guardian, what friend, would

would *dare* to perſevere in preſſing wedlock on a woman, who, in a firm tone of voice, aſſerted the privilege of her ſex, and indeed, of human nature, in the following words:

"Sir, I feel not at preſent any inclination to marry, but if that really were the caſe, the perſon you recommend, is a man of all others I deteſt. Whenever I take ſo momentous a ſtep as chuſing a huſband, I ſhall conſider it my duty to *conſult* you as my natural guardian and counſellor, and I will freely allow you a deliberative, interdictory prerogative, rationally and moderately exerciſed. But as *I* am the perſon chiefly intereſted in the event, I aſſert the ſacred rights of private judgment, and nothing ſhall ever induce me to ſacrifice myſelf and my peace of mind to the miſtaken ſuggeſtions of ſordid intereſt, or the deluſions of unſatisfactory ſplendour."

The woman who is deficient in ſo important a branch of her duty, who neglects, who criminally neglects to exert a ſtrength of mind, in which, on *other* occaſions, the ſex are ſeldom found deficient, ſuch a woman becomes a party in rearing the edifice of her own miſery, and by a ſcandalous acquieſcence (for the age of chivalry, in which damſels were dragged to the altar, is paſſed away) by a ſcandalous acquieſcence, lays a foundation for the crimes and misfortunes of her future life. She will be accuſed, as was evidently the caſe in a late inſtance, of having formed a ſhameful reſerve, of ſelecting a golden calf ſhe hates, for the ſhameful purpoſe of procuring and indulging ſecret interviews with the real, but leſs wealthy object of her fondeſt affection.

I record, with regret and indignation, that in the latter part of the eighteenth century, an individual ſhould exiſt, born of a worthy and highly reſpectable father, from whom he received the impreſſions and education of a Chriſtian, as well as a gentleman; that ſuch a man ſhould be profligate enough to come forward in a court of juſtice, and declare, without heſitation, that he introduced an intriguing and debauched young man, to the acquaintance and the houſe of a man he *called* his friend, for the avowed purpoſe of ſeducing the affections, and corrupting the fidelity of his wife.

In this dark and infamous buſineſs, by means of laudanum and other arts, without which the ſtruggles of maternal affection for an only, a deſerted daughter, could not have been ſuppreſſed,

preſſed, the minion of looſe deſire was too ſucceſsful; it is however creditable to the age, and conſolatory to the feelings of the man who relates it, that the eyes of the whole court were fixed on this *uſeful friend*, that he was ſeverely reprimanded by a noble judge; and that his ſociety, ſince this indecorous and baſe tranſaction, has been gradually declined.

OCCASIONAL CONFORMITY.

A controverſial writer lately ſpeaking on this ſubject, advanced an incontrovertible maxim, equally applicable to political as well as religious time-ſervers; though meant at the time as a ſarcaſm on the editor of this collection, he is not afraid to repeat it.

A DISSENTER IS A MORE RESPECTABLE CHARACTER OUT OF THE CHURCH THAN IN IT; this axiom, certain gentlemen in our navy and army, and others enjoying large ſalaries and emoluments under government, *whom I could eaſily name*, would do well to recollect and apply.

ŒCONOMY,

a virtue which miniſters, like private men, ſeldom practiſe till it is too late, though it is clearly the ſource from which alone charity, benevolence, and even rational indulgence, can be regularly ſupplied; the inexhauſtible bank, which flouriſhing when all others decay, is the only one able to bear up, againſt the exhauſting profuſion of war, and the drainings of public calamity.

Yet, this great reſtorative of kingdoms, as well as individuals, this cheap defence of nations, hath been ridiculed and deſpiſed, by men whoſe harangues, in favor of it, were the means of elevating them to preferment.

In reply to what has been ſaid, that if retrenchment took place, the public ſervice would be injured, that without an adequate compenſation, men of abilities will not ſerve the ſtate, that the produce of a man's place, is as much his freehold, as the income of a landed eſtate; I anſwer, that the exigencies of the country, and the ſituation in which we are placed, form a claim, paramount to all others.

That Great Britain is in the ſtate of a nobleman, who, like his anceſtors, has been in the long habit of living on a large eſtabliſhment of ſervants, in dignified ſplendor, and rural hoſpitality; but deprived by imprudence or fraud, of two-thirds of his annual income.

Under the preſſure of ſuch circum-

circumſtances, which peremptorily demand reduction; would not expediency, neceſſity, common ſenſe, and even common honeſty, point out the propriety of calling together his domeſtics, his tradeſmen, friends, and neighbours, and addreſſing them in the following words:

"I will not wound your feelings, or my own, by entering minutely into the cauſes which have obliged me to call you together; it is ſufficient for my purpoſe to ſay, that I have loſt two-thirds of my eſtate, and that this deficiency muſt be ſupplied by prudence and retrenchment.

"I have known the majority of you for the greateſt part of my life, and I flatter myſelf, attached as we are by habit, friendſhip, and mutual intereſt, we ſhould be equally unwilling to ſeparate; but to be able to keep together, we muſt make many important ſacrifices; French wines, made-diſhes, cards, conteſted elections, and race horſes, muſt be expunged from my yearly expenditure. I muſt give up my annual viſit to the metropolis, and my eldeſt ſon muſt diminiſh his expences.

"Your wages muſt be lowered one half; embroidered liveries and gold laced beavers, muſt be exchanged for plain fuſtian frocks and round hats; the butler muſt reſign the key of the wine cellar; the ſplendid contents of his pantry muſt be diſpoſed of.

"Yet, I truſt, that while we ſhut out ſuperfluous expence, we ſhall not deprive ourſelves of the pleaſures of rational indulgence; we will not with-hold from the poor, the ſick, and the old, the cuſtomary diſtribution of food, fuel, and raiment: old Engliſh hoſpitality ſhall not be baniſhed from my threſhold; my tenants, my neighbours, and the houſeleſs ſtranger, ſhall partake of Chriſtmas fare; the ſirloin ſhall ſmoke on my table, and we will drink King George's health in home-brewed ale, the natural and moſt wholeſome beverage for the conſtitution of an Engliſhman."

The friend, the ſervant, or the relation, who would not liſten to ſuch an addreſs, with ſilent admiration, prompt obedience, and inſtant co-operation, would well deſerve to be horſe-whipped and driven from the good old hall of his maſter, as a mean, time-ſerving paraſite, a ſelfiſh raſcal; who, adhering to the manſion houſe only in its days of proſperity, and helping to diſſipate its ſupport, ſhrunk from the calls of duty and gratitude, in the trying moments of adverſity.

OHIO, a river in America, near the banks of which, ancient,

ancient buildings, forts, brick-work, maſonry, and aqueducts have been diſcovered; circumſtances which have puzzled or defied modern reaſoners, at what period to fix the æra of the people who raiſed them—a people who muſt previouſly have arrived at a conſiderable degree of perfection in art and ſcience.

Unaſſiſted by tradition or literary evidence, we pauſe at the relation. It may however teach us a ſalutary leſſon, not to be ſo ready, as in Europe, we too often are, to treat with ridicule and contempt, hiſtorical details of æras, dynaſties, and ſyſtems, incompatible with European chronology, becauſe they are aſſerted and believed by perſons who happen to have been born at Delhi, China, or Japan.

O'KEEFE, JOHN, an Iriſhman, and a dramatic caricaturiſt, who enjoyed a ſhare of public approbation, to which, in the opinion of many, his pieces are by no means entitled.

The treaſurer's book is conſidered by managers, as a deciſive proof of dramatic merit; and it may afford amuſement, as well as inſtruction, to inveſtigate the claims of a man, who, by his own confeſſion moderately gifted, has attained praiſe as well as profit, in purſuits which have ſo often conducted men of ſuperior attainment, to mortification and defeat.

It may alſo help to alleviate the chagrine of future rejected play-writers, when they reflect, that the ſuperior talents of Dryden, Pope, Fielding, and Hayley, were not able to enſure ſucceſs in paths, where candidates of ordinary abilities, have eminently ſucceeded.

From the duſt and din of irreſiſtible London, with all its faſcinating abominations; from bad wine, and worſe company; from noiſe without mirth, and ſociety without attachment; I have frequently ruſhed to the theatre, and previouſly unacquainted with the entertainment of the evening, have almoſt involuntarily felt diſpleaſed, on being told it was a favorite piece of O'Keefe's.

With ſtrong prejudices echoed by thoſe around me, againſt low humor, broad farce, and ſtage trick, I have ſat down almoſt determined not to be pleaſed. But anticipating ſeverity, was by degrees diſſolved, my brow gradually relaxed, and at laſt yielding, in ſpite of myſelf, to the impulſe of humor, Edwin, or O'Keefe, I joined in the univerſal tumult of laughter and approbation.

It would be abſurd to ſay, that theſe burſts of merriment were the

the offspring of attic wit, novelty in character, or force of ſentiment; they frequently were produced by what a rigid obſerver of the unities, an admirer of the feaſt of reaſon and the flow of ſoul, would turn from with diſdain; but they powerfully and effectually anſwered the purpoſe for which moſt of us viſit a theatre; to baniſh care and forget for a few moments, the perplexities which hunt us through life.

Let us not haſtily diſparage an author, who effects a purpoſe which many writers loſe ſight of, the art of making us laugh; with a thouſand faults in language, grammar, and common ſenſe, he contrives by well-timed incident and unceaſing ſtage buſtle, to keep up the attention of an audience, whilſt other writers, eminently endowed, wander till *they* are loſt, and the audience ſleeping over ſtudied periods, well-drawn dialogue, ſentimental axiom, and long converſations.

In theſe reſpects, the School for Scandal, and the Critic, with all their excellencies, err; but more particularly, the Heireſs, which I read with pleaſure, but viewed its performance with laſſitude.

In the opinion of modern frequenters of a theatre, the pulpit and preſs afford ample ſupplies of moral effuſion, and intereſting narrative; and the only buſineſs of the ſtage, is to enchant, by elaborate melody, executed with painful difficulty, and high-wrought ſtrains of rapture; to ſurprize by brilliant decoration, and dexterouſly managed machinery; or, laſtly and principally, to ſet the houſe in a roar.

In the ſenſeleſs traſh of O'Keefe's Peeping Tom, which I had rather eat a copy of than read, the irreſiſtible curioſity of Tom, impells him, in ſpite of all injunctions, to view from a window, Godina, who is ſuppoſed to be riding by in an undreſs.

In order to procure an uninterrupted ſight, he raiſes himſelf on a ſtool, and leaving deſcription to the imagination of his hearers, ſuddenly turns round, and exclaims, with up-lifted hands—Talk of a coronation! In this ſimple ſcene, I have witneſſed thunders of applauſe, which ſhook the houſe to its foundation, far beyond all that Shakeſpeare or Sheridan have ever produced.

This article might be prolonged, by enumerating the deficiencies of this writer, yet, with all his errors, I cannot but conſider O'Keefe as the dramatic Hogarth of his day; as one, who having acquired a minute intimacy with the bye-roads to ridiculous abſurdity, has contributed

buted largely to the public ſtock of innocent pleaſure, and harmleſs amuſement.

He has felt, he has ſucceſsfully felt, the general pulſe, and has applied lenients to the public mind; a purpoſe, for which ſages have trimmed their midnight lamps in vain.

Though ſeparated, by a long interval, from Shakeſpeare, Congreve, Vanburgh, Hoadley, Wycherly, and Steel, I may place him, without fear, on a ſecure equality with Garrick, Coleman, and Foote, who were as powerfully aſſiſted in the walks of low comedy by Weſton, as O'Keefe, by the grimace and geſture of poor Edwin, who, in many pieces on the ſtage, was himſelf the joke.

To conclude; the preſent tendency, in all ranks, to ape the vices and follies of their ſuperiors, had arrived at an injurious, an alarming pitch; and the intereſts of ſociety demanded, that the pretended gentleman, the upſtart mechanic, and the little tradeſman, incited by vanity and long credit, to live beyond their incomes, ſhould be expoſed to public notice and contempt.

By the ſkillful exertion of their dramatic weapons, Edwin and O'Keefe, effected a purpoſe which divines and ſatiriſts have often attempted in vain; they diffuſed a general knowledge and diſlike of fops and petit-maitres, who, without any grace of mind or body, but ſuch as gameſters, proſtitutes, tailors, and barbers, beſtow, too often tempted the unwary tradeſman into ruinous confidence, and the infatuated female, captivated by ſmall-talk and faſhionable ſplendor, into irretrievable ruin.

OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA, a learned woman, born at Mantua, in the ſixteenth century.

Indulging an early paſſion for books; at the age of ſixteen, ſhe ſpoke, and wrote the Latin, Greek and Italian languages, with facility and grammatical correctneſs.

Her mildneſs, and modeſty, without which, learning, particularly in a woman, is inſufferable, attracted the notice of the father of Anne, of the illuſtrious houſe of Eſte, and ſhe was invited to Ferrara, where ſhe paſſed ſeveral years at court, as the friend and companion of that amiable princeſs, who was daughter of Hercules the ſecond, Duke of Ferrara.

Although ſtrictly educated in the Catholic faith, Olympia directed her attention to the religious diſputes which at that period

riod agitated Europe; with all the prejudices of a Popiſh education, ſhe warmly embraced, and zealouſly propagated the opinions of Luther.

Her beauty and good ſenſe, awakened the deſires, and won the eſteem of a ſtudent, at the univerſity of Ferrara; ſhe became his wife, and to the regret of her friends and family, accompanied her huſband into Germany, where he ſettled as a phyſician.

But the civil wars, which a few years after deſolated the diſtrict, in which the young couple reſided, interrupted their nuptial felicity; their houſe was plundered, the whole of their property deſtroyed, and after experiencing conſiderable hardſhips and dangers, they fled to Heidelberg.

Their merits and misfortunes ſecured them an aſylum in this city, where the phyſician, a man of learning, and profeſſional ſkill, was appointed medical profeſſor by the Elector Palatine.

They were again in a ſituation, which though far from ſplendor and ſuperfluity, placed domeſtic comfort, literary leiſure, and content, within their reach; but the terror and fatigue of a long journey, on foot, and through a country the ſeat of war, had made an injurious impreſſion on the ſpirits and frame of Olympia.

A rapid decline, that cruel ſelector of the faireſt of God's works, came on, and after ſufferings, which rendered death an object of hope, rather than of fear, ſhe expired in the arms of her diſconſolate huſband, who ſoon followed his much-loved wife to the grave.

Such of her letters, and literary remains, as had eſcaped the ravages of war, were collected by the partiality of friends, and publiſhed in duodecimo, at Baſle, in 1580, by the learned Cœlius Curio, with a warm panegyric in the form of a dedication, addreſſed to Elizabeth, Queen of England, "and the firſt of women."

The contents of this little volume are various, in Latin, Greek, and Italian; the letters written by Olympia are the moſt intereſting part.

Her ſtrong attachment to literary purſuits ſhe thus deſcribes.

— — — rapiat ſua quemque voluptas,
— — — Sic ego muliebria liqui,
Staminaque et radios — —
— — — primis juvenilibus annis;
Et placuere mihi muſarum florida prata,

Hæc

Hæc mihi gloria, hæc mihi lætitia.

Averſe to female taſks and female ſport,
The muſe, the fountain, and the grove I court,
In ſong and dance ſome paſs the joyous night;
Books are my glory, my ſupreme delight.

The following ſentiment, is conſonant to ſound theory, and confirmed by every day's experience; and may be conſidered as an explanatory comment on the ſneer of a late writer, on the words of ſcripture, when he talked of "the *innocent* adultery of the eye."

Quæ virgo eſt, niſi mente quoque et corpore virgo,
Hæc laudem nullam virginitatis habet.

She who abſtains from the mere carnal part,
But lewdly thinks, is ſure a w—— at heart.

Olympia wiſhed to have the different publications, in favor of the reformation, tranſlated into Italian, and circulated in her native country; this ſhe called attacking the enemy of pure religion on his own ground.

Conſidering a departure from the idolatry of Rome as of the firſt importance, ſhe addreſſed a well-written letter on the ſubject, to her patroneſs, the Princeſs Anne, to whom ſhe appears to have been warmly attached, and which appears in her book; alſo an excellent expoſtulation with a miniſter of the goſpel, whoſe life and converſation ſhe thought not ſufficiently correct, for the religion he profeſſed.

The following is part of a Latin letter, addreſſed to her ſiſter, deſcribing her ſufferings and miſfortunes, which in compliance with a mandate from a quarter I cannot reſiſt, I give in Engliſh.

"A kind Providence hath hitherto preſerved our lives; were I to enter into a minute relation of the perils we have encountered, and the calamities we have endured, I muſt write a book inſtead of a letter.

"For fourteen months we were cloſely beſieged, and ſtunned with the thunder of artillery, which was inceſſant night and day; a breach being at length made in the walls, the enemy ruſhed in, ſet fire to the city, and all was plunder, death, and conflagration.

"In the general confuſion, my huſband was conducting me to the cathedral, in which great numbers had taken refuge; but a ſoldier adviſed us to quit the place, or we ſhould be buried in its

its ruins; it was fortunate that we took his advice, as the greater part of thoſe who entered the church, periſhed.

"We were met by a party of the beſiegers, and ſtripped of the little we had; an under petticoat, barely ſufficient to cover me, was the whole of my wardrobe that remained; providentially they permitted the companion of my miſeries, to attend me, after detaining him a ſhort time.

"Scarcely venturing to look back at the habitations of our friends, in flames, we reached the camp of the Palatines, who kindly received us, and the daughter of a German prince adminiſtered to my comforts with her own hands.

"Being furniſhed with cloaths and money, we continued our journey to Heidelberg; at this place the Elector Palatine afforded every ſolace in his power, and beſtowed on my huſband, of all men the moſt tender and affectionate, a public appointment.

"I need not deſcribe the wretched ſtate of the country through which we paſſed; when I ſay it is the ſeat of war, it comprehends every thing ſhocking and diſmal. I underſtand that the *faithful* in England are grievouſly oppreſſed and tormented." *(Probably under the ſcourge of Philip and Mary.)*

In a letter, addreſſed to Cœlius Curio, her future editor, ſhe thus ſpeaks of the ſtate of her health.

"In anſwer to your anxious and kind queſtion, whether I am better? I am under the neceſſity of informing you, that no hopes of recovery remain; medicine affords no relief, and death approaches by ſuch rapid ſtrides, that I think it more than probable, this will be the laſt letter you will ever receive from me.

"My ſtrength and ſpirits fail; I have neither appetite nor reliſh for food; a burning fever, a cough, which ceaſes not by night or day, and acute pain, have for ſome time deprived me of the refreſhment of ſleep.

"To you and thoſe worthy perſons, from whom I have experienced ſo much kindneſs and friendſhip, the only return I can make, is a grateful heart; the few papers which could be ſnatched from the flames, I now ſend."

The death of Olympia, which took place a few days after, is thus mentioned by her unhappy huſband.

"Supported by religion and philoſophy, I bore the misfortunes of my country, the deſtruction of my property, and the

place

place of my birth, with calm ſubmiſſion; for Olympia, the darling and treaſure of my heart, was ſtill in my poſſeſſion; but alas, it has been the will of heaven, that my deareſt wife ſhould be torn from my arms; ſhe who ſoothed all my pains, and enabled me to bear up under all my calamities.

"This amiable and excellent woman departed with the cheerfulneſs of an angel, called from ſcenes of miſery and deſtruction, to relms of everlaſting bliſs; the only cloud which ſeemed to darken the brightneſs of her proſpects, was the pain I ſhould feel in loſing her; but I was enabled, by the ſtate of my feelings, to aſſure her, that I hoped and believed I ſhould, under the divine mercy, very ſhortly join her company.

"Such indeed was the gentleneſs and ſuavity of her manners and diſpoſition, ſuch her learning and ſuch her humility, that the more I reflect on her ineſtimable worth, the more difficult I find it, to reconcile myſelf to the loſs I have ſuſtained; a loſs which can never be re-placed; and which has inflicted a wound on my heart, never to be healed but by death.

Olympia is thus mentioned by Thuanus: Eodem anno immatura morte erepta eſt Olympia Fulvia Morata, Ferrarienſis, morum ſanctimonia, ingenio, et eruditione cum quavis ævi priſci comparanda, fœmina.

Huic parens fuit Fulvius Peregrinus Moratus, Mantuanus, homo doctus, qui filiam in literis inſtituit, in quibus tantum profecit, uſa enim Chiliano Sinapio præceptore, ut Græce et Latine ſcribere eleganter et verſus utraque lingua pangere didicerit.

In Renatæ Herculis ſecundi Ferrarienſis uxoris familia, cum Proteſtantium doctrinam hanſiſſet in amicitia primum locum tenuit Annæ Ateſtinæ, quæ poſtea Franciſco Lotharingo Guiſæ duci nupſit, totam ſe ſtudiis theologicis mancipavit; mox Andreæ Gruntlero nupta, quo cum conjunctiſſime ſed paucis annis vixit; poſtremo, ob religionem natale ſolum vertere coacta cum Æmilio fratre, in Germaniam venit; et Heidelbergæ, ubi poſt varios caſus larem fixerat, e vita exceſſit, cum vix annos viginti novem exegiſſet; eam mox frater et maritus ſecuti ſunt, et in eodem tumulo, ad fanum Domini Petri, Heidelbergæ conditi.

Hujus miſcellanea coëgit et publicavit Cœlius Secundus Curio, ipſe quoque ob religionem ab Italia profugus; hæc, fœminæ mores et eruditionem exprimunt, et quid a tam excellenti ingenio expectari potuiſſet, niſi præmature deſiiſſet.

OPPOSITION WIT.

In political controverſies and ſtate diſputes, it has been frequently obſerved, that minorities exhibit more eloquence, wit and point, than miniſterialiſts, how much ſoever the latter may have the advantage in truth and juſtice.

It has alſo been remarked that many men are ready at lampoons, paragraphs, epigrams or political pamphlets, who make a ſorry figure at the treaſury, the cuſtom-houſe, or exciſe.

This obſervation is ſaid to have been confirmed and exemplified in the perſon of Lord Lyttleton, the hiſtorian of Henry the ſecond, and the worthy father of an unhappy young man, who is the ſubject of an article in this collection.

He filled ſeveral exalted ſtations, and for a ſhort time was chancellor of the exchequer, during the reign of King George the ſecond.

The integrity of his heart, the goodneſs of his intentions, and his literary acquirements, it was impoſſible to doubt; but in parliamentary debates, in conducting what has been called the king's buſineſs, in the Houſe of Commons, he is deſcribed by a cotemporary, as by no means anſwering the wiſhes and expectations of his friends.

Literary ſecluſion having diſqualified him for the buſineſs and buſtle of office, he ſoon retired to taſte the pleaſures of that life he loved.

I have ſometimes contraſted the character of this exemplary and highly endowed nobleman, with that of a certain confidential, and fortunate friend of Mr. Pitt's, eminent in his department, for official dexterity, diligence, and general information, but not remarkable for fancy, imagination, or claſſical erudition.

Yet ſuch are preciſely the men we want, *men of buſineſs*; and in our preſent ſituation, I do not think a more unpropitious circumſtance could take place, than his receding from the employments he fills; even if a Fox, a Sheridan, a Courtney, a Tierney, or even a Burke, (were he ſtill living) ſhould be his immediate ſucceſſors.

Il n'eſt pas de cette etoffe qu'on en eſt fait: the eminent literary character, the ſporter of bon mots, the humoriſt and the orator, is not what we at preſent want; the inſtruments now required are plain good ſenſe, unſeduced by fancy, and content to tread the beaten path of official duty, and regular performance; men ſatisfied with the humble merit of uſefulneſs,

but

but by no means wiſhing to ſhine.

The following lines were addreſſed to a young patriot, a famous antiminiſterial member, fifty years ago; it may be neceſſary to adviſe the reader, that the laſt word of the laſt line but one, muſt not be pronounced in the uſual manner, unleſs they wiſh to ſpoil the rhyme.

While Peery (a nickname) —
While Peery ſuſtains all the weighty affairs,
Of party and faction, and Pult'ney's affairs,
He often exclaims, "In any one age,
Did miniſters ever ſuch blockheads engage
Their deeds to defend, ſure no one can doubt,
That the fools are all in, and the wits are all out."
Prithee liſten good Peery for tho' we admit,
Your knack at a rhyme, and the turn of your wit,
What then, my young patriot, my learned logician,
A book-worm, at beſt, is a poor politician;
You wags with your pens ſo ready and witty,
Are often mere cyphers, in an up-ſtairs committee;
And then what a ſight in a ſpeech of eclat,
To ſee a great genius peeping into his hat.

OPTIMISM. This favorite poſition of Pope, that whatever is, is right, has been ridiculed by Voltaire in his Candide, yet after all the laughter and all the argument raiſed againſt it, the editor of this collection confeſſes himſelf inclined to adopt it on the principle, in the general affairs of human life, not an unimportant one, that it is *the moſt comfortable.*

Another reaſon alſo operates on his mind, in its favor: the preſent ſyſtem of which man forms a part, is evidently created and directed by power, intellect and benevolence; that which is ſelected by a being ſo conſtituted, muſt be THE BEST HE COULD PRODUCE.

Yet the Optimiſm of Pope excited alarm in many very worthy characters, who were fearful that the axiom would be ſeized on by bad men as a defence of, and an apology for, wickedneſs.

"If Pope means," ſays a modern writer, who in *this inſtance* ſeems to depart from his fatiguing flowery declamation, "if Pope means, *that whatever Heaven appoints is beſt,* his words are undeniable, but if he means to infer that whatever comes to paſs

paſs through the wild and extravagant paſſions of man, is right, his doctrine is neither conſiſtent with reaſon nor revelation.

"The decrees of the Almighty are founded on wiſdom, his diſpenſations, on unbounded benevolence, but man is hurried away by his luſts, into a thouſand irregularities, deſtructive to himſelf, and evidently injurious to ſociety."

In the ſame intereſting Poem, where Pope avows his Optimiſm, he has in a memorable paſſage attacked the flattering, the prevalent notion, that nature, animate and inanimate, the globe and the ſyſtems that ſurround it, were created for the ſeparate uſe and advantage of man alone.

"It is my firm opinion," proceeds the author I have juſt quoted, "that the world was meant by the Almighty, to be *appropriated* to man; that it was created with all it contains *for* him, as every thing in it bears ſome relation to *his* ſervice.

"Is there any abſurdity in maintaining, that God gave us a world for our poſſeſſion, when it is our duty to believe that he gave his only Son to be ſacrificed as a propitiation for us?

"I cannot but conſider the attempt of Mr. Pope as unkind to his fellow-creatures, and ungrateful to the Almighty; it is depriving us of one of the moſt delightful ſources of contemplation.

"For any man to conſider the Creator of the univerſe as having *him* in his eye, in the great work, is not only a moſt exquiſite pleaſure, but muſt be productive of moral utility.

"A contrary opinion has a direct tendency to diminiſh our ſenſe of God's goodneſs, to damp our gratitude, and of courſe diminiſh a powerful and ſalutary ſpur to virtuous energy; it would teach us to look upon ourſelves as loſt among a crowd of other beings, or regarded only with occaſional and incidental benevolence; not the objects of conſtant care and attention.

"Againſt the truth of the poet's ſyſtem, without citing the expreſs words of Scripture, one argument appears deciſive. The world began and ceaſes with man; conſequently the grand uſe, the principal end of the world is, to be ſubſervient to *his* intereſt and pleaſure.

"For theſe and other reaſons, I ſhall continue to think myſelf authorized to apply the beautiful lines of Mr. Pope to myſelf, and the human race.

For *me*, kind nature wakes her
nial pow'r,

Suckles

Suckles each herb, and ſpreads
out every flow'r;
Annual for *me*, the grape and
roſe renew
The juice nectareous, and the
balmy dew.
For *me*, the mine ten thouſand
treaſures brings;
For *me*, health guſhes from a
thouſand ſprings.

ORNAMENT OF A WIFE.

An Ionian woman of diſtinction, after diſplaying her jewels, her bracelets, and many expenſive articles of dreſs to the wife of Phocion, remarked the plainneſs of *her* attire, and aſked to ſee *her* female decorations.

"*My* only ornament," replied the Grecian matron, "is Phocion, who has been, for twenty years, general of the Athenians."

OVID, a Roman poet, of a luxuriant and creative imagination, but deficient in correctneſs, ſtrength, and judgment; a writer pitied and loved, but not admired by the editor of this collection.

It hath been remarked, that Ovid relates the Rape of Proſerpine, in only two lines, but occupies ſixteen in deſcribing the flowers ſhe had been gathering.

A ſimilar tendency to Linnæan accuracy and copiouſneſs of picturesque deſcription, is obſervable in two modern popular writers, whoſe productions I have peruſed with pleaſure; yet this pleaſure hath been ſometimes diminiſhed, by calling away the attention of the reader, during an intereſting juncture, to deſcribe the flowers and herbs which decorated the bank, on which the heroine reclined; or to enumerate the various ſpecies of trees, and the deep tints of the maſs of foliage, which preſented itſelf to the eyes of the hero, as he ſighed and gazed from the battlements, or the grated windows of a gothic caſtle.

PAINE, THOMAS, a ſtaymaker, an exciſeman, and a political writer, who, with ſtrong argument, coarſe invective, exaggerating miſrepreſentation, and vulgar quaintneſs, fanned the flames of ſedition on both ſides of the Atlantic, but with very different effect.

In the Engliſh colonies, his writings were peruſed with avidity, and followed up with meaſures, which, after a long and bloody ſtruggle, eſtabliſhed a republic, whoſe open arms, and boundleſs territories, for ages yet to come, will afford a refuge to the

the unfortunate, from the luxuries, the impoſts, the fins, and the ſorrows of Europe.

In Great Britain, after rouzing the reſentments of Mr. Burke, and awakening ariſtocracy from its golden dream, his pamphlets have been attacked by the crown lawyers, and pronounced libellous; many reſpectable individuals, by inadvertently ſelling them, have expoſed themſelves to obloquy, proſecution, fine, and impriſonment.

At the ſame time, miniſterial management, or popular prejudice, operating on the open generoſity of our Engliſh character, ſuſpicion was fomented into malignity; terror, real or affected, in proportion to the ſtrength or weakneſs of each man's mind, pervaded every rank; the tower of London was fortified, and Lord Loughborough, induced by the magnitude of his proſpects, or the urgency of his apprehenſions, for thoſe who greatly hope muſt greatly fear, turned his back on his friends, and was prevailed on to accept the ſeals.

Whilſt I venerate the form, but lament the corruptions, of our conſtitution, I hope and truſt that I am not inſenſible of the comforts and ſecurity it affords; that I am not wanting in a rational attachment to that king, and thoſe lords and commons, of which it is compoſed.

Yet, I confeſs myſelf wholly a ſtranger to that outrageous zeal, that modern ſpecies of Birmingham loyalty, which viliſies the motives, deſtroys the perſon, and burns down the houſe of a neighbour, who happens to differ from me in opinion.

This unpropitious circumſtance, in the treatment of Thomas Paine, notwithſtanding the manifold errors and defects of his writings, operates as a ſpecies of internal evidence in his favor; the majority of his literary opponents, inſtead of anſwering his arguments, and combating his deductions, by fair reaſoning, have exhauſted their whole ſtrength in endeavouring to blacken his character, and preſent to public view the moſt indefenſible paſſages of his life.

This charge is applicable to all his biographers; wrapped up in ſnug ſinecures, theſe *diſintereſted* praiſers of the conſtitution to which they adhere, with the patriotic attachment of a leech; theſe gentlemen forget, that it is poſſible for the ſame man to be the greateſt raſcal in the world, and yet a keen and ſenſible writer.

Were it my buſineſs, or indeed were it at all to the purpoſe, to enter the liſts with Mr. Paine, he

he is vulnerable on every ſide, on the ſcore of political and moral expediency; while a prevalent antipathy againſt Great Britain, breathes through every page, and he fixes his eyes on our Weſt India iſlands, and the glories of an American navy, five hundred years before it can poſſibly exiſt.

How much wiſer would theſe writers have acted, had they been argumentative inſtead of perſonal, had they turned their thoughts to the real ſources of our calamities; for I am convinced, that the dereliction of duty, as well as decency, in the more exalted ranks of life, and the public diſcuſſion of certain enormous debts, have diffuſed antimonarchic ſentiments and principles, more widely, than all that Thomas Paine ever wrote, or the moſt democratic republican ever imagined.

I am of opinion, that an author who coolly and diſpaſſionately endeavoured to prove, that the ſubject of my preſent article, attempted to place power in hands totally inadequate to the management of it, and which they would exert only to their own deſtruction, or to the producing that worſt ſpecies of deſpotiſm, the deſpotiſm of democracy, would have been a more effectual and popular reply to Paine, than the moſt elaborate ſcrutiny into the obliquities of his private life.

Speaking of the arts which have been practiſed againſt the author of the Rights of Man, on the plea, that ſuch a man, and ſuch a writer, deſerved no better uſage; I cannot refuſe the praiſe of ſtrong impreſſion to the ſpeech of Mr. Erſkine.

"Great indeed," ſaid our luminous advocate, "great are the embarraſſments I have felt this day, but they have not been able to detach me from the duty I owe to my profeſſion, to juſtice, to honor, and my country.

"An impartial trial is the firſt and deareſt privilege of every Engliſhman, and the author of the Rights of Man would have had ample grounds of detraction, if there appeared the ſmalleſt tincture of partiality in the proceedings of this court. He might have complained, with reaſon, if the man he had choſen to defend him, had been intimidated by threats, or been prevailed on, in any way, to abandon his cauſe.

"I need not deſcribe the difficulties of my ſituation, ſtanding up, as I do, againſt prejudices that have been openly, widely, and generally circulated, againſt imputations of the groſſeſt and moſt affecting kind. You cannot, gentlemen, be ignorant of the diſgraceful means

means which have been taken, not merely to influence the public mind againſt the defendant, but to ſtamp and brand every man, with the mark and reproach of diſaffection to the government and conſtitution, who ſhall venture to hazard the ſlighteſt approbation of his doctrines.

" What would be the conſequence, if a barriſter were ſuffered to exerciſe his diſcretion, in ſtating what caſes he would appear in, and what not? it would be arrogating to himſelf the office of a judge, and giving a previous deciſion on the caſe.

" Perſonal feelings ought never to weigh againſt public duty. I have treated with the contempt they merited, the ſarcaſms and calumnies with which I have been loaded; regardleſs of all that folly, and all that malice can utter, I ſhall maintain, as long as life and ſenſe remain, the equal right of every man in this kingdom, to a fair trial.

" The defendant is charged with writing and publiſhing a book, hoſtile to the conſtitution of England.—The law of England knows of no ſuch crime; it muſt be proved, in order to conſtitute his guilt, not whether the attorney general, not whether you or I, approve the book, but whether, truly and bona fide, he compoſed and publiſhed it with the diabolical intention of provoking diſcord and diſſention in the country. If he only thinks, that the conſtitution of England is not calculated to promote public happineſs, he may differ in opinion with you and me, but he is not guilty of any offence againſt the law.

" Forms of government may at any time be diſcuſſed and ſcrutinized with the greateſt rigor, corruptions or decay may be pointed out; in ſhort, conſiderable latitude is to be allowed, in a free country, to writing and converſation, as long as we do not teach individuals to reſiſt legal authority, and oppoſe the law of the land.

" The following is a ſentiment from Mr. Paine's book, to which, I believe, gentlemen of the jury, you, I, and every reaſonable man, will readily conſent. 'If a law be bad, it is one thing to oppoſe and reſiſt its execution, but very different to expoſe its errors, reaſon on its defects, and endeavour to procure its repeal. It is better to obey a bad law, reaſoning at the ſame time againſt it, than forcibly to violate it; becauſe breaking a bad law might lead to diſcretionary violations of thoſe which are good.'

" If no man had been allowed, from

from the force of ſuperior intellect, to point out improvements in our ſocial ſyſtem, how would the Engliſh conſtitution have attained that beautiful ſhape and proſperous eſtabliſhment, which the attorney general thinks it profanation to meddle with or touch?

"When Mr. Burke aſſerts, that the people of this country are utterly and for ever deprived of the power of changing their conſtitution, he claps a padlock on reaſon, he prohibits liberal diſcuſſion.

"The human mind cannot live under reſtraint; if men are permitted to communicate their thoughts, indignation flies off like fire ſpread on a ſurface; like gunpowder ſcattered, it kindles, it communicates. But under reſtraint, it is a ſubterraneous fire, whoſe agitation is unſeen, till it burſts into earthquake and volcano.

"On the preſent occaſion, gentlemen, you muſt guard your minds againſt the infection of popular frenzy; you muſt firmly elevate yourſelves above the prejudices of human weakneſs; you muſt diſcover the mind of the author in his book, not in the rage and deſperate cant of the times.

"The defendant has been condemned by bell, book, and candle; by argument, by violence, by imputation, and by threats, in every little pariſh in the kingdom. Aſſociations have been formed to burn his pamphlets, and hang his effigy; preſſes have been erected, and been working night and day, to counteract his poiſon, (I hope they have not diffuſed it) and an author conſiders it as the great glory of his pen, to have circulated the indecorous lapſes and private ſcandal of his life.—The reſult of all is, that the cauſe has been pre-judged, that the mind of no man, within the ſweep of ſuch a torrent, can be free.

"It has been ſaid, by ſome of our loyal aſſociators, that the great Harrington was as obſcure a ruffian, as Thomas Paine. They appear to have forgotten, that he was deſcended from the moſt ancient branches of our firſt nobility, that he reflected honor on the dukes, marquiſſes, barons, and knights of the garter, from whom he ſprung.

"He was the faithful ſervant of King Charles the firſt, and of ſuch undoubted honor, that he avowed republican principles, yet retained the confidence and affection of his maſter. In the ſhipwreck of his life and fortune, when the courtiers were flying, in every direction, from the unhappy monarch, Harrington, in

ſpite

ſpite of death and danger, repeatedly viſited him in the Iſle of Wight; and although ſurrounded by parliamentary ſoldiers, took his laſt farewell, fell into his arms, and fainted on the fatal ſcaffold.

"After the king's death, he wrote the famous Oceana, in which he praiſes his virtues, laments his errors, and aſcribes his misfortunes to the feeble nature of a monarchy.

"To win the affections of Engliſhmen, their reaſon muſt be convinced; it is principle only that can render royalty ſincere and vigorous. The ſure ſecret of attaching the people to any form of government, is to convince them, that their intereſt and happineſs depend on it.

"Conſtraint is the natural parent of reſiſtence; where one ſide is tyrannical, the other will always be refractory. You remember Lucian's pleaſant ſtory: Jupiter and a countryman were walking together, familiarly converſing on the ſubject of heaven and earth. A little matter of diſpute aroſe, and while the god ſtrove to convince the ruſtic by argument, he liſtened with profound attention; but happening to hint a doubt, Jupiter turned haſtily round, and threatened him with his thunder. 'Now,' ſays the countryman, 'I know you are in the wrong; if you were right, you would never appeal to your thunder."

The pleaſure of its peruſal, is, I truſt, a ſufficient apology for the length of my quotation. In reply to our able and brilliant advocate, it may be obſerved, that the man who ridicules and expoſes a conſtitution, in its ſeveral branches, makes a near approach to the aſſailant who openly reſiſts, and oppoſes the laws it inculcates.

With reſpect to the general alarm, and inveterate prejudice rouzed againſt Thomas Paine, IT WAS NECESSARY TO OPPOSE ENTHUSIASM TO ENTHUSIASM; in no other effectual way, could the great body of the people have been put on their guard againſt the faſcinating omnipotence of his ſyſtem, ſo admirably calculated to level the barriers of private integrity, and deſtroy ſocial attachment.

Doctrines which tell a footman, the ſideboard and drawing-room are as much his as his maſter's; the farmer, that a proportion of the land he pays rent for, *ought to be his*; and the beggar, that rank and ſubordination are a violation of *his* privileges and rights; againſt ſuch doctrines, a more than common ſtimulus was required to excite reſiſtance; zeal, ardour, men, and money

were

were neceſſary to counteract the wide-ſpreading and magic influence of *ſuch* theories.

The bitter ſeeds of malignity and diſcontent, from the unavoidable diſproportion in the allotment of the good things of life; the bitter ſeeds of malignity and diſcontent are deeply ſown in the minds of the lower claſſes of ſociety; they wanted only the quickening productive hot-houſe of Thomas Paine, to call them into rapid vegetation, and the ſtrong evergreen, would quickly have overſhadowed the land.

I hope that a hard-hearted neglect of the poor and the needy, is not one of the numerous ſins of my life; I feel, and I thank God for the ſoothing reflection, I feel that it is not; but while it is evidently the duty, as well as intereſt of the great, the wealthy, and the exalted; of kings and of miniſters, to turn a commiſerating and attentive eye to the diſtreſſes of their fellow creatures, the more humble ranks in ſociety, ſhould remember, that *they* alſo have important and indiſpenſible duties to perform; that to ſuffer as well as to act, that TO OBEY AS WELL AS COMMAND; THAT TO FEAR GOD AND HONOR THE KING, ARE INDISPENSIBLE DUTIES IN A PATRIOT, A HERO, AND A CHRISTIAN.

It was attempted in a converſation, to ſettle a compariſon between the merits of Paine and Mackintoſh, as literary men; "Tom writes for the kitchen, Mr. Mackintoſh for the parlour," was the deciſion.

The following circumſtance ſeems a proper addition to the preſent article; I underſtand it to be founded on fact. A meeting being held at Warminſter to ſuppreſs ſeditious publications, it was propoſed to burn an effigy of TOM PAINE; but to this, many reſpectable farmers objected, as they had dealt with him for many years, and found him to be an honeſt man. The only TOM PAINE of whom they had ever heard, was TOM PAINE the butcher of Warminſter.

"My neighbours," ſaid a member for a borough in the weſt of England, on hearing the ſtory, "my neighbours do not read ſo much as their fellow ſubjects, and are therefore more loyal."

PAIN NOT AN EVIL.

The following declamatory paſſage attracted my notice, while peruſing a certain publication, in which the famous paradox of a heathen philoſopher, is ſupported by a Chriſtian divine.

Having diſplayed, ſomewhat at large, the advantages of adverſity

fity and affliction, the author in queſtion, thus concludes.

" I am ſenſible that to ſpeak in defence of pain, ſickneſs, and adverſity, which it is half the buſineſs of our lives to diminiſh or avoid, may appear no leſs ſtrange, than the pronouncing an elaborate panegyric upon folly, yet as ſuch a work, profeſſedly written by an eminent writer, hath deſerved the praiſe of ſucceeding generations, I will offer a few arguments in favor of a poſition apparently contradictory, THAT PAIN IS NOT AN EVIL; and if I fail in convincing my readers, I hope and truſt that I ſhall ſatisfactorily prove, that the benefits produced by it, greatly outweigh its inconveniencies.

" This ſubject, though it hath by ſome been called, rather philoſophically curious, than morally uſeful, is of more importance than at firſt appears to the eye of a ſuperficial obſerver; as it may teach the infidel to ſuppreſs rebellious murmurs, and reconcile the diſſatisfied Chriſtian to one of his great duties, *to ſuffer* as well as to act.

" Pain is allowed by all phyſiologiſts, to be eſſentially neceſſary, as the precurſor of pleaſure, as the watchman of the nervous ſyſtem, againſt miſchief from within or without; the anguiſh, the danger, and the burning heat of a raging fever, are in my opinion, amply compenſated by the luxurious bliſs of a cool, refreſhing draught; a bliſs which cannot be deſcribed, and which thoſe only can imagine, who have experienced it: Aſk the weary traveller, and the fatigued labourer, if they would exchange the pleaſure of their homely repaſt and ſtraw bed, for the downy couch and complicated viands of the ſedentary epicure, who lives but to eat, yet fails in this great buſineſs of life."

There is alſo another argument on the ſubject of phyſical evil, highly worthy of conſideration, but on which moraliſts and divines do not generally lay a ſufficient ſtreſs; it is this, that a very conſiderable portion of the phyſical evils of life is *produced*, as well as aggravated by our own follies and vices.

To accuſe Providence of inflicting on us, miſeries, which we have ourſelves, in a great meaſure, been the artificers of, is adding falſe reaſoning, and unfounded aſſertion, to outrageous and extravagant impiety.

PARACELSUS, a phyſician, of Zurich, in Switzerland, whoſe eccentric conduct, enthuſiaſm, boldneſs, and boaſting, rouzed, at the latter part of the fifteenth century, the envy or the indignation

indignation, of his cotemporaries.

He has been abuſed as a quack, and deſpiſed as a vain-glorious impoſtor; yet a man who enjoyed the confidence of Eraſmus, who was commended by Van Helmont, and praiſed by Gerard Voſſius, is not to be conſigned to cenſure or oblivion, without examination.

Indeed this taſk hath been undertaken and executed, with no ſmall ſhare of ingenuity, by an agreeable writer, and a learned man, I believe Dr. Ralph Heathcote, who has endeavoured to do juſtice to the powers of impudence, and to prove that ſimple, uncompounded, naked effrontery, without birth, addreſs, or application, muſt and will ſucceed in the world; that the *Æs frontis triplex*, in plain Engliſh, a brazen face, with a confident look, and a ſolemn manner, that doubts nothing, but promiſes every thing, will certainly conduct its undaunted poſſeſſor, if a profeſſional man, to fame and fortune.

But not to forget Paracelſus; after he had been inſtructed in the elements of his art by his father, an induſtrious apothecary, and had made conſiderable progreſs in ſuch chymical knowledge as that age afforded, and to which the young man was inordinately attached, he viſited the principal cities and univerſities of Europe.

Acquirement of knowledge being the great object of his journey, he conſulted, without ſcruple, phyſicians, barbers, apothecaries, conjurors, and old women, eagerly adopting from every quarter, what he thought uſeful in practice.

In the courſe of his travels, he was taught, or fancied he was taught, the ſecret of the philoſopher's ſtone, the purſuit of which, however ridiculous the idea, of diſcovering the art of turning all it touched to gold, has been productive of golden advantages to mankind.

At an æra, when nothing but the ſtrong ſtimuli of avarice or fanaticiſm were able to rouze mankind, to inveſtigate, to act, or to ſuffer, this infatuation paved the way for, and ſeduced projectors to chymical experiment; to theſe inveſtigations, although commenced on miſtaken motives, we are indebted for a thouſand diſcoveries and improvements in the various arts, which tend to the preſervation, the comfort, the pleaſure, and the ornament of human life.

The ſubject of our preſent article, impelled by curioſity, deſcended

ſcended the mines, and traverſed the immenſe ſpace of the Ruſſian empire; he was taken priſoner by the Tartars, and indebted for liberty and life, to his medical ſkill.

After receiving many valuable preſents from the Cham, he accompanied the ſon of that prince to Conſtantinople, and returning to Europe, was ſo fortunate as to reſtore Frobenius, a famous printer, to health.

This circumſtance introduced him to the acquaintance of Eraſmus, and he was appointed profeſſor of phyſic at Baſle, with a handſome ſalary; but not being able to reſiſt his fondneſs for wandering, he viſited Italy, and on his return to Germany, died at Saltzbourgh, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

It was in his profeſſor's chair, and during the interval of a vociferous lecture, that Paracelſus burnt in a ſolemn manner, the writings of Galen and Avicenna, but always mentioned the name of Hippocrates with reſpect.

His Latin, like his manners, was barbarous; his words are ſaid to have been ænigmas, his diſcourſes myſterious, and ſometimes unintelligible.

He paſſed for a magician, and was thought to have a familiar ſpirit, which reſided in the hilt of his ſword; he alſo undertook, by a famous elixir, which, if I miſtake not, ſtill preſerves the name he gave it, *Elixir Proprietatis*, to prolong the life of man to almoſt any period; and if a patient at any time died, he would never allow that his invaluable preparation had been given.

I heard one of the firſt phyſicians of this country, ſay, that this compound was one of the beſt and moſt uſeful preparations kept in our ſhops.

From this account it cannot be denied, that Paracelſus was a wild and viſionary adventurer; that he too often loſt ſight of nature and common ſenſe; that his notions were vain, his theories groundleſs, and his conceits fantaſtic.

But if we conſider the bulk of writers of that age, in the walks of philoſophy, divinity, and metaphyſics, will it be found that they deſerve a better character? From Galen, who is now oftener praiſed than read, paſſages might be produced equal in abſurdity to the ſublimeſt rant, and moſt nonſenſical flouriſhes of Paracelſus.

A contempt for learning hath alſo been laid to his charge; that phyſic cannot be acquired from books, was an adage he frequently

quently quoted; he alſo repeatedly aſſerted, that an academic education was, by no means the ſhorteſt path to medical knowledge and advancement; an opinion which modern apothecaries have long inſinuated.

Theſe gentlemen inſiſt, that they are better qualified by education and practice, for adminiſtering medicine, than the graduate freſh from the college or lecture-room; they triumphantly repeat the frequent threat of Ratcliffe; that he would leave the whole myſtery of phyſic behind him, on half a ſheet of paper.

It has alſo been aſked, if the majority of thoſe who ſucceed, are ſuperior in book-learning, and the languages, to Paracelſus, who occaſionally lectured in Latin, and to the great mortification of Guy Patin, publiſhed three folio volumes in that language.

He has been ſeverely cenſured, for wanting that diffidence, doubt, and heſitation, ſo eſſential to the character of a philoſopher in ſearch of truth; but his accuſers forget, that theſe very qualities, would have ruined him as a medical man; for the world (remember I ſpeak of the maſs, that is, the vulgar, great and ſmall) always conſiders them as proofs of a want of ſkill.

That boldneſs, ſelf-importance, and confidence, which the learned are ſo angry with him for aſſuming, the infirmities of patients require; as they have not ſufficient ſtrength of mind to reſt ſatisfied with the plain unvarniſhed tale of common ſenſe.

Uſe the world ill, or, by —— they will uſe you ſo, was the advice of the dogmatic, overbearing, inſolent Ratcliffe, when he had reached the ſummit of profeſſional eminence and wealth, let it not however be underſtood, that a deceitful and corrupt conduct is recommended; I only wiſh mankind to be dealt with, as they only *can* be dealt with, if we mean to render them any ſervice.

In a few words, is medicine, and the practice of phyſic, neceſſary, or is it not? if not, let the profeſſion retire on penſions, and let it ceaſe to be a branch of education; if, on the contrary, it be neceſſary, phyſicians muſt act, in ſuch a way, as will recommend them to their patients; and he who puts on a grave, erect, and ſpirited air, accompanied with a tone of authority and confidence, will be much ſooner employed, than a far abler man, who, with a ſneaking pitiful aſpect, ſhrinks, droops, and trembles, under every action of his life.

All things animate and inanimate, muſt be treated according

to their nature; a lion in one way, a horſe in another; but man, you will tell me, is a ſuperior being, and ought to be treated rationally; agreed; but ſuppoſe he will not, is he to ſink under calamity and diſeaſe, becauſe no kind friend will humor the innocent freaks of frailty and imperfection?

I remember, a few years ſince, an itinerant quack, who raiſed conſiderable contributions on the credulity of the well diſpoſed inhabitants of a remote county in England; he ſcarcely poſſeſſed one requiſite for the due performance of the arduous taſk he undertook, which was an important branch of medical ſurgery, yet he ſucceeded in a wonderful degree, and I believe might be now pointed out in ſplendid independence, the poſſeſſor of one of thoſe luxurious villas, which adorn the environs of London.

What then were the qualifications, it may be aſked, by which he aſcended the ſteeps of fortune? Did he poſſeſs a pleaſing addreſs? Were his manners elegant and refined? He was diſguſting in perſon, ſlovenly in dreſs, unclean in habits, and of vulgar manners; his voice harſh, and his ſpeech a diſſonant provincial brogue. Had he learning? It was with difficulty he could read or write. What— a truce with your queſtions; give a man time to ſpeak, and I will explain.

An elaborate diſplay of his own conſequence, was at all times, and on all occaſions, the ſubject of his daily converſation. The names of two or thee half-witted people of conſequence, who patronized him, and particularly that of a certain hair-brained baronet, were the unceaſing burthen of his early matins, and his evening ſong, which generally began, and always ended, with the irreſiſtible eloquence of ſelf-approbation. His identical words, in unceaſing repetition were, "Indeed I am a very clever fellow."

Thus ſimple inſtinct, a few degrees beyond what animates a monkey, a dormouſe, or a cat, taught a clown the current language of low cunning and ſucceſs. A mode of conduct, which, with the rational and well-informed, would have doomed him for life to hewing of wood, or, at moſt, to the obſcene ſtation of the loweſt attendant on the ſtage of a mountebank, elevated him to wealth.

Men of merit, adapting their manners to the circumſtances, ſituation, and education of their patients, muſt, in ſome degree, follow the ſame conduct; to be really deſerving, is not alone ſufficient;

ficient; they muſt, if not by actual oral declaration, and impudent avowal, endeavour, at leaſt, by circuitous inuendo, circumſtance, pomp, and colluſive puff, proclaim to the gaping multitude, "Behold a man who can cure *all* your complaints, who is ſuperior in abilities to *all* modern phyſicians, and is, (I ſwear by the immortal gods) very ſenſible and acute; in ſhort, A VERY CLEVER FELLOW."

The preſent article was juſt reviſed, and fully prepared for compoſitors, and printers' devils, who are ready to cut a man into pica, if they wait for copy, I was ſinking into the luxurious indolence of an arm-chair, a new book uncut, and that rarity in London, a quiet fire-ſide; when the death of my old friend Nicholas was ſuddenly announced, I ſtart from my trance, and in ſpite of every tendency, muſt ſay a word of a man, whom I uſed to call the Paracelſus of the eighteenth century.

Nicholas, with all his eccentricities, is gone to his laſt home. We once were intimate, but different purſuits, and my preſuming ſometimes to differ with him in opinion, (an offence he did not readily forgive) had ſeparated us for a long interval, and neither of us loved letter-writing to a man *who has nothing to ſay*, an irkſome and fatiguing taſk.

I could not cordially liſten to his two-hour-harangues on compound fractures, his infallible remedy for the rheumatiſm, and his curing a —— in ten days: when we latterly met, we were comfortably cool, glad to ſee each other, and as glad to part.

Yet Nicholas, with many faults, and ſome abſurdities, was not without prominent excellencies; his heart was on all occaſions alive to the calamities of his fellow creatures, he was ACTIVELY CHARITABLE; not ſatisfied with meeting, he ſought for miſery in its moſt wretched retreats; he was a firm believer in revelation, and able to defend what he believed; particularly hoſpitable to goſpel miniſters of every perſuaſion.

It was alſo remarked, that he never ſuffered the Almighty to be mentioned with levity in his preſence, without reproof; ſome thought it bordering on affectation, that whenever the name of God paſſed his own lips, he either roſe from his ſeat, or uncovered his head; this, if an error, was on the right ſide.

Thus deſcribed, and thus compounded, after finiſhing his ſtudies,

dies, with credit to himſelf and his inſtructors, he ſettled as a ſurgeon in a village remote from the capital, and was alternately the comforter, the hero, or the tyrant of a diſtrict in which he paſſed forty years of his life, accumulated a fortune, and eſtabliſhed his reputation.

Uxorious, domeſtic, literary, botanic, and agricultural; his time fully, variouſly, and for the moſt part agreeably occupied; he was a ſtranger to that uncomfortable ſtate of mind, which, for want of an expreſſive Engliſh word, we call *ennui*.

Yet the happineſs of Nicholas was not without alloy; he could not always ſuppreſs indignation at being buried in a hamlet, when he heard of men, whom he uſed to deſpiſe for imbecility, kiſſing hands for appointments at court, marrying heireſſes, and building villas.

On theſe occaſions he did not recollect that the life of a profeſſional man, who means to be eminent, muſt be a life of ſacrifices; that obſequiouſneſs and ſelf-denial, muſt be added to toil, vigilance, and activity.

But to yield or give way in any one point of prejudice, whim, weakneſs, or caprice, was contrary to the theory, as well as the practice, of Nicholas.

He exemplified this unbending humour in the minuteſt and moſt trivial circumſtances of private life; from the moment of quitting, till he retired to his bed, he pertinaciouſly wore his hat, his boots, and his great-coat, in all winds, in all weathers, at all ſeaſons, and in all companies; careful houſewives might cry out againſt his naſty boots, and patients complain, that a wet coat, and a dripping hat, were not very ſuitable accompaniments for a ſick room: deaf alike to the voice of pity or propriety, he kept his boot-jack at the bed-ſide, and the only peg for his hat, was his own head.

"I can render mankind eſſential ſervices," would he exclaim in his magiſterial reveries, "and I expect them to make me ſome allowances;" but Nicholas and the world did not exactly agree in ſentiment, they knew and valued his medical qualifications, and rewarded him generouſly; but the moment they recovered, thanked God they were well rid of the doctor, as well as the diſeaſe.

Yet, with all his reputation, the practice of Nicholas was highly exceptionable; he had heard, and had read of certain powerful minerals, which, extracted from the bowels of the earth, and concentrated by chemic art, are found able to cope with

with malady in its moſt formidable ſhape; theſe herculean remedies, under the denomination of ſpecifics, appear to act by magic influence, independent of mechanic effect, or the laws of circulation.

With half a dozen of theſe favorite Panaceas, a countenance not eaſily abaſhed, a ſonorous voice, *hard* words, pompous manners, and a pair of bony geldings, he ſcowered the country in more ſenſes than one.

Succeeding in a few deſperate caſes, where certain cautious practitioners, whom he called triflers, had failed, his name was abroad; the nurſes and good women called him *a fine man*, and better judges were not ſatisfied with the death of a relation, till Nicholas had decided their fate.

But in the rapidity of his medical career, he paid no attention to delicacy of ſyſtem, tender habit, or peculiarity of conſtitution; after pronouncing the name of the diſorder, the ſame medicines, in the ſame form, and in a ſimilar doſe, were given to every patient; it is ſcarcely neceſſary to add, that by ſuch conduct, his pills, his draughts, and his drops, ſpread death and deſolation round the country.

Too vain to ſee his errors, too proud to acknowledge miſtake, and too eminent to be ſuſpected of acting amiſs, I have not a doubt, that in the courſe of a forty years extenſive practice, he hurried many hundreds to an untimely grave; yet Nicholas himſelf died a natural death, and *following his works*, was decently interred amongſt his uncomplaining patients, in a country church-yard.

It is eaſier to lament the evils of a raſh practitioner, than to enable mankind to guard againſt them, for who, but a medical man, can detect medical obliquity. One caution on the ſubject may not be amiſs; that man, who in the common actions of life, diſcovers eccentric, odd manners, and impatience of contradiction; who betrays in his general conduct, overweening vanity, and a defect of thoſe moſt precious of all commodities, prudence and common ſenſe, is not, generally ſpeaking, to be ſelected for medical attendance.

The art of healing requires ſuch a portion of philoſophy, forbearance, and ſtrength of mind, and muſt at times, ſo ſtrongly impreſs a conviction of the inſufficiency of human art, that I venture to pronounce, a bold, aſſuming, pompous, raſh, vain man, unfit for a ſafe, a conſcientious practice of it.

PARISII

PARISH POOR: I ſee with pleaſure a general diſpoſition to attend to this long-neglected ſubject; indeed it ought not to be otherwiſe, for the product of the poor rate, *that enormous land-tax*, is too often miſapplied, by ſelfiſh and diſhoneſt perſons, who convert their office into a lucrative and fraudulent traffic.

Gentlemen are often unwilling to attend to the buſineſs, fearing it may interrupt the fox chace, and break in on the pleaſures of the table, till alarmed for their own ſafety, they find their tenants impoveriſhed, and the poor oppreſſed.

In two pariſhes which I occaſionally viſit, ſince this ſalutary alteration in the public mind, the poor rate, which had actually and conſiderably affected the value of landed property, is diminiſhed more than one third, and the poor are maintained in cleanlineſs and comfort to which they had long been ſtrangers.

Thoſe who mean to be active in this buſineſs, muſt expect the fate of all reformers, the malignant revenge of diſappointed ſelfiſhneſs, and the defamatory abuſe of low people; but they will reap benefits ſufficient to compenſate for theſe petty evils, beſides the ſatisfaction which always ariſes from a correct performance of our duty.

In furniſhing the poor with neceſſaries, competition muſt be encouraged, and monopolizing cabals prevented; in the inſtances to which I have juſt alluded, large workhouſes were erected; for however deſirable it may be to relieve meritorious indigence; in a commercial country like ours, INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY AMONG THE LABOURING CLASSES MUST BE STIMULATED AND ENCOURAGED BY EVERY MEANS IN OUR POWER.

Thoughtleſſneſs, profligacy, vicious extravagance and drunkenneſs in a workman, a manufacturer or an artizan, is a crime againſt the nation, *no man whatever his rank or poſition in ſociety, has a right to be idle*, ſuch offenders cannot be too ſeverely puniſhed.

Honeſt old age and perſons reſpectably unfortunate, in the mean time may be ſoothed, and in general *do* attract the notice and ſupport of private charity; on this principle, harſh it is true, but abſolutely neceſſary for public welfare, no pariſh relief, no weekly payments muſt be made *out of the poor-houſe*.

By theſe and other means, a heavy tax has been leſſened, and workhouſes which had become proverbial for being loathſome ſeminaries of indolence, diſeaſe, proſtitution and theft, are converted

verted into ſchools for ſobriety, induſtry, and ingenuity, in which a riſing generation of uſeful domeſtics, hardy huſbandmen, and induſtrious handicraftſmen are educated.

It has been propoſed to oblige every man, whatever his rank or claſs in ſociety, *to provide againſt a rainy day*, and to eſtabliſh, univerſally, pariſh-clubs or benevolent ſocieties; thus rendering that a general obligation, which is at preſent done voluntarily, in many parts of the kingdom.

I take this opportunity of mentioning with diſapprobation, a mode of ſupplying the poor with medical attendance, now commonly adopted in the country; the candidate who will undertake it at the cheapeſt rate, is in every inſtance preferred, without at all adverting to ability or qualification.

And as tenants now almoſt univerſally pay the poor rate, which I adviſe all proprietors to pay themſelves, and add it to the rent, when they grant a new leaſe; our artificers, labourers, peaſants and mechanics, are left in ſickneſs and old age to ſtewards, bailiffs and farmers; a race of men not overflowing with feeling and ſympathy.

In the courſe of my country walks I have ſometimes narrowly eſcaped being rode over by young men who ſurprized me, by the eagerneſs of their enquiries, and the fury of their pace; yet through the dirt of the road and the foam of the horſe, a faſhionable dreſs and poliſhed manners were obſervable.

On aſking at the next cottage, I was informed that it was now Eaſter, and that the perſons on horſeback who had excited terror as well as curioſity, were *young doctors*, riding after pariſhes, racing and galloping acroſs the country in various directions, to ſecure votes at the different veſtries.

By theſe means, I fear, that the laſt retreat of age and infirmity, ſometimes becomes a ſcene of experiment for untried ſkill, ardent for practice and brimful of theories from the lecture and diſſecting room; to this another evil may be added, the danger of tempting a young man exhauſted by the expences of a London winter, to undertake more than he can conſcientiouſly perform for very little money.

Since the publication of my firſt volume, a perſon, generally reſpected as an honeſt man, who had filled different pariſh offices for many years, was dangerouſly ill, and, being told that no hopes of recovery remained, declared that he could not die in peace, till he had eaſed his conſcience of

of a circumſtance which had long oppreſſed his mind; his ſurpriſed friends approached the dying man, when he thus addreſſed them.

"It has been, as it now proves, my misfortune, to have been for many years, either overſeer or churchwarden of this pariſh, and I confeſs with ſhame and contrition, that it was my conſtant practice to add twopence in the pound to each rate, for the perſonal expences, feaſting, and carouſings of myſelf and aſſociates in office.

"On two occaſions, large bills were incurred at the London Tavern, where in the madneſs of intoxication, we burnt our cloaths, and were guilty of other miſchievous extravagancies, which were made good at the expence of our neighbours.

"I deplore my baſe and diſhoneſt conduct, with penitence, which I hope, he to whom all hearts are open, will accept, and make it my laſt requeſt, that as ſoon as may be, after my deceaſe, two hundred pounds be paid by my executors, to be applied to the purpoſes of the poor rate."

The perſons concerned, punctually complied with the dying man's requeſt.

The following charges are copied from the old accounts and private memorandums of a deceaſed epicure.

A dinner for a charity ſchool, on a proceſſion day, conſiſting of legs of mutton, plumb puddings and table beer——*fifty pounds.*

Shells, a common kind of coffin, made of the cheapeſt materials, delivered in one year for the uſe of the pariſh—*three hundred pounds.*

Bell-ropes during the ſame period—*one hundred pounds.*

A flag for the ſteeple—*two and twenty guineas*; afterwards proved to be bought at a ſlop-ſhop for forty ſhillings.

Hunting after the father of a baſtard child, who could not be found, and on an occaſion when it was proved that the officers did not go out of the bills of mortality—*forty-three pounds.*

We muſt not, however, condemn the maſs, among whom many worthy characters are found, for the crimes of a few raſcals; and my reaſon for dwelling on this ſubject, is, to requeſt of juſtices, that they would put on their ſpectacles, and read pariſh accounts before they paſs them, and not be in too great a hurry for their dinners.

PARISIAN MANNERS.

It was often ſaid, and I believe ſtrongly expected by certain ſanguine

guine hailers of the French revolution, that this event would produce a ſalutary change in the morals and private life, as well as the political inſtitutions of that verſatile people; that as republicans, they would exhibit to the world an edifying ſpectacle of uncorrupted and *uneſtabiliſhed* religious faith, diſintereſted patriotiſm, and correct conduct; which would ſilence the calumnies of their opponents, and refute by the influence of perſonal worth, every argument in favor of monarchy, or even a mixed form of government.

But fortunately, or unfortunately for mankind and themſelves, the event has proved unfavorable to the prophetic viſions of theſe ſecond Daniels; religion dared not for a certain time, to ſhew her *unmitred* head in that country, and the train of what have been called republican virtues, truth, ſimplicity and moderation, are as much ſtrangers at the Thuilleries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, and Mal-Maiſon, as during the moſt profligate æra of Louis the fourteenth.

We contemplate the worſt features of the old deſpotiſm, vainly maſked in grimace, vanity, bombaſt, and affectation, without the venial follies, and graceful bagatelles of ariſtocracy.

The councils of the Emperor Napoleon betray the mad ambition, and evidently aim at the univerſal monarchy of the moſt corrupt of their tyrants, without his ſplendor and generoſity.

While the French have been over running Europe, they have proved themſelves unable to conquer worſe enemies in their own boſoms, the baſe paſſions of the heart, envy, rapacioufneſs, luſt, vanity and pride.

Having firſt revolted againſt their ſovereign, a mild, well-meaning man, for the *profeſt* purpoſe of eſtabliſhing freedom, they tongue-tyed every individual in the land, wholly deſtroyed the liberty of that preſs, with which they ſubverted the monarchy; and every one who ventured to differ in opinion with them has been murdered, or tranſported with ſhip-loads of miſerable aſſociates, to a peſtilential and noxious climate.

A view of their private lives is equally uncreditable to democratic perfection; in vicious extravagance, diſſipation, riot, and debauchery, they outſtrip *every preceding reign*; they exhibit the crimes without the gallantry, the corruption without the diplomatic acuteneſs, the worthleſſneſs, without the gaiety of the Bourbons.

Their ſtreets and public walks are crowded with deſperate adventurers, proſtitutes, ********

fops,

fops, and demireps; thirty-ſix places of amuſement, under the various names of theatres, concerts, ball rooms, equeſtrian exerciſes, tea gardens, &c. &c. &c. and gaming houſes, which it is impoſſible to number, daily and nightly open their doors.

In theſe convenient receſſes for folly or for crime, tongue-tied democrats, and enſlaved jacobines loll, with ſavage liſtleſſneſs, where the marquis and his chere amie once chattered nonſenſe with eaſy vivacity.

So faſcinating were the deſcriptions of this Circæan ſtye, that ſeveral emigrés, who in their bittereſt moments, ſtill inſiſted that France is, and ever has been, *the firſt country in the world*; many have actually encountered the perils of death, to taſte the *dear* delights, and view the wonders of Paris; two well known characters, in ſpite of all diſſuaſion, *would* go, and have periſhed in the laudable, patriotic, and rational expedition; a third returned.

He conſiders and boaſts of it as the glory and moſt honorable effort of his life; "Faſhion," ſaid this courageous traveller, before the elevation of Bonaparte, "faſhion at Paris being relieved from the uniform coupure (cut) of court example, invention and imagination, take an unbounded ſcope; ſtudied negligence of dreſs is the great characteriſtic of a republican beau. All countries, ages, and climates are ranſacked to give variety, attraction, and a voluptuous air to the women; whatever conduces to theſe purpoſes, is diligently ſtudied, and eagerly aſſumed.

"The chemiſe, as an enemy to exact ſymmetry is baniſhed, and to an Engliſh woman, this almoſt indiſpenſible article of dreſs, is ſupplied by a jupon of taffety, which minutely adapting itſelf to the ſhape of the body, identifies every ſpot, and marks each particular excellence.

"Silk pantaloons with toes, inſtead of ſtockings and ſhoes, to which the claſſical ſock is attached; this being merely a ſole, admits of taſte, variety, and ornament, in the mode of fixing it on.

"On entering the theatre in the Rue Fedeau, the coup d'œil is intereſting; thouſands of ſnow-white necks and arms, uncovered, not merely to the elbow, but a la naiſſance de l'epaule to the very ſhoulder blade are ſuſpended from the balconies, ornamented with diamonds, pearls, and coſtly trinkets; head-dreſſes bearing the price of many victories; plumes, magnificently waving, and diadems, to which the fierceſt republicans are eager to bow down.

"By

"By viewing an arm, the enamoured ſpectator is enabled to judge of other beauties, as they ſtand in battle array, in the front of the boxes; linen being baniſhed, every lineament, ſwell, and receſs, is accurately defined.

"It is impoſſible to reſiſt the enchanting ſpectacle; every eye is fixed, and every thought abſorbed, the ſenſes are raviſhed, and the concert wholly neglected, while the young men are endeavouring to decide to whom the prize of ſuperior beauty, to whom the golden apple ſhall be given; whether to Mademoiſelle Longè, Madame Recamier, or to Madame Tallien,"

"I cannot paſs through the long galleries of the Palais Royal," ſaid an emigré, *of a different deſcription*, whoſe name has been ſince ſtruck out of the proſcribed liſt, by virtue of his wife's pretty face; "I never go through the galleries, without recollecting, that a ſpot, where the loves and graces once preſided, is now the ſignal-houſe for atrocious crimes and abominable frauds; it is here that the ſtock-jobbers devour national wealth.

"Theſe audacious robbers parade about in large parties, and are eaſily diſtinguiſhed, by their ſleekneſs and their impudence: they inſult honeſt men, and it is in vain that they are repeatedly ſeparated by the patroles; like globules of quickſilver, for a time divided, they quickly coaleſce into groupes.

"The ſubaltern marauders, in the Rue Vivienne, execute the projects of theſe their maſters, with punctuality and addreſs; and diſſipate the laſt reſources of a victorious, but beggared country, among gamblers and proſtitutes: their dreſs is uniform and whimſical; a bonnet made of black hair, of a cloſe and elaſtic texture, with a fox's tail over the head; greaſy hair, dirty boots, and looſe coats.

"Women are often called in, to ſign and ſeal a bargain; the glaſs door, which you ſee at the end of the dark gallery, leads to an apartment, which affords accommodation for ſtock-jobbing, political intrigue, and groſs ſenſuality.

"Stop but for a moment, look into this little ſhop, remark the ſingular variety of the ſtock in trade: dolls and bolognas, chignons and cold ham, pomade a la roſe and ſauſages; garters, hoops, lavender water, ſealing wax, obſcene prints and luſcious novels: it is impoſſible to conſider it in any other light, than as a houſe of aſſignation.

"Now and then a miſerable royaliſt, who has eſcaped the domiciliary viſitor, glides before the win-

window, ſcarcely venturing to caſt an eye at the forbidden fruit; you may eaſily diſtinguiſh him by the length of his face, and the ſhabbineſs of his coat.

" At ſix o'clock, when the buſineſs of the day is concluded, the door where you ſee two tri-coloured lamps, exhales with the odour of ſoup and ragouts; the avenues to the great ſaloon are crowded; a prodigious table is covered with the dainties of the ſeaſon; the room is lighted with girandoles, chandeliers, mirrors, and diamond-cut glaſs.

" Here, contractors who a few years ſince were attornies clerks, and ſtock-jobbers, ſtepping out of the ſelf-ſame coaches behind which, a few months ſince, they officiated as lacquies, take their ſeats, and fatten on the public ſpoils.

" Goblets of *ſtrong beer*, or glaſſes of brandy, are drank after each mouthful, and ſcoundrels gormandize on diſhes, of which they would be puzzled to ſpell the names.

" Wine and the deſert are diſpatched with haſte, the hour for adjourning to the gaming table arrives, the bill is called for, and the reckoning of each individual, amounts to more than the day's pay of a field officer.

" Such are the flagitious nuiſances, tolerated in the very heart of THE MISTRESS OF THE WORLD; can we wonder, in ſuch a hot-houſe for the paſſions, that the ſeeds of luſt, gambling, profuſion, and licentious diſſipation, ripen into early vegetation, and that the riſing generation, before they come into public life, are already vicious and corrupt.

" In getting rid of regal and eccleſiaſtical tyranny, we have ſubjected ourſelves to the ignominious deſpotiſm of baſeneſs and low profligacy. Paris is crowded with ſqualid groups of abandoned and foul-mouthed children, outraging the name of God, by uncouth oaths, and ſhocking blaſphemies, and bellowing the moſt beaſtly expreſſions; good taſte, decency, religion, and an obſervance of the duties of private life, are baniſhed for ever from among us."

To theſe evils may be added, that of being ſurrounded with mouchards, ſpies, and informers.

The editor of this collection, paſſed a day, at no very diſtant period, with two *ci-devant* Gallic republicans, generally conſidered, as leading characters at Paris. After long and elaborate harangues on the want, not only of moral rectitude, but good manners, under the old court, one of theſe heroes offered offenſive and indecorous attentions to the

the miſtreſs of the houſe, where he was hoſpitably entertained.

The other, whoſe inordinate appetites appear to have taken another direction, coolly and cautiouſly ſelected the prime part of the whole deſert, and without a bluſh, or offering to ſhare with any one, what he had ſo carefully choſen, voraciouſly, and with the geſtures and muſic of a hog, devoured the whole, before any one at table, man, woman, or child, had touched or taſted the fruit.

Such, are theſe reformers of public nuiſances; ſuch, theſe improvers of the intercourſe of private life; ſuch, are the conquerors and modellers of the world, whoſe precepts and examples are to be preferred to the wiſdom of ages, whoſe chimæras are to ſubvert thoſe venerable and wholeſome inſtitutions, to which we are indebted for our wealth, our national character, our domeſtic comfort, and our internal peace.

But I thank God we know and ſee enough of theſe *Gracchi complaining of ſedition*, to guard againſt them; plundered Europe, awfully inſtructs us, that the only mode of receiving a Frenchman, is on the point of a bayonet; and that the mouth of a cannon, is the only ſafe way of treating their ſophiſtry, ſwindling and hypocritic cant, whoſe tendency and deſign is, and uniformly has been from the commencement of the revolution, to ſeduce, delude, and deceive thoſe, whom they mean to rob and afterwards murder.

Their treatment of the Swiſs, and their mode of proceeding, when they invaded Egypt, forcibly exemplify the principles of their ſyſtem, and have opened the eyes of every man, who is not determined to be blind.

To thoſe who agree in execrating ſuch conduct, but who aſk, of what avail is reſiſtance, which has hitherto been wholly ineffectual? I anſwer, that in our caſe, it has not; that our victories have been ſplendid and deciſive; that we have not loſt one particle of earth, nor one inch of ſpace, on the ſurface of the globe; but that on the contrary, we have made conſiderable acquiſitions of both.

We have driven the aſſaſſin, the raviſher, the ſpoiler, the atheiſt, and the robber from our dwellings; but ſuppoſing that we had not, it is ſurely better to pay an Engliſh aſſeſſor two ſhillings in the pound, than a French ſcoundrel, the whole twenty; and if we muſt ultimately ſink, which I believe and truſt we ſhall not, as firmly as I believe there is a Creator and Director of the univerſe;

verſe; it is ſurely better and more honorable to die fighting for our wives, our children, our holy religion, and our property, than ignominiouſly to compromiſe with an inſidious and rapacious foe, who in every country he has conquered, or *made peace with*, has acted neither with the ſpirit, feeling, nor moderation of a Chriſtian, a philoſopher, or a gentleman.

It is to the credit of any country to be at war with ſuch men and ſuch principles; would any reaſonable being deſire to live, if the condition attached to it, were, that he ſhould be ſubject to the cruel caprices of an American ſavage, or be *fraternally* chained to an Ourang Outang?

PARTIZANS, FURIOUS, A leſſon for.

The following ſtanzas remarkable for bitterneſs and acrimony, addreſſed many years ago to a well known gentleman, were read in an audible voice, and in the preſence of the perſon they reviled.

With his uſual characteriſtic indifference, he coolly enquired if the author was known, and being anſwered in the negative, obſerved, that the lines were well written, but *rather* ill-natured.

Without farther words, and without exhibiting the leaſt alteration of countenance or temper, he purſued his game.

To — — — —

Thou ſnarling cur of mongrel breed,
Whoſe ſires were litter'd on the Tweed,
Or nearer to the pole;
Through dark antiquity unknown,
Without one cabin of their own,
Or e'en a ******'s hole.

Dar'ſt thou with ſcarce the blood of louſe,
Attack thy betters in the houſe,
Thou ſpawn of wand'ring Scot;
Go puppy, recollect thy birth,
Conſign thee to thy parent earth,
And there obſcurely rot.

Did virtue with one ray of light,
Tranſfix that gloom of vulgar night,
Which ſo obſcures thy name;
Men might thy meanneſs have forgot,
And thought it not thy crime but lot,
To be ſo loſt to ſhame.

By vices of thy means bereft,
By Chriſtians, e'en by Hebrews left,
Why for the public whine;
Shou'd Britain yield to France and Spain,
Or ſink beneath her native main,
Thou nought coud'ſt loſe that's thine.

To

To ev'ry noble feeling loſt,
Of flow'ry periods ceaſe to boaſt,
Thy parts expoſe thee quite;
Forſake th' impervious path of fame,
Take pity on thy ſhatter'd name,
And hide thyſelf in night.

This compoſition to which my readers will probably allow no other merit, than perſonal ſcurrillity, raiſed the author of it, for a time, to a degree of diurnal celebrity, he received the thanks and plaudits of his party, but mark the event; a few years only had elapſed, when, by one of thoſe revolutions, ſo frequent, the man of verſe was thrown into a degree of intimacy with the perſon he had ſo groſsly abuſed, and at length actually received a very conſiderable favor from his hands.

Though ſeduced by ſtrong feelings, peculiar poſition, and uncreditable attachments, into unwarrantable virulence, the poet, which for men ſo connected, is ſaying a great deal, the poet is not a bad man.

I have reaſon to think that the perſon addreſſed in the verſes, does not at the preſent moment know to whom he is obliged for this rude attack; the ſituation of the writer, it muſt be confeſſed, is rather unpleaſant, he is enjoying the friendſhip of one, whom he once ſo groſsly reviled, and whom he *now* conſiders as the worthieſt and moſt accompliſhed of characters.

He may be compared to the fabulous huſband of antiquity, who having diſcharged an arrow at a ſuppoſed beaſt of prey, which ſeemed to be ruſhing from a thicket, found on haſtening to the ſpot, that he had pierced a heart which beat only for him; that he had ſhed the blood of a faithful and affectionate wife, and had deſtroyed at once his comfort and his peace.

PASSPORT, the moſt antient one recorded in hiſtory, and given by a Roman emperor, to a citizen of Mytilene, on his return to his native country, laden with imperial favors.

If any one dares to inſult POTAMON, let him conſider whether he is able to reſiſt

TIBERIUS.

PEDRO DE LA GASCA, an honeſt and intrepid Spaniard, ſent as viceroy of Mexico, to puniſh the plunderers and murderers of the miſerable Peruvians.

It is not my wiſh to defend their conduct, yet many writers, miſled by a generous bias, have egregiouſly erred in their deſcriptions of the mild virtues, ſimple

ſimple manners, and general happineſs of the South Americans, when invaded by the more civilized marauders of Europe.

The inhabitants of that vaſt continent, though following at an humble diſtance, the improvements, were tainted by many of the worſt crimes of poliſhed life; they were alternately a prey to their own inordinate paſſions, to the luſt of their Incas, the ſuperſtitious deſpotiſm of their prieſts, and, at the moment of Pizarro's landing, the country was deſolated by civil war.

Theſe facts, indiſputably confirmed by cotemporary evidence, do not at all diminiſh the guilt of their oppreſſors, who, with reſpect to the juſtice of their motives, had the ſame right to their ſpoils, as a houſe-breaker to the contents of my writing-caſe, or a highwayman to the purſe of a traveller; the pompous nonſenſe iſſued from the Vatican, added the inſult of mockery, to injury and outrage.

Theſe circumſtances may teach us to receive with caution the aſſertions of *certain writers*, who, poſſeſſing more fancy than judgment, and under the impreſſion of particular opinions, bend and diſtort every fact, to elucidate or confirm a favorite theory.

A reader's feelings will certainly be intereſted in contemplating a harmleſs people, hunted down like wild beaſts; and his indignation againſt their deſtroyers, will be proportionately increaſed, when he reflects on the *innocence* of the unhappy ſufferers. But theſe are the dreams of fiction and romance.

To puniſh, as well as to prevent a repetition of ſuch enormities, Don Pedro was armed with abſolute power, and abundantly ſupplied with ſhips, men, arms, and the good wiſhes of every honeſt man in Spain.

The taſk he had undertaken required a conſiderable portion of courage and dexterity; to moderate the exceſſes of the ſoldiers, without eſtranging their affections; to puniſh Gonzales Pizarro, who, having attached a powerful body of troops to him, by the ſtrong ties of unbounded indulgence, and common guilt, evidently aſpired to ſupreme power and independence.

Aware of the difficulties of his ſituation, and of the danger of commencing hoſtilities in an enemy's country, ſo many thouſand leagues from home; the viceroy reſolved to try all expedients before he reſorted to *the laſt argument of kings*.

An occaſion favorable to his purpoſe

purpoſe, ſoon preſented itſelf; Pizarro and his party had been exereiſing every ſpecies of cruelty and violation, on the miſerable natives, in the hope of diſcovering the tomb of Viracocha, the founder of the Dynaſty of the Incas.

It is remarkable that this prince, who united the characters of a general, and a prophet, had foretold, a ſhort time before his death, that a race of invincible warriors, at a certain period, would arrive from a ſtrange country beyond the ocean, and ſubvert the Peruvian empire; this prediction, like others of a ſimilar tendency, probably haſtened its own accompliſhment.

Believing *himſelf*, what he had foretold to *others*, the Mexican monarch, depoſited in the tomb where he was to be interred, and in a remote ſpot, known only to the prieſts of the ſun, immenſe treaſures; which on the alarm of an invading enemy, or after an unſucceſsful battle, the reigning emperor, with his concubines, his children, and a few faithful adherents, might convey to ſome far diſtant region, beyond the reach and rapacity of their enemies.

Such was the national legend, but in the tomb of Viracocha, which was afterwards diſcovered, no treaſure, except its coſtly ornaments, was found; the cruelties inflicted on this occaſion, by the diſappointed Pizarro, excited the pity of his ſoldiers, they revolted at his mercileſs proceedings, and began to doubt, if it was lawful to obey a monſter, devoid of feeling, and who violated every law of God and man.

Don Pedro ſaw and ſeized the opportunity; by means of a deſerter, he conveyed offers of pardon to the diſcontented party, and having gained their confidence by a prudent mixture of mildneſs and firmneſs, they joined his ſtandard.

Finding the rebel general deaf to all amicable propoſals, and that he miſtook a wiſh to avoid bloodſhed for puſillanimity; with augmented forces, and rigid diſcipline, he reſolved to march againſt him. On the ninth day of April, in the fifteen hundred and thirty-eighth year of the Chriſtian æra, and at the firſt dawn of a ſummer's morn, the two armies met on the extenſive plain of Xaquixa Guana.

Firm in long tried courage, and conſcious that death or victory was their only alternative, the rebels endured the attack unbroken, and the royal army, after a bloody, undeciſive conflict, during the greater part of the day, were convinced that other means than the ſword, muſt be had

had recourſe to, for ſubduing Pizarro.

Taking advantage of an interval, which took place, in conſequence of fatigue, the heat of a burning ſun, or that natural compunction which natives of the ſame ſoil muſt naturally feel, at deſtroying each other; Don Pedro, advancing in front, thus addreſſed the contending armies.

"Friends and countrymen, alas, that I ſhould live to ſee this day; was it for this, that you quitted your wives and children, and braved the dangers of a tempeſtuous ocean, to periſh by each others hands? Is it thus that you obſerve the faith, pledged to our auguſt ſovereign? Is it thus that you fulfill the duty you owe to your country; a duty paramount to all others, in the breaſt of every honeſt Spaniard?

"Let the ſword be inſtantly ſheathed, and in circumſtances which demand all the helps of mutual affection, and the cloſeſt union, let us exhibit no other conteſt, than the amicable ſtruggle of trying who ſhall perform the moſt praiſe-worthy ſervice to God and the king.

"There is only one obſtacle, to impede your immediately embracing each other, which I ſee by your looks, every man is already longing to do; this obſtacle is the cruel, the perfidious Pizarro, who in the hope of eſcaping puniſhment himſelf, has attempted to involve *you* in his crimes; but you have a conſiderate and gracious king, who makes large allowances for the infirmities of human nature, and the influence of bad example in perſons of elevated rank.

"I am commanded by our royal maſter to declare, that on the expreſs condition of giving up your leader and ſeducer, who hath by his conduct, tempted you from your duty, and brought diſcredit on our national character; I thus ſolemnly declare, in the preſence of Almighty God, and of your fellow ſoldiers, who accompany me, that thoſe who have been miſled by Pizarro, ſhall not be involved in his puniſhment; that pardon to all, but that great offender, ſhall immediately be granted, if you will, without delay, deliver him into the hands of public juſtice; and join to ſupport with hand and heart, the Spaniſh ſtandard, which now waves over my head."

His words were received with ſilent attention; the mention of their king, their country, their wives. and their children, touched their tendereſt feelings, and awakened the nobleſt and moſt natural paſſions of the human

man heart; but when the viceroy, raiſing his arm, pointed to thoſe colours, which had ſo often conducted them to victory and renown, their military enthuſiaſm ſuddenly taking fire, burſt into a blaze; ſeizing Pizarro, they bound him hand and foot, laid him at the feet of Don Pedro; and both armies, ruſhing into the arms of each other, joined in loud acclamations, "Long live the King of Spain, "and both the Indies."

Pizarro was proceeded againſt in due form of law, before a tribunal, commiſſioned for the purpoſe; he was accuſed of treaſon, perjury, and extortion; found guilty, and beheaded.

PEERAGE, an inſtance on record of its being refuſed, however incredible it may appear to thoſe worthy commoners and their ladies, who long to decorate their coaches and ſedans, with a coronet.

In the reign of King George the firſt, an article appeared in the London Gazette, ſpecifying that Miles Wharton, eſquire, was created a baron, by the ſtyle and title of Lord Wharton.

From conſcious perſonal worth, from habits of retirement, or other motives not handed down, this object of deſire to ſo many, was in the preſent inſtance, *not accepted*, and in the next gazette, the following advertiſement was inſerted.

"His majeſty having graciouſly deſigned to confer the honor of the Peerage on Mr. Wharton; that gentleman is duly ſenſible of his ſovereign's goodneſs and favor, but humbly begs leave to decline the high honor intended him."

The gentlemen uſhers and pages, ſhrugged up their ſhoulders, at ſo unprecedented a refuſal, and independent of loſing their fees, conſidered it as contempt of court.

Yet the circumſtance I relate, proves, that the miniſter had choſen a proper perſon to recommend to his majeſty, as a peer of the realm; I cannot but conſider *him* as the fitteſt man for an elevated ſtation, who from diffidence, innate worth, or from the nature of the ſervices expected, has the ſpirit, the independence, or the modeſty to decline it; "*Præfulgebant Brutus et Caſſius, eo quod eorum imagines non videbantur.*"

Thoſe induſtrious levee-hunters, thoſe aſſiduous attendants at the drawing-room, and bed-chamber, ſo often ſucceſsful in court intrigue, are frequently, and indeed generally from frivolous manners, the leaſt qualified of all men on earth, for the poſts

employments they ſolicit; while the unhappy individual, formed by nature and education, for a due performance of *any* duties he may undertake, but untaught to ſmile, to flatter, and betray, is periſhing by inches in ſome ſubaltern ſituation, or worn down with ſedentary drudgery; the miſerable ſubſtitute of a ſuperficial principal, who is rioting on national wealth.

At a certain period of the American war, when our political horizon was cloudy on every ſide, who would have believed, that we were to be indebted for extrication from impending ruin, to a naval veteran, pining at the moment, in penurious obſcurity, at Paris?

The feelings of my generous countrymen *muſt* have been warmly agitated by ſuch a prophetic declaration! How great then would have been the general emotion, had the thouſands afterwards aſſembled to celebrate his ſplendid victory, by illumination, ſong and dance, had they been told that the conqueror of De Graſſe, and the ſaver of our Weſt India iſlands, was ſuperſeded, at the moment he was deſtroying the French fleet, and recalled from a deciſive victory.

It ought not to be forgotten that on this occaſion the gallant Rodney, was enabled to return to his native country by the generous interpoſition and prompt liberality of a French nobleman.

But for the fortunate application of the firſt Mr. Pitt, when ſecretary of ſtate, to Lord Northington, the chancellor; the venerable and excellent Lord Camden might have lived and died up three pair of ſtairs in the Temple. "Can you procure for me a young man of ſound knowledge in the law, of not very extenſive practice, and I will make his occaſional attendance at the office worth his while," ſaid Lord Chatham, "for I want a perſon of legal knowledge about me, that we may ACT CONSTITUTIONALLY."

Mr. Pratt was recommended, found uſeful, and a friendſhip commenced, which conducted him to the higheſt honors of the ſtate, and ſtill continues, unabated between their deſcendants.

PELEW, an iſland ſo called, ſituated in the weſtern part of the Pacific Ocean.

Public attention was for ſome time directed to this ſpot, by the ſhipwreck of an Eaſt India packet, in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-three, when Captain Wilſon, and his aſſociates, inſtead of the treatment they expected from ſavage cru-

elty,

elty, and uncivilized barbariſm, experienced ready aid and effectual relief; ſuch as, I fear, in many inſtances, would not have been afforded them, and I bluſh for my own country, whilſt I make the confeſſion, in latitudes which have been, for ages, the ſeat of Chriſtianity, freedom, laws and arts; where the wretched ſeaman is too often plundered of the miſerable remnant, misfortune and the tempeſt have left him.

Of this iſland, and the fate of the ſhips's company, a pleaſing narrative has been publiſhed by Mr. Keate, who, has been accuſed, of decorating the journal of a ſea voyage, and its diſaſters, with the poetic licence of Fenelon's Telemachus, and the romantic ſpirit of Marmontel's Beliſarius.

A doubtful miſt, it muſt be confeſſed, ſtill hangs over the account, a miſt which has been conſiderably encreaſed by intelligence lately received, which deſcribes the reception and treatment of a ſhip's company, who ſailed near the iſland, as threatening and hoſtile in the extreme.

This alteration of deportment may, however, be eaſily accounted for, and was probably occaſioned by the hopes of the iſlanders being diſappointed, in not ſeeing Lee Bo, a beloved ſon of Abba Thullé, King of the iſland, who by his father's permiſſion, and his own requeſt, accompanied Captain Wilſon to Europe; but, after charming and ſurprizing all who knew him, by his rapid conception, ſoft ſimplicity, and amiable ſenſibility, unfortunately died of the ſmall-pox.

This was a probable calamity which might, eaſily have been guarded againſt, had the young man been inoculated, the moment he landed in England.

That the honeſt, unſuſpecting natives, ſhould receive thoſe, whom they conſidered as ruffians, and the murderers of their prince, an amiable young man, is neither incredible nor unnatural.

If, however we could indulge the pleaſing ſuppoſition, that an iſland ſo remote from, and unknown, to European arts and policy, exhibited the mild manners, without the vices of poliſhed life, the ſtriking contraſt might amuſe a philoſophic mind.

While we contemplate the generous clemency and prompt hoſpitality of Abba Thullé, or the warm virtues and tender philanthropy of Lee Bo his deſcendant, the parallel will be little to the advantage of Europe. Perhaps we ſhould dread, rather than wiſh for their advancing further, in the contaminating intercourſe of nations.

After

After all the advantages of learning, arts, laws, and commerce, can they, in every inſtance, compenſate to the inhabitants of a country like this *Pacific* Iſland, for baniſhed ſimplicity and diſtorted nature, eternal wars, corrupted morals, bloody zeal, endleſs taxation, and complicated codes.

PERFECTION, and correct conduct. Gentlemen too apt to expect it in females, while they indulge themſelves without ſcruple.—See the latter part of the article WIDOW OF EPHESUS.

PETER, and notwithſtanding all his faults, PETER THE GREAT, Czar of Muſcovy, and Emperor of Ruſſia; who, by a proceſs compared to *oil of vitriol acting upon iron*, conducted a horde of barbarians to civilization, commercial energy, and renown.

But this extraordinary man, to whom his country owed ſuch important benefits, was ſubject to paroxyſms of paſſion, which converted the father of his people into a ſavage and a fury; of this temporary inſanity, an inſtance is recorded, from which he was rouzed by the preſence of mind, and cool intrepidity of one of his ſubjects.

Having been informed, that the purſer of a ſhip of war had been guilty of a fraud, in performing the duties of his office, and never being able to endure with patience, any thing that diminiſhed the comforts of his ſeamen, Peter hurried on board, and meeting with the ſuppoſed offender, almoſt the moment he ſet his foot on the deck, reviled him for the imputed crime, in coarſe and acrimonious language.

The warrant officer, thus ſuddenly and violently attacked, and ſcarcely able to underſtand what was ſaid by the Emperor, whoſe rage nearly choaked his utterance, further irritated him, by ſome accidental and undeſigned indecorum, which raiſing Peter's paſſion to its utmoſt pitch, he immediately ſeized the man in his arms, with a deſign of throwing him into the ſea.

"Your majeſty is ſtronger than I am, and perhaps may be able to force me overboard," ſaid the purſer, catching hold of part of the rigging, "but take notice, and I appeal to all who are preſent, to obſerve it; you condemn me unheard; what will poſterity think of ſuch an action?

"God forbid I ſhould hurt a ſingle hair of your head, but if you perſiſt in your unjuſtifiable attempt,

attempt, I ſhall certainly pull your majeſty into the ſea with me, as a drowning man will catch at any thing to ſave himſelf; let me intreat you, ſir, to enquire coolly into the matter, and if I am guilty, puniſh me according to law."

Arreſted by ſo animated, ſo unanſwerable an appeal, Peter immediately relaxed his hold, acknowledged that he was wrong, and after due examination, finding that his purſer had been miſrepreſented, was thankful for the ſalutary interruption.

How acute, but how vain would have been his regret, had he ſucceeded in drowning a faithful ſervant, before his innocence had been aſcertained.

When the Czar took Narva by ſtorm, his ſoldiers committing the uſual exceſſes, he ran to the different quarters of the city, in the hope of reſtraining them; thoſe who would not deſiſt, he put to death. Soon after, entering the town-houſe, he found it crowded with the terrified inhabitants, and laying his ſword on the table, ſaid "My weapon is not ſtained with the blood of your fellow citizens, but with that of my own ſoldiers, which I have ſpilt in ſaving your wives and daughters from violation."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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